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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



VOLUME XLI.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1913, TO APRIL, 1914.

41
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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XLI.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1913, TO APRIL, 1914.

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"BYE, BABY BUNTING."

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The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

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I

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

II

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in our lane.





III

I saw a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea;
 And, oh! it was all laden
 With pretty things for thee.

There were comfits in the cabin,
 And apples in the hold;
 The sails were all of silk,
 And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four-and-twenty white mice
 With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
 With a packet on his back;
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

IV

This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!



This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!



TRAVELING IN INDIA, WHERE NOBODY IS IN A HURRY

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

HERE in the Western world, where everything is hustle and bustle, where express-trains, automobiles, telephones, telegraphs, pneumatic tubes, and, most recently, aeroplanes save us hours of time, it is difficult to realize that on the other side of the world things are moving along at the same slow pace at which they did centuries ago. Also, here in America, where everybody is saying, "I have no time, I have no time!" it seems strange to think that there are countries where time has no value whatsoever, where people believe they have to live thousands and thousands of lives before they reach their heaven, and, consequently, have no regard for time.

Imagine spending the whole night in the train to go one or two hundred miles! Imagine, also,

quite mad, of course, and would not be allowed to enter the car. Yet this is how people travel in the trains of India. Sometimes, to be sure, the chairs and noisy parrot are left at home, but quite as often golf-sticks and a folding cot are substituted. Native travelers often carry their cooking utensils and stoves with them. No one is in a hurry, and the train often waits quite long enough at stations for them to install their stoves on the platform, and cook a good dish of rice.

Most trains have first-, second-, and third-class carriages. Europeans and Americans usually travel first-class, for the best in India is bad enough when compared with the luxuries of travel in Western countries. Most of the carriages are about half as long as those in America, and divided into two compartments without a corridor, each having a lavatory at one end. Running along each side of the compartment, just under the windows, is a long, leather-covered bench, which serves as a seat during the day, and a berth at night. It is equally uncomfortable in both capacities. Above this, folded up against the side of the car, is a leather-covered shelf that lets down to form the upper berth.

My first experience in Indian trains was at night. My turbaned servant arranged my bedding on a bench in a compartment reserved for ladies, switched on an electric fan, salaamed, and went off to find his place in a servants' compartment adjoining. Most trains have special compartments for servants. It is impossible to travel comfortably in India without native servants.

While I was in the dressing-room, preparing for the night, I heard a noise outside, and, looking out, saw an old man with a lantern, down on his knees looking under the berths. He said that he was looking for me, that he was afraid I had missed the train.

Finally, after a great ringing of bells, tooting of whistles, waving of lanterns, and chattering



A BULLOCK CART

everybody's surprise if some traveler should attempt to take with him into an American sleeping-car a roll of bedding, a box of ice, sawdust, and bottles of soda-water, a huge lunch-basket, spirit-lamps, umbrella-cases, hat-boxes, suitcases and bags without number, a talkative parrot, and a folding chair or two! He would be thought



A GROUP OF EKKAS — A WRETCHED SORT OF CONVEYANCE USED THROUGHOUT INDIA

of natives, we pulled out into the darkness and heat. The electric fan burred, mosquitos hummed and bit, the train rocked wildly from side to side.

I was just dozing off, when lights were flashed in my eyes. More bells, whistles, and chattering natives! The door burst open, and an Englishman ordered his man to put his luggage in the compartment. I called out that it was reserved for ladies, and he disappeared with a "Sorry!"

Out into the darkness again, only to be aroused at the next station by the guard, who shouted, "Tickets, please!" The night was one prolonged nightmare of heat, noise, jolting, and mosquitos. By five, I was beginning to sleep, when I was startled by a cry of "*Chota Hazree!*" I sat up in alarm, wondering what those dreadful-sounding words could mean, when the shutters by my head were suddenly lowered, and a tray of toast and tea thrust in at me. I accepted it, and gave up all idea of sleep. The dreadful-sounding words, I found, meant "little breakfast."

Sometimes we had our meals from a tiffin basket which we carried with us, sometimes from

a restaurant car, or again at the station café while the train waited, and sometimes, when all of these failed us, not at all. During the winter, traveling was more comfortable. It was so cold that we needed heavy rugs over us. Some of the express-trains go from twenty to thirty miles an hour.

Each time that the train stops, there is great confusion. The natives arrive at the station hours ahead of time. Here they squat patiently until the train arrives, when they quite lose their heads. In an attempt to find places in the crowded carriages, they run excitedly up and down the platform, clinging to one another, clutching at their clumsy luggage, and screaming at their servants and the trainmen. Equally agitated groups pour out of the cars and scurry off to find bullock carts or *ekkas* to drive them to the town, which is usually some distance from the station. Boys and women with sweets, fruit, drinking-water, toys, cheap jewelry, and various articles of native production cry their wares at the car windows. Others sell newspapers, which are apt to be weeks old, if the purchaser does not insist upon seeing the date. The platform

presents a riot of strange costumes, bright colors, quick-moving figures with jingling bangles and anklets, unholy odors, and clamorous sounds.

At the stations, we were met in different parts of India by the greatest imaginable variety of conveyances—carriages with footmen and drivers in state livery, sent by the native princes, hotel and public carriages after models never dreamed of in America, bullock carts, elephants, camels, rickshaws, and, in Calcutta and Bombay, by taxi-automobiles.

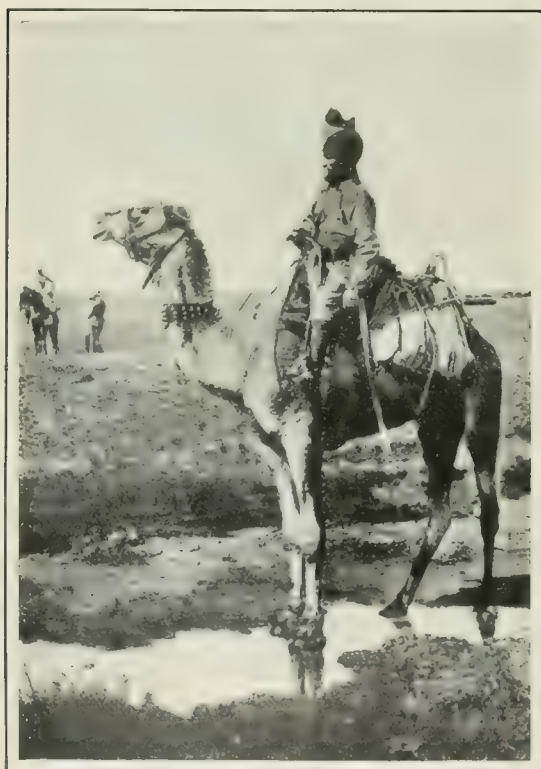
When your driver starts off down the street at a reckless gait, clanging a bell in the floor of the carriage with his foot, and a boy on a step at the back calls out "*Tahvay!*" as you bowl along, you wonder if you have not taken, by mistake, a police wagon or an ambulance. But it is all right; you hear the same shouting and clanging of bells from all the other carriages along the route. This noise is necessary to make the idlers who stroll along the streets hand in hand get out of the way of the carriages.

There are so many horses in India that one

most gorgeous raja. The conveyances to which they are harnessed range from the rickety public ekkas to the royal gold and silver coaches used



A PARTY OF AMERICANS MOUNTING AN ELEPHANT.



A HAUGHTY MEMBER OF THE CAMEL CORPS

wonders why any one should ever walk, and, in fact, very few do. They are of all grades, differing as much as does the shabbiest beggar from the

on state occasions. One sees these wretched-looking public carriages that can be hired for a few cents filled with lazy natives and pulled along by a poor little pony that looks as if it were half-starved. Contrasting with these poor, over-worked creatures are the thoroughbreds which literally die in the stables of the princes for lack of exercise.

When we were visiting in the native states, the chiefs sometimes offered us saddle-horses. The first time I rode one of these, I started off gaily, nothing fearing. From a gentle canter my mount suddenly broke into a dead run. Supposing that horses in all countries understood the same language, I said "Whoa," first mildly, persuasively, then loudly, imploringly; but without the slightest effect. On he sped faster and faster, until he overtook another horse, apparently a friend of his, for he slowed down to a walk beside it. I learned afterward that a sound similar to that used in America to make a horse go is used in India to make him stop. So the poor dear did not understand in the least my frantic cries of "Whoa!"

The only other swift-moving animal that it was my misfortune to encounter in India was a camel. This was in the north, in the desert of Rajputana. We were going to visit some tombs about five miles from the city. The others went in carriages, but I preferred to try the "fleet-footed camel." The creature knelt docilely enough to let me climb into the saddle back of

the driver; then he unfolded his many-jointed legs and rose, throwing me forward and backward in a most uncomfortable manner.

He walked haughtily about the grounds of the guest-house a few minutes, turning up his nose at everybody, then suddenly let his hind legs collapse, almost throwing me off. The driver succeeded in making him understand that there was no use making a fuss, that he would have to take us. Off across the desert he started, at a gait so rough that I know of nothing with which to compare it. At first, I tried to hold to the saddle, but it was too slippery, so there was nothing to do but to throw my arms about the driver, and hang on to him with all my might. I returned in a carriage!

At Mysore and several other places, we saw camel-carriages. They make a queer sight, these ungainly, loose-jointed animals shambling along in the harness. In Bikanir, we watched the camel corps drill. The natives in this part of India are very finely built men, and they look most imposing in their gaily colored uniforms

in India that it is difficult to say which is the slowest.

Perhaps the bullocks, when they walk, are the



A BULKA, A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE, SEEN IN MADRAS.

slowest of all. They do, however, sometimes trot, and that at a rather brisk pace. They are beautiful animals, and very different from those in America. Their skin is wonderfully soft and



CAMEL-CARRIAGES OF THE DEPUTY GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB.

and turbans as they sit erect on the arrogant camels who snub even their masters.

There are so many slow, lazy ways of traveling

silky. Between their shoulders is a large gristly hump. From their chin down between their fore legs hangs a loose, flabby fold of skin.



THE PUSH-PUSH, A STREET CONVEYANCE OF PONDICHERRY.

Of these, the most beautiful are the huge white bulls sacred to the Hindu god Shiva. These lead a life of leisure and luxury. They roam about the streets unmolested, eating from the fruit and vegetable stalls at will. Some are housed in the temples of the god.

Those who are not so lucky as to be held sacred have a rather hard time of it. They do most of the heavy hauling, and often suffer very cruel treatment from their drivers. In fact, no other animal is so much the victim of the cruelty and ignorance of the natives as these poor bullocks.

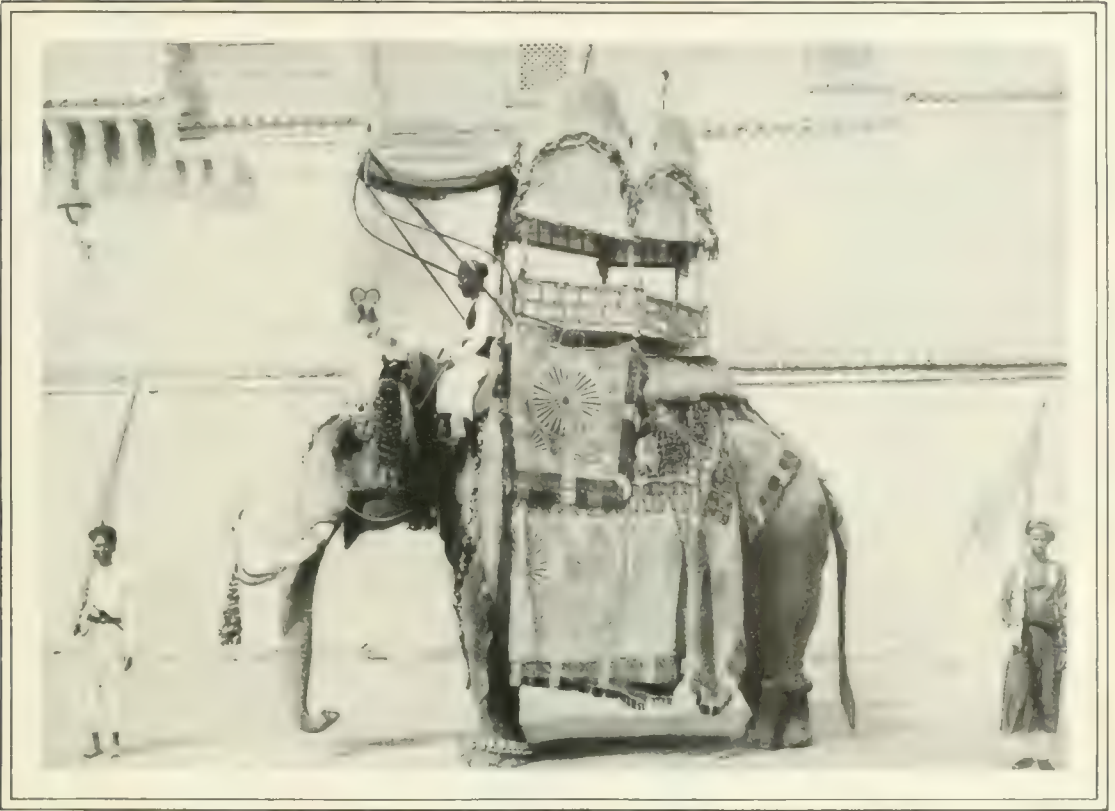
We drove in all sorts of curious-looking conveyances behind these somewhat refractory creatures. Once we drove out into a desolate region to visit some deserted temples, seated on the floor of a bullock cart with an arched cover of plaited bamboo over us. The men along the road walked faster than our bullocks, which went so slowly that, had it not been for the jolting of the cart, we would scarcely have known that we were moving.

In the southernmost part of the peninsula, along the Malabar coast, where there are no trains, we traveled in cabin-boats rowed by na-

tives. It took them all night to row from Quilan to Travandrum, about fifty miles along the backwater. They sang from the moment they began to row, timing the stroke of the oar to the rhythm of their song. In the morning, they appeared as smiling and fresh as they had the evening before when we started.

In Madras, we rode in rickshaws like those of China and Japan. In many parts of India, men take the place of animals, both in carrying people and in transporting cargo. Several times we were carried up mountains in *dholies* by coolies. These *dholies* consist of a seat swung between two poles by ropes. They are carried by two or four men, who trot off up the hill with the poles resting on their shoulders, while the passenger dangles between them. They used to come down the mountains so fast that we were quite terrified. The seat would twist and sway, hit against trees, graze along the side of rocks, while our porters would dance along, talking and laughing, without paying the slightest attention to us. Then there are various kinds of pushcarts used in different parts of the country.

Of course, the really Indian way of traveling



THE FAVORITE ELEPHANT IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE OF THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR

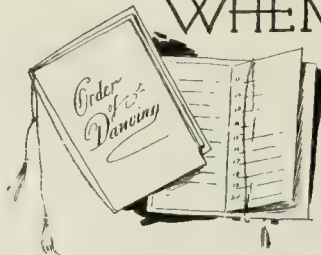
is on elephants. Very few, however, except princes and foreign travelers, ever ride on these lordly animals. In the "zoos" in Calcutta and Bombay, there are elephants for the children to ride. They climb steps to a platform the height of the elephant's back, then jump into the howdah, where they are tied fast to make sure of their not falling. The old *huthi*, as the elephant is called there, sways off, waving his trunk, flopping his ears, and blinking his eyes. He makes a tour of the gardens, then returns to the platform to get other children.

At Jaipur, Gwalior, and a number of other towns where there is a fort on a hill, elephants can be hired for the ascension. The huge creatures knelt down while we clambered into the howdah with the aid of ladders. When they rose, it seemed like an earthquake to us on their backs. They climbed the hill so slowly that the others of the party who walked arrived ahead of us. Our *huthi* would smell about carefully with his trunk before taking each step, then he would put a huge foot forward cautiously, and throw his great weight onto it slowly, as if afraid that the earth would give way under him. It took him so long

to accommodate his four feet to each step, that I was thankful he had not as many as a centipede.

To appreciate an elephant in all his glory, one should see him in the splendor of princely procession. Designs in bright colors are painted on his forehead and trunk, trappings of silver ornament his tusks, head, and ankles, a rich cloth of gold and silver embroidery hangs over his colossal sides, and on his back is perched a rare howdah, often of gold and silver, with silk hangings. Aloft in the howdah rides the prince, resplendent with gold, silk, and jewels. In front, on the elephant's neck, sits the mahout, urging him on with strange-sounding grunts, and prods from a short, pointed spear.

The elephants are reserved for state occasions. Most of the princes now have automobiles, which they look upon much as a child does its latest toy. The mass of the people depend upon the bullocks and horses to cart them about. There are now, also, in most parts of the empire, telephones and telegraphs; but they are such ancient systems and so unreliable that they are not to be compared with ours. India is through and through a lazy country, where nobody is in a hurry.



WHEN ALEXANDER DANCES

BY ELSIE HILL

I

Oh, where is Alexander? We have sought him high and low,
Our hats are on, our coats are on, it 's time for us to go.
Oh, where has Alexander gone—can anybody say?
For dancing-school 's beginning in the house across the way.



"AND WHERE ON EARTH, WE ASK OF YOU, CAN ALEXANDER BE?"



HE DOESN'T CARE
FOR DANCING."

II

We 've seen the little girls go in, with smoothly
shining hair,
We 've seen the little boys, and marked their
almost cheerful air;
We hear the merry music, and the glowing
lights we see,
And where on *earth*, we ask of you, can
Alexander be?

III

He is n't in the attic, nor behind the cellar
door;
He is n't in the coal-bin, as he was the week
before;
He is n't in the clothes-press, as he was *two*
weeks ago—
Whatever *has* become of him, does anybody
know?



"THOMAS JONES.

IV

He does n't "care for dancing much," he thinks it 's "meant for girls,"
He seems to have "too many feet" that trip him when he twirls;
His arms "get somehow in the way"—as everybody owns—
But oh, we *wish* that he could dance as well as Thomas Jones!



"HE GRIMELY PROUETLED ON ONE NEATLY SLIPPED TOE."



"WE WATCHED IN ADMIRATION."

V

For what will Alexander do when, grown to
man's estate,
He wildly longs to waltz, and finds, alas! it is
too late?
"And how will Alexander feel," despairingly we
cried,
"When he cannot tell a two-step from an
Andalusian glide!"

VI

And as we spoke, we heard a noise directly
overhead,
A bump, a thump, a slip, a slide, a military
tread;
We flew to Mother's dressing-room as quickly
as we could,
And there before the looking-glass our
Alexander stood!

VII

He bowed with grave politeness, he bounded
to and fro;
He grimly pirouetted on one neatly slipped
toe.
And we watched in admiration as he piloted
with care
An imaginary maiden to a seat that was n't
there.

VIII

And when he had his breath again, he turned to us to say,
As he rearranged his collar in an unembarrassed way:
"It *must* be time for dancing-school! I *thought* I heard you call;
I'm really very sorry if I've made you *wait* at all."

IX

He paused to pick a table up, then said in even tones:
"Of course I do not *wish* to dance 'as well as Thomas Jones,'
But I thought, perhaps, I'd practise, just a little, out of sight.
For if I've *got* to do it, I AM GOING to do it right!"



"HE REARRANGED HIS COLLAR IN AN UNEMBARRASSED WAY."

THE FULL-FIELD RUN

FROM KICK-OFF TO TOUCH-DOWN

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Inter-collegiate Game," and
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee

THE HONOR ROLL

R. W. WATSON	(Yale)	<i>against</i>	Harvard	Nov. 20, 1880	90 yards
J. H. SEARS	(Harvard)	"	Pennsylvania	" 25, 1886	85 "
G. B. WALBRIDGE	(Lafayette)	"	Wesleyan	" 14, 1897	100 "
E. G. BRAY	(Lafayette)	"	Pennsylvania	Oct. 21, 1899	100 "
E. B. COCHEMS	(Wisconsin)	"	Chicago	Nov. 28, 1901	100 "
C. D. DALY	(Army)	"	Navy	" 30, 1901	100 "
CHARLES DILLON	(Carlisle)	"	Harvard	Oct. 31, 1903	105 "
W. H. ECKERSALL	(Chicago)	"	Wisconsin	Nov. 26, 1904	106 "
W. P. STEFFEN	(Chicago)	"	Wisconsin	" 21, 1908	100 "
W. E. SPRACKLING	(Brown)	"	Carlisle	" 20, 1909	105 "
E. E. MILLER	(Penn. State)	"	Pennsylvania	Oct. 28, 1911	95 "
R. O. AINSLEE	(Williams)	"	Cornell	Nov. 4, 1911	105 "
R. E. CAPRON	(Minnesota)	"	Wisconsin	" 18, 1911	95 "

THERE is no exploit in foot-ball so difficult of achievement and so rare as the full-field run from kick-off to touch-down. Theoretically, such a performance would seem to be impossible. Actually, however, it has been accomplished thirteen times against elevens of major strength in the past forty years, and probably has been achieved as many more against minor teams.

Consider the extraordinary difficulties surrounding the accomplishment of this great feat. Here are eleven men, deployed in a space 160 feet wide and 300 feet long, to prevent a solitary runner from traversing the lime-line stripes that mark this space and reaching the last line for a touch-down. The disposition of these eleven men within this space is not made at random. Indeed, their system of deployment represents the study and experience of forty years, and presents the most ingenious arrangement that can be devised to protect every inch of the field against any and all contingencies. Further, the defensive eleven is not handicapped on this play by the feature of surprise. The attempt to make a full-field run upon the kick-off does not come unexpectedly, like a sudden thrust at end following a prolonged attack upon the line, as in scrimmage. Before the ball is kicked, every man upon the defense knows that only two plays can follow, either a return kick or an attempt to make a run, and such is the formidable character of a return kick upon this play, that the defensive eleven may devote its entire attention to preventing the run.

True, the runner, in racing and zigzagging through this spread of eleven men, will have the assistance of his ten comrades to block and interfere, but blocking at the longest is only momentary, easily evaded, and quickly overcome. A low, sharp tackle, a slight jostle, a blockade, or a push, and the flying runner loses his footing, and instantly is buried upon the sward, beneath an avalanche of opponents.

Against such enormous odds and such a great combination of adverse chances, therefore, the full-field runner from kick-off must make his way. Strange to say, a study of the successful runs of this character discloses the astounding fact that their possibility is increased by the very precautions taken for their prevention. With only a single exception, each one of the thirteen full-field runs above tabulated, was accomplished in precisely the same manner. That is, not, as one would suppose, by a swift dodging dash to one side of the field or to the other, through a broken and scattered mass of defenders, but by a run straight into and through the very center and thickest of the opponents. In the thousands of instances where a runner has tried to fly up the outside stretches, in all save one he has failed.

What is the cause of this peculiar phenomenon of foot-ball? Why is a defense to this play the weakest at its strongest point? Because the defending players, in concentrating upon the runner at the center of the field, so interlock, block, impede, and interfere with one another at the



R. W. WATSON.
(YALE)
November, 1880. 20 yards



J. H. SEARS.
(HARVARD)
November, 1880. 83 yards



G. B. WALBRIDGE.
(LAFAYETTE)
November, 1897. 100 yards.



E. G. BRAY.
(LAFAYETTE)
October, 1899. 100 yards

very moment they meet him, that, occasionally, it happens that not one of these defensive players can free his arm to seize him, while the runner, tenaciously keeping upon his feet, is whirled and rammed straight through the defensive mass into a comparatively clear field, in which he then has to elude only one or two tacklers. In an open field, it is not difficult to dodge one and two tacklers in succession, but it is extraordinarily difficult in an open-field dash to dodge an entire eleven. Hence, on a full-field run from kick-off, fortune favors the bold runner who directs his flight squarely into the central bulwark of the defenders, and not at their apparently exposed flanks resting against the side-line.

While the kick-off, substantially in the form of the present day, always has been possible under the rules, in practice it has not always been a method of play. From 1876 to 1880, the initial play was a kick-off as it is to-day, except the kick might be a punt or drop-kick, as well as a place-kick. About 1880, however, some unknown genius devised the "dribble." This was only a technical kick-off by which the kicker kicked the ball forward a foot or two to be picked up by himself or by a comrade for a run. In 1884, Princeton produced the famous "V trick," which still further distorted the kick-off, although still

technically observing it. In the V trick, the player with the ball technically kicked off by striking the ball with his foot while the ball was in his hands and without releasing it. In 1892, the V trick gave way to Harvard's celebrated "flying wedge," in which the ball was still put into play in the same manner as in the V trick. In 1894, the flying wedge was abolished by rule, and the old-fashioned kick-off reestablished and limited to a place-kick. During the first year or two, it was a common sight to see a player hold the ball for the kicker. Eventually the little tee of earth prevailed, and from that day to this the game has had a real kick-off and the opportunity for a full-field run from kick-off to touch-down.

A search through the accounts of the games from 1876 to 1881 finds only a single instance of a full-field run from kick-off to touch-down. Harvard was playing Yale at Boston, November 20, 1880. A hard, grueling battle was drawing to a close without a score by either eleven. Just as the last five minutes began, Walter Camp kicked a goal from the field for Yale. The teams quickly lined up for a kick-off, and Cutts, of Harvard, sent a long, swirling kick to Yale's twenty-yard line, where it was caught by R. W. Watson, captain of Yale. With the catch of the ball Watson leaped into flight, and sped straight up



J. E. CONNELLEY
(YALE)

November, 1894. 105 yards



W. H. FULKERSON
(CHICAGO.)

November, 1894. 100 yards



C. D. DUFFY
(YALE)

November, 1894. 100 yards

the center of the field. The Harvard men did not mass upon him in that primitive day as would now occur, but met him with a scattered formation. Through this broken field Watson raced and dodged, flinging off tackler after tackler, and crossed the line, scoring the first touch-down ever scored against Harvard by Yale; Yale's previous victories were achieved by goals from the field.

Six years later occurred another instance of this rare play. This time, the warriors were Harvard and Pennsylvania, and the battle-field was famous old Jarvis Field, at Cambridge. Pennsylvania was varying the opening plays by a mixture of dribbles and kick-offs. Upon one of the latter the ball sailed down to Harvard's full-back, Joseph Hamblen Sears, a renowned name upon the gridiron twenty-five years ago. This swift and powerful runner leaped into flight straight up the center of the field. Dodging Pennsylvania's ends and tackles, the first to meet him, he suddenly swerved to the right, and, by a marvelous zigzagging run, threaded his way in and out among Pennsylvania's remaining rushers and backs, until he flashed by every one and burst into a clear field, over which he leaped to the goal-line—accomplishing a full-field run of eighty-five yards, and a touch-down.

And now came and went eight years in which the kick-off and the possibility of the full-field run from a kick-off passed from the game. With the return of the kick-off in 1894, curiosity eagerly awaited the achievement of the first full-field run from kick-off to touch-down. 1894, 1895, and 1896, however, came and went without the accomplishment of this great feat. 1897 likewise opened, waxed, and drew to a close, when, suddenly, George B. Walbridge, of Lafayette, in a game against Wesleyan, made the run. Even in this instance a cunning stratagem was necessary to clear the way for the powerful but fleet-footed Walbridge.

This stratagem still available was a variation of the triple pass adapted to a kick-off. Wesleyan won the toss of the coin, and, selecting the ball, kicked off. Duffy, of Lafayette, caught the ball on his twenty-yard line, and, quickly turning around, passed it five yards farther back to the giant Rinehart, who instantly dashed obliquely across the field to the left, as though to turn up the left side-line. Walbridge, who had been stationed on the ten-yard line well to the left, now advanced slowly forward, as though to interfere for Rinehart. In the meantime, the remaining Lafayette players were crossing the field and concentrating in front of Rinehart to protect him



W. P. STEFFEN.
(CHICAGO.)

November, 1908. 100 yards.



W. E. SPRACKLING.
(BROWN.)

November, 1909. 108 yards.



E. E. MILLER
(PENN. STATE.)

October, 1911. 95 yards.



R. E. CAPRON.
(MINNESOTA.)

November, 1911. 95 yards.

in his attempt to force Wesleyan's right flank, thus drawing all of the Wesleyan players also over to the left. As Rinehart and Walbridge met, the former handed the ball to the latter, the pass being concealed by the close mass of Lafayette players about them. Rinehart, feinting to have the ball, continued his flight up the left side-line, preceded by five of his comrades as interference. The remaining four Lafayette players, who were the most skilful interferers on the eleven, suddenly parted to the right, and, out-flanking the last straggling Wesleyan men coming across the field, swept them also into the trap on the left, while Walbridge, swift as Mercury with his winged shoes, and only detected by a few Wesleyan men who were helpless to reach him, swept up the field, and over the line.

It was another Lafayette man who achieved the next full-field run of this kind. This player was Edward G. Bray. Bray's run holds a place of singular distinction in the list of these runs. First, it was the only one of two full-field runs from kick-off which have the honor to have won a game; second, although made in the first fifteen seconds of play, it was the only score of the day; and, third, it was achieved against a brilliant Pennsylvania eleven in a sensational, spectacular dash of one hundred yards replete with repeated displays of strength, skill, and speed.

Of the 15,000 spectators who assembled at Franklin Field on that crisp autumn day, October 21, 1899, probably not one dreamed of the remarkable play that was to occur on the kick-off, and eventually win the game. Lafayette won the toss and chose the western goal. Pennsylvania kicked off. The ball, sailing high from the powerful foot of T. Truxton Hare, floated down to Lafayette's ten-yard line. With the kick, the entire Pennsylvania eleven, except Woodley, swept down the field in a great, converging crescent. On the tips were the two end-rushers, Combs and Stehle, cautiously following the side-lines and alert for any stratagem. In the center came Overfield, McCracken, and Snover, with a secondary defense behind them composed of Davidson and Kennedy. The ball, with a sharp impact, struck the tenacious arms of Bray, and the great full-back instantly leaped into flight. Settling the ball securely in his left arm, with head well back and right arm free, he sprang from line to line, going straight up the middle of the field, with his comrades forming before him a V-shaped wedge, apex forward. The two elevens, with a tremendous crash, came together upon Lafayette's thirty-five-yard line. For the fraction of a second, they stood still as the recoil and shock shook every man, and then, like a great pair of folding-doors, Pennsylvania's

crescent was burst in two, and through the opening leaped the indomitable Bray, followed by two other Lafayette men, Knight and Chalmers. With machine precision, Pennsylvania's secondary defenders closed in, but Kennedy went down before Knight and Davidson was blocked off by Chalmers. As all four went to the ground, Bray leaped forward into a clear field save only Woodley, a swift, low, hard tackler. This clean-cut player, seeing the grave danger, came up the field on a curving course so as to intercept Bray near the side-line, a safe forty yards from Pennsylvania's goal-line. The spectators, who were sitting dumfounded by the swift kaleidoscope of sensations, now saw that the bold assault of Bray would come to naught, as he was caught between the side-line and the ferocious Woodley. As the men approached, they saw Woodley crouch to spring, when suddenly, as though from nowhere, Chalmers's great bulk flashed across the path of Bray and struck the springing Woodley with the full force of its 180 pounds. Down went the little warrior Woodley with Chalmers upon him, while Bray leaped past them, and in ten strides was across the goal-line.

Such a performance as this would have been sufficient to sate the throng who saw it, but fortune was lavish that afternoon, and other sensational plays followed. Here was the lighter, less skilful but immensely spirited eleven six points in the lead, with substantially the whole game still to be played. Fiercely, indeed, did that Pennsylvania eleven of giants assail that little Lafayette team. Time and again did the great guards Hare and McCracken, in Pennsylvania's most famous mechanism of attack, "guards back," batter Lafayette backward line upon line, only to be piled into a pyramid of red and blue jerseys in the last space, and the ball taken from them. Thus the battle waged and thus the battle closed, Lafayette safeguarding to the last the touch-down which Bray had won.

Again two years were destined to come and go before another warrior of the gridiron would achieve a full-field run from kick-off, and then, only two days apart, two brilliant instances of the play occurred. In the west, November 28, 1901, E. B. Cochems, of Wisconsin, in a game against Chicago, caught the ball from kick-off on his ten-yard line, and dashed and dodged, plunged and writhed through all opponents for a touch-down. Two days later, Charles D. Daly, of the Army, famous previously as a player and captain at Harvard, caught the Navy's kick-off, also on his ten-yard line, and sprinted an even hundred yards for a touch-down.

Cochem's run came near the end of the game,

when his eleven had victory well in hand. Daly achieved his performance at the opening of the second half, dramatically breaking a tie that had closed the first period of play. Cochem's great flight presented all of the features of speed, skill, and chance which must combine to make possible the full-field run. Like his predecessors, he boldly laid his course against the very center of Chicago's on-coming forwards, bursting their central bastion, and then cleverly sprinting and dodging through the secondary defenders.

Daly's famous dash presents the only instance of a full-field run from kick-off being achieved by skirting the flanks of the enemy. Not only was this run made along the outside, instead of through the center, but it was so successfully executed that not a single hand, comrade's or opponent's, was laid upon Daly from the beginning to the end of his flight.

The first half had closed with a score of 5 to 5 Daly having kicked a goal from the field for the Army, and Nichols having scored a touch-down for the Navy, the try for goal being missed. After an intermission tense with expectancy and excitement, the elevens deployed upon the field. Navy kicked off. The kick was low, but possessed power and shot straight down to Daly on his ten-yard line. The Army instantly charged toward the center of the Navy's running crescent, forming, as they ran, the familiar hollow wedge for Daly to enter. But this alert-minded player, by one of those sudden decisions to vary an established rule of action which in real warfare has won many a brilliant victory, sharply turned to the right, abandoning the protecting wings of the wedge, and started with incredible swiftness on a wide, circling dash around the Navy's left flank. The Navy forwards checked their charge and ran to the left to force Daly out of bounds, but the latter, outrunning and outracing all, flashed by the pack, and, clinging close to the side-line, dashed down the field and across the goal-line.

Fortune with curious regularity now permitted another period of two years to elapse before the occurrence of another full-field run from kick-off. This time it was a Carlisle Indian who covered the long distance, in a game against Harvard, October 31, 1903, and did so by the craftiest, wiliest stratagem ever perpetrated by a red-skin upon his pale-faced brother. The first half had closed with the Indians in the lead five points to none. Harvard opened the battle by sending a long kick to Johnson on Carlisle's five-yard line. The Indians quickly ran back to meet Johnson, and formed a compact mass around him.

Within the recesses of this mass of players, Johnson slipped the ball beneath the back of Dillon's jersey, which had been especially made to receive and hold the ball. Then, the ball thus secretly transferred and hidden, Johnson uttered a whoop such as Cambridge had not heard since the days of King Philip's War, and instantly the bunch of Indians scattered in all directions. Some ran to the right, some to the left, some obliquely, and some straight up the center of the field, radiating in all directions like the spokes of a wheel. The crimson players now upon them looked in vain for the ball, dumfounded, running from one opponent to another. Meanwhile, Dillon was running straight down the field so as to give his opponents the least opportunity for a side or rear view, and conspicuously swinging his arms to show that they did not hold the ball. Thus, without being detected, he passed through the entire Harvard team excepting the captain, Carl B. Marshall, who was covering the deep back-field. Obeying instructions, Dillon ran straight at Marshall. The latter, assuming that the Indian intended to block him, agilely side-stepped the Carlisle player, and, as he did so, he caught sight of the enormous and unwonted bulge on the back of Dillon. Instantly divining that here was the lost ball, Marshall turned and sprang at Dillon, but the latter was well on his way, and quickly crossed the line for a touch-down.

The next instance of a full-field run from kick-off brings us to the longest run achieved in any manner in the history of the major games, 106 yards, by Walter H. Eckersall, of Chicago, against Wisconsin, November 26, 1904. Still complying with the law of these runs, this flight was made straight through the center of the enemy. The battle was raging closely, scoring by one side being quickly followed by a score by the other. Near the middle of the second half, L. C. De Tray, of Chicago, picked up a fumbled ball and ran eighty yards for a touch-down. Notwithstanding this lead, the game was too close for Chicago to feel sure of victory or for Wisconsin to become resigned to defeat. Kennedy added another point to Chicago's score by kicking the goal. Thereupon Melzner kicked off for Wisconsin. The ball soared high, then sank swiftly down into the arms of Eckersall, who was standing on Chicago's four-yard mark. Crouching forward, he ran up the center. On the twenty-yard line, he cleverly sprang out of the clutches of the two Wisconsin ends by leaping between them. Ten yards farther forward, with an interference of seven men closely massed about him, he crashed into eight Wisconsin players. Again these colliding masses inexplicably

burst in two at the center, and the runner was shot through into a clear field, save a solitary secondary defender whose fleetness of foot was no match for the incomparable Eckersall.

As proof of the extraordinary difficulty of achieving a full-field run from kick-off, four long years now came and went without any player in a major game accomplishing this great feat. In 1908, however, it again befell Chicago to ornament the annals of foot-ball with another full-field run. The hero on this occasion was Chicago's captain, W. P. Steffen, and the opponents were again Wisconsin. The play occurred on the game's opening kick-off, and while Chicago twice afterward scored, the battle would have resulted in a draw without Steffen's touch-down.

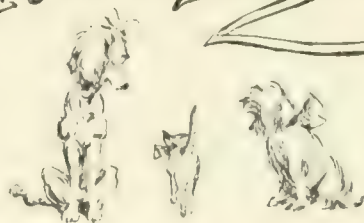
The following year brought forth a beautiful full-field run by W. E. Sprackling of Brown through the formidable Carlisle Indians, an exceptionally fleet-footed, sharp, hard-tackling team, but on this occasion out-plunged, out-raced, and out-dodged by the extraordinary Sprackling, 105 yards for a touch-down.

Three other full-field runs from kick-off have occurred since the run of Sprackling, and, curiously enough, they occurred in the same year, 1911. These were the runs of E. E. Miller, of Pennsylvania State College, against the University of Pennsylvania, a dash of ninety-five yards; the run of R. O. Ainslee, of Williams, 105 yards, through Cornell; and that of R. E. Capron, of Minnesota, against Wisconsin, for ninety-five yards.

Since 1911, an improvement has been made in the defensive plans of teams to prevent a full-field run from kick-off. Many elevens now deliver the kick-off into a corner of their opponent's territory instead of in front of the goal-posts. When the kick-off is sent into a corner of the field, it gives to the kicking side the advantage of a deadly side-line over which to force the runner and also to hamper him in his flight. It also places the ball in the arms of a less formidable back, since the best running back invariably is stationed in front of the goal-posts. Most important of all, it does away with that colliding mass at the center of the field which, by the inexplicable combination of chances alone, makes possible the bursting through of the runner. Fortunately for those who desire to see, some day, a full-field run from kick-off, the corner kick-off involves the danger of a kick out of bounds, and so cannot be regularly employed. Thus the honor roll awaits the addition of other heroes of the gridiron who shall achieve the greatest feat upon the lines of lime—the full-field run from kick-off to touch-down.

Jealousy

by
Alice
Lovett
Carson



I

I have a gray kitty and Twinkle 's her name,
She follows me 'round, and is cunning and tame;
But Dicky, the poodle, and Billy, the Skye,
Won't let me pet Twinkle if either is nigh,
And when I call, "Kitty,—here, kitty!" all three
Come running together, as fast as can be.

II

Sometimes when I go for Mama to the store,
I like to take Twinkle,—just him, and no more;
But Dicky and Billy—they *won't* stay behind—
I've scolded and scolded, they simply won't mind!
So a funny procession we surely must be,
Dear Twinkle, and Dicky, and Billy, and me.



III

When supper is ready, but none of them near,
I call very softly, "Here 's meat, kitty dear";
But Billy comes running, and after him Dick,
They snatch the best morsels if kitty 's not quick.
Such jealous old doggies you never did see,
But it saves lots of trouble—one name does for
three!





"JUST SEE HOW STRAIGHT I BURROWED TO THE CENTER OF THAT 'NORMOUS PILE!'"

LEAF-RAKING

BY MELVILLE CHATER

THE corn-stalks lean in pointed sheaves,
Bare branches sing against the blue;
The lawn 's a sea of withered leaves
That shizzle as my feet go through.

And Mike ahead and I behind
Are raking hard as hard can be.
Oh, see them whirling in the wind,
Just like a waterspout at sea!

And I dive in; I jump and twirl,
Caught up from earth and floating off;
And now I plunge where breakers curl,
Engulfed within the ocean's trough.

I sink, I gasp; for help I 've waved;
But Michael will not turn his head.
Lost, lost in Shizzle Sea!—No, saved!
I 'm "rescued"—on the flower-bed!

Now I 'm a mole. I 've tunneled through
That leafy mountain, quite a while,

Just see how straight I burrowed to
The center of that 'normous pile!

Here, wrapped in leaves from foot to head,
Who cares what wind or snow may do?
I 'm Bruin making up his bed
To sleep the whole long winter through.

At last our leaves are heaped, and show
Against the dusk in jutting peaks,
Like Indian wigwams, row on row,
Whose smoke ascends in coils and streaks.

They catch, they blaze! The camp 's aflame!
And I, the hostile chief, Red Cloud,
Steal, crawling slyly, on my game,
To whoop the war-cry long and loud!

Too soon the war-dance ends; too soon
The blaze is sunk in smoldering gray.
Up rakes, and homeward by the moon!
A fine day's work we 've done to day!



ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

BROTHER SQUIRREL: "What 's become of the Turkey family?"

BROTHER RABBIT: "Why, some one put that sign up there, and no one has seen a feather of them since."

A QUESTION OF COURAGE

BY C. H. CLAUDY

"MORRY!—Morry!—Oh-h-h-h, Morry!" Aunt Delia called from an up-stairs window.

"Can you stop what you're doing long enough to take your uncle's letters to the mill for me? I have n't time to take them myself."

"In a minute, Aunty—Dorry, can you finish untangling this plaguy thing? I never saw such a line for snarls!" and he tossed the tangled mass to his cousin.

"I won't be long, Dorry," he called a moment later, swinging down the hillside path on a run. "Time me. I'll do it in fifteen minutes!"

"What are you doing here?" asked Uncle Gray, when Morry appeared at the mill.

"I just brought you your letters," answered Morry. "Aunt Delia said you wanted them."

"Why—why, thank you, Morry," replied Uncle Gray. "And what fun are you in for to-day?"

"Dorry and I are going fishing."

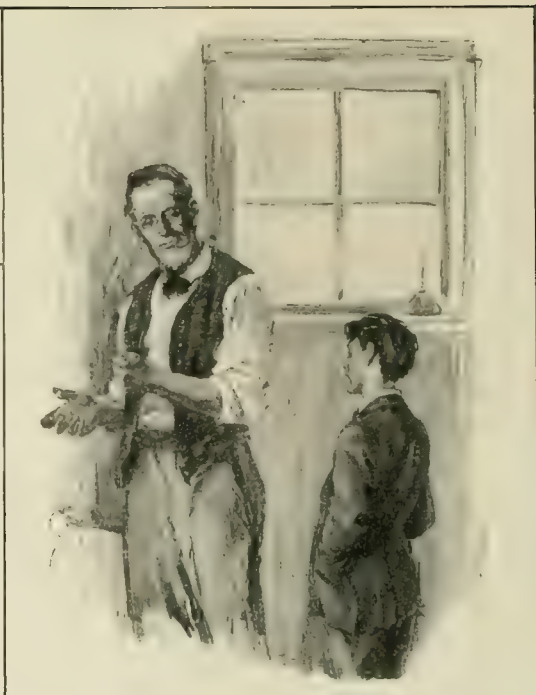
"Again?" said Uncle Gray, smiling. "You are two enthusiastic fisherpeople. Still, I suppose you don't get much chance in the city, either of you. Where are you going to fish?"

"Above the dam," said Morry, eagerly. "Jim says there are just slews and slews of bass there, 'specially out in the middle or down by the feeder. He says I can take his boat and—"

"He does, does he?" interrupted Uncle Gray. "Now, see here! when your mother and Dorry's mother said you two could come up here to the Ferry for a vacation, I promised I'd take care of you. And the first thing one of you does is to fall out of a tree, practising gymnasium exercises, and bruise herself; and now *you* want to go and get in the river. I hate to spoil your fun, lad, but above the dam is no safe place for any one who is n't much of a waterman. I must talk to Jim!"

"But what could happen, Uncle Gray?" pleaded Morry. "I can row, and there is n't any current."

"There is n't any current 'way up above the dam, no. But there is a lot of current down near the feeder. And if you ever drifted into the feeder—what? The feeder walls are too high for any one to get out. If the wheels were not going, the current would carry you right on down through the by-pass, and you'd be smashed up—



like that! If the wheels were going, your boat would be sucked up against the grating, and goodness knows how you'd get out! So if you want to fish above the dam, you stay out of the boat, and fish from the shore. I'm sorry, but that's final. If you can't do that, then I'll have to say, 'No more fishing.'"

"All right—yes, sir," said Morry, dutifully, as he turned away; but in his heart he was rebellious. Jim had been unwisely enthusiastic about those bass.

"I knew you'd not make it in fifteen minutes," cried Dorry, triumphantly, as Morry toiled up the hill again. "You've been twenty-three minutes, and your lines are all untangled. And Aunt Delia has prepared the nicest lunch, and said we could start the minute you came back."

They trudged off at once, with the pole over the boy's shoulder, while his cousin carried the lunch basket, and soon were following the bank of the feeder up to the clear water beyond.

"My, is n't it hot!" exclaimed Dorry, as they hastened along, too rapidly for comfort in their eagerness to reach the fishing-pool. "I'm going to leave my sweater on this little bridge till we come back." And as she tied it loosely to one of the beams, she asked her cousin: "What kept you so long at the mill?"

"Oh, Uncle was talking about the feeder and the danger if a boat got caught in the current,"

answered Morry. "And I guess it would take a brave chap with a cool head to get out of it if he once got in. I *love* to see or hear about a brave man or a brave deed: don't you?"

"Of course," said Dorry, sedately, "we all do. But the bravest deeds are not those of physical courage. The bravest people are those that have moral courage, like—like Columbus, and Joan of Arc, and Abraham Lincoln, and—and those people."

"I don't agree with you a bit," said Morry, swift in defense of his favorites of history. "And Joan of Arc was a great example of physical courage, anyway. And while every one knows Abraham Lincoln was a great man, it was the generals who were the brave ones."

"Why, Morris Davis!" cried Dorris. "Every one knows it took forty times the courage to be President during the war that it did to fight the battles!"

"*What?*" cried Morry, waxing warm. "Why, look at Pickett—charging a whole battle-line on foot, and getting just cut to pieces; and look at Stonewall Jackson, who could n't be made to run; and look at Sheridan. Lincoln was a great man, but he did n't have to fight!"

"No, he had to do something harder. He had to order men to fight and die, and take all the responsibility before the country—he had the moral courage!"

"You girls always admire moral courage—because you are such 'fraid cats about your lives and getting hurt."

Morry was indignant, and showed it in his taunt.

"Yes, and boys—reckless creatures who don't have sense enough to look out for themselves half the time—they admire physical courage because it's the only kind they've got!"

Dorry was indignant too, but lost her indignation in fear as a snake glided across the road.

"Oh, Morry—Morry—look at that!" cried Dorry, clutching his arm with a shudder.

Morry could not help laughing.

"If I only could show you a lovely bit of moral cowardice, now, we'd be quits," he said. "The snake won't hurt you—it's only a water-snake, hiking for the feeder."

"Oh, I know—you say a water-snake is n't dangerous—but it's a snake, just the same!" And Dorry shuddered again.

"For a girl who captains her school basket-ball team, and who won a medal last year for gymnastic work and for the best record on the flying rings, you certainly show precious little real courage," laughed Morris, reverting again to the question between them.

"But that is so different," defended Dorry. "It does n't take physical courage to do things on the rings, or play basket-ball, either. It takes some muscle and lots of practice, but it is n't—like—like facing a horrid snake!"

"Well, how about that moral courage you admire so? Why don't you show it?"

"I did n't say I had it!" answered Dorry, warmly; "I said it is the finer kind of courage—both Mother and Dad say so!"

With a wisdom beyond his fourteen years, Morry let his cousin have the last word.

"I wish you'd tell me about that feeder thing," said Dorry, having fished in silence and without results for ten minutes. "I don't understand it at all. What's it for, and how does it make the mill go?"

Delighted to exhibit his superior knowledge, Morry explained.

"The dam," he said, "raises the level of the river and makes this lake. The water that does n't flow over the dam flows down the feeder—it's nearly a quarter of a mile to the mill. The mill is below the level of the water in the feeder—the feeder is nothing but a stone-walled canal, you see,—and the water from it falls down on the water-wheels and turns them, and that gives power to the mill that grinds the wood into a pulp, and they haul the pulp away to other mills, where they make paper out of it."

"What becomes of the water after it gets in the mill?" continued Dorry, athirst for information.

"Why, Dorris Davis! Don't you remember that poem about the mill never grinding with the water that is passed? It just runs out and into the river again, of course!"

"But I mean when the mill is n't running?"

"Oh, well, that's different. When the mill is running the by-pass is closed, and the water from the feeder runs over the wheels. When the by-pass is open, the wheels don't turn, and the water just rushes by the mill and down what we called the waterfall—remember, you thought it was so pretty?"

"Yes," said Dorry, "pretty and—and terrible, too; it made so much noise, and seemed so very, very powerful."

Dorry subsided, and they fished on. But bites were few and far between. Finally Dorry threw down her rod.

"I'm hungry," she said. "I'm going to unpack the lunch."

But Morris did not answer. He had wandered off, intent on trying another place. Hardly thinking what he was doing, he crawled down the sloping wall toward a small boat, which, tied to a stake, floated idly just below him.

"If I get into that," he thought, "I can get a cast farther out." Then, "Uncle said not to go in the boat! Shucks! But—but he did n't say anything about a *tied* boat," Morry argued with himself. "He meant Jim's boat—on the lake. He said I was n't a good-enough waterman. Well, that proves he did n't mean a tied-up boat, because, of course, a tied-up boat does n't need any water skill—Cæsar's ghost! look at that fish!"

And, arguing no more, Morry dropped lightly from the wall into the boat.

How it happened Morris could never explain. Whether his jarring jump had unfastened the carelessly tied rope, or if the mischief was caused by his strenuous tramping back and forth as from this vantage-point he landed the fish, he could not say. But suddenly he felt a tug at his line, and, looking up, saw that the boat was free at the mouth of the feeder, with the powerful current whirling him down the stone ditch, with its sides too steep and high to climb from a moving boat, even if he could approach them. A despairing glance showed that he was oarless. With the knowledge of his helpless state, he cried out loudly.

"Dorry!—Dorry!—*Dorry!*" he called, his voice rising to a scream as he passed below her. "Run!—the mill!—tell them!—start the wheels—shut—off—the—by-pass!" until he knew he was too far away to be understood.

He saw Dorry straighten up, take one look, then dive through the bushes; and the realization that he was alone, in a position of great peril, calmed his excitement with the calmness of desperation.

There was but little to do. What would happen to him depended on what Dorry did. If the water was running the mill, well and good; his boat would be sucked up against the iron grating which guarded the water-wheels from logs and danger. But if the mill was not running—if the by-pass was open—why, then—then—then his boat and he would be shot down the falls like a bolt from a gun—and the drop was forty feet to the river-bed below, and Morris had too often watched in fascination the majestic fall of the "finest water-power in the State," as his uncle had often called it, to have any illusions as to what he might expect from such an adventure. Then he remembered—*it was lunch hour, when the mill was shut down!*

"Would Dorry be in time?—Could she outrun the current?—Would she know what to do when she got there?—Could she appreciate the danger?" Morry asked himself these questions in swift, mental flashes.

"She's only a girl—could n't blame her—how

scared she was at that snake—girls have no nerve—yet she did start in a hurry—"

In spite of himself, Morry hoped. He knew his cousin to be a fast runner—recollections of the speed of foot which had made her captain of her basket-ball team, and her lithe strength which had won both praise and prizes at her gymnasium, flashed through his mind. Yet Morry was but grasping at straws of hope rather than having any real faith. Then came a new thought:

"Even if she—if she fails—there's the bridge—maybe I can jump and cling to it—it's a chance—Oh!" as his boat passed the last of the trees, and he saw the road.

A flying figure, a little distance ahead of him, caught his eye. Dorry had beaten the current, but not by much. She was running with her head low, and Morry felt a thrill of admiration at the speed his cousin was making.

"Hurry—hurry, Dorry," he called after her. "There—is n't—much—time!"

Nor was there. He saw Dorry turn a face that, even at that distance, looked white and frightened, and then run on. He felt the increased speed of his unmanageable craft as it drew nearer and nearer the little bridge over the feeder, and he shuddered. He wondered why Dorry did n't shout. He shouted himself, as loud as he could, long-drawn cries of "Help—he-e-lp—he-e-lp!" in the faint hope that some one would hear. But the roar of the water, which told him the wheels were not turning and that the by-pass was open, spoke also of ears which could not hear for that very roar, and, with a sickly feeling of despair, he realized that Dorry, swift run though she had made, could never enter the mill, summon help, and get back before he would have passed under the bridge; and after that—he trembled at the thought.

But now Morry saw something which brought his heart to his mouth with hope again. Dorry had not gone to the mill. She had given a swift, backward look, seen the nearness of the boat, and calculated the time she had. She, too, had heard the roar of the water through the by-pass, and realized that it was the noon hour, and that the mill was shut down—that all the hands had gone to dinner. On to the bridge she ran, wriggled under the lower of the two stringers which formed its sides, and, flat on her face, making a cushion of her sweater, bracing her legs against the stringer above, she reached out over the water, her arms outstretched.

"Jump—Morry—*jump!* and catch my hands!" she called, as loudly as she could.

Morry did not hear, but he saw that her legs were securely hooked against the stringer, and

her position was such that he could reach her hands as the boat passed beneath the bridge.

"She wants me to jump and catch her hands," flashed through his mind. "But is she strong enough? Can she stand the strain?" Again a picture of his little cousin, a high, swinging figure on the rings in the school exhibition, came into his mind.

hung suspended that only a girl's arms and nerve and his own muscles held him back from certain death.

"Hold hard, I'm coming up," he shouted.

Though neither large nor heavy, Morry was both strong and skilled in athletics. He had a tight grip of his cousin's wrists, and slowly and carefully, and scarcely conscious of the effort, he "chinned" himself. Then, gathering his strength, he let go with one hand, giving a mighty pull and lurch upward as he did so, and with it caught the edge of the bridge timbers. Quick as a flash, Dorris grasped his belt with her free hand, and so aided his effort to climb. In an instant, he had let go with his other hand, grasped the stringer, while she still held his belt; and with a great effort he was up and over, sinking down panting and speechless beside Dorris, now lying soft and limp on the bridge.

For a few moments, Morry was too spent to speak. Then:

"You—you saved my life!" he said. "Oh, Dorry—I can't—I don't know how to say it!"

The girl lay panting, completely exhausted with her hard run and the excitement and danger and the strain she had undergone. But after a while she began to recover, and the manner of her recovery amazed Morry

beyond measure; for Dorry rose to her knees, took one look at her cousin's face, then burst into tears, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, Dorry!" cried Morris. "Why, Dorry!"

But the boy had the good sense to let her sob herself quiet. Then he helped her gently to her feet, and they started toward the house.

"Come, Dorry," he said. "We'd best be getting



"THE LEAVESY LEON." ALL THIS IS A QUESTION OF COURAGE.
FIRST PRIZE FOR ART.

As the boat neared the bridge—and it all happened more quickly than it takes time to read it—Morry stood upright on the thwart, his arms upraised. As the boat passed under, he caught at the two hands held out to him, felt the water take the boat from beneath him, knew that he swung out and out and out, a human pendulum, heard a strangled cry from above him, and realized as he

back. Some one may have heard me yell—and be worried. I must go and tell them all about it. Oh, the luck!—what *will* Uncle say?"

"No, they did n't—no, I 'm sure not," said Dorry. "You don't need to say a word about it. It 's all—all over. What 's the use of worrying them about it? Don't—don't tell."

"I 've got to—I disobeyed—I went into the boat. But—but it means no more fishing!"

of pulling or of weight to have toppled them both from the bridge to the water.

For a few minutes after, Morry thought, and hope was strong in him that, after all, he need not tell the sorry tale. But he dropped thoughts of telling or not telling at the sudden sight of Dorry's white face, and the slow tears welling.

"Uncle—Uncle Gray—Aunt Delia—quick—come here!" he called, as they topped the hill and went toward the house, Morry half leading and half carrying Dorry.

Something in his voice brought both relatives running from their mid-day meal, and Morry poured forth the story of his disobedience, his danger, and his rescue. He did not spare himself.

"Well, I owe my life to her," he ended passionately. "And—and—I said this morning girls did n't have anything but moral courage—I thought only this morning that girls had n't any nerve. It is n't so! You have more courage and nerve than any man I know of, Dorry—that 's all there is to it," he ended with a trembling voice.

"But—but I was wrong, this morning, too, Morry," was her reply. "I said boys had no moral courage. It must have taken a lot to tell—to tell it all so fairly—when I begged you not to. I—I guess moral and the other sort of courage are mixed up together."

Whether the one was greater than the other was a question they never settled. Each had now a new point of view—a new realization of the meaning of courage, whether of the body or of the mind.

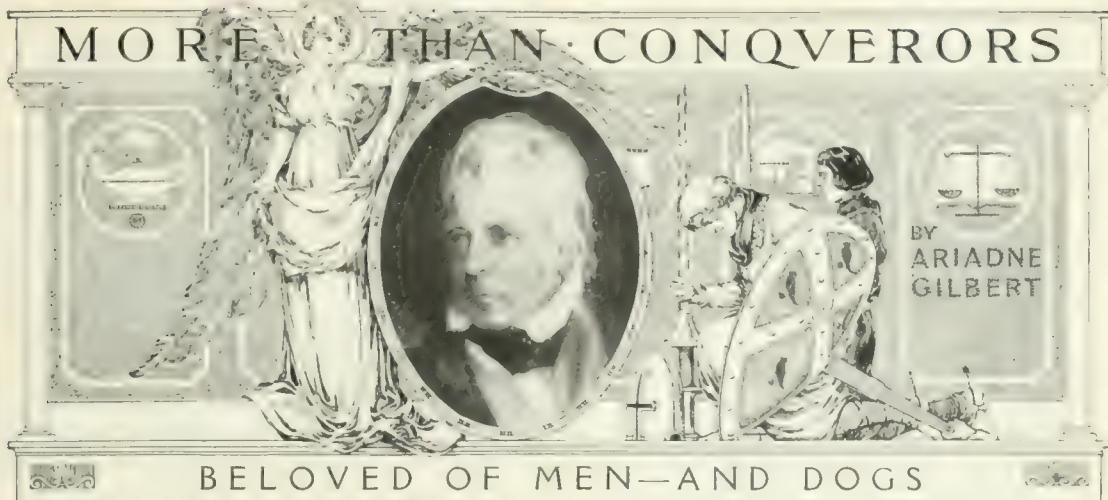
But if this question was still unsettled, of a new and comprehending affection, beyond and above that bond of blood they already had, there was a very thorough understanding, as Morry took his cousin's hands in both his own and felt their weak pressure in response to his hearty grip.



"AS THE BOAT PASSED UNDER, HE CAUGHT AT THE TWO HANDS HELD OUT TO HIM."

"But, Morry,—please! You 've been punished enough. And I—I don't *want* you to tell."

Dorry could not have told why she did not want the story told, or why she feared her uncle's praise, or her aunt's tears, at the danger of it all, for she knew that it would have taken little more



ABOUT the time of our American Revolution, in the pasture of a certain Scotch hillside, we might have seen a blue-eyed baby boy, lying among the flocks of nibbling sheep and looking quietly at the moving clouds, or reaching for a bit of pink heather. Because his right leg had been lamed by a bad fever, so that he could not run or even creep, he was taking a queer remedy. Dr. Rutherford had said that if young Walter could live out of doors and lie in the "skin of a freshly killed sheep," he might be cured. So there he was at Sandy Knowe, in the kindly care of his grandfather, and placidly companioned by all these pasture playfellows.

Either from the power of the Scotch breezes or of the warm sheepskin coat, the child grew strong. First he began to roll about on the grass, or crawl from flower to flower, and, by and by, he learned to pull himself up by a farm-house chair, and, finally, with the help of a stick, to walk and run. No doubt he was a great pet with the warm-hearted Scotch neighbors, and no doubt they brought him things to play with and flowers to love long before he could clamber over the rocks and get the sweet honeysuckle for himself. He used, wistfully, to watch for the fairies to dance on the hills, and he had a secret fluttering hope that sometime, when he fell asleep on the grass, he might be carried away to fairyland. One day he was left out in the field and forgotten till a thunder-storm came up. Then his Aunt Jane, rushing out to carry him home, found him sitting on the grass, clapping his hands at every flash of lightning, and crying, "Bonny! bonny!"

It is no wonder that such an out-of-doors baby loved animals. On the hills, they huddled round

him in woolly friendliness. His Shetland pony, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, used to go with him into the house. One day, the child, sobbing pitifully, limped to his grandfather's farmhouse and sat down on the steps. A starling lay in his lap, its stiff little feet stretched out beseechingly, its brown feathers quite cold. The bird, which Walter had partly tamed, was dead. By and by, the child's passion subsided; but the "laird" who had hushed the starling's singing was not forgiven so soon, and the Scotch laddie had to take a long gallop on his pony to cool his aching head.

As Walter would play contentedly among the rocks for hours, or ride his pony without tiring, so, for hours, he would listen, in rapt imagination, to Aunt Jane's ballads, until he could repeat whole passages by heart. Stretched on the floor, with shells and pebbles drawn up in order, he would fight the battles or shout forth the rhymed stories to chance visitors. "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is!" exclaimed the parish preacher, with some disgust, for, after Walter learned to read, he was even more excitable. From one of Mrs. Cockburn's letters we can imagine the six-year-old boy reading the story of a shipwreck to his mother. "His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his hands and eyes. 'There 's the mast gone!' he exclaimed wildly. 'Crash it goes! They, will all perish!'"

From the time he was six, he read ravenously; and it was through his wide reading that, when only fifteen, he became, for a few moments, the center of a group of learned men. It was when the poet Burns visited Edinburgh, and had shown great interest in a picture of a soldier

lying dead in the snow with a dog keeping patient watch beside him. Beneath the picture were some beautiful lines, but neither Burns nor any of those learned men knew their author, until young Walter Scott, who happened to be present, whispered that they were by Langhorne. Then Burns turned to him with glowing eyes and said: "It is no common course of reading that has taught you this"; adding, to his friends, "This lad will be heard of yet."

How proud the lad felt! How wistfully joyful in the warmth of the great poet's praise; and then how suddenly forgotten when, only a few days later, Robert Burns passed him in the street without a glance! Scott's moment of fame had vanished.

At school, however, he held the fame of the playground. Lame though he was, he was one of the best fighters and one of the readiest fighters among his fellows; and he was the very best story-teller. At recess, those who did not join in the running games crowded round the bench at his, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story." And so, now reciting whole pages by heart, now filling in from his own wild imagination, the boy Scott carried his playmates into a "wonderful, terrible" world. "I did not make any great figure in the high school," he tells us. "I made a brighter figure in the yards than in the class." However, he was never distinguished as a "dunce," as some have thought; but simply as "an incorrigibly idle imp." (See Scott's own foot-note to his autobiography.)

Though Scott merely dabbled in foreign languages, he devoured English romance. English poetry, too, such as Shakspere's plays, Spenser's poems, and, dearest of all, Percy's wonderful collection of ballads, flew away with his fancy into a dream-world. Before he was ten, he had painfully copied out several note-books full of his favorite ballads, most of which he could recite from beginning to end.

Meanwhile, he was growing more and more to love natural beauty. Like Irving, he longed to paint, and gave up his efforts to do so with sad reluctance. Great crags and rushing torrents filled him with a reverence that made his "heart too big for his bosom." And when he found an old ruin and could crown that ruin with a legend, his joy was complete. Handicapped by lameness, Scott rode wonderfully, even as a little boy, and was always joyously daring: Almost to the day of his death, he would rather leap the trench or ford the flood than "go round."

Moreover, as he said, he was "rather disfigured than disabled by his lameness," so that he managed, limpingly, to wander far, often twenty or

thirty miles a day. In rough cap, jacket, and "musquito trousers," carrying a long gun, he used to wade into the marshes to shoot ducks, or fish for salmon by torch-light—"burning the water," befriended by his pack of dogs. Bold cragsman that he was, he took no account of passing hours, sometimes even staying out all night. "I have slept on the heather," he tells us, "as soundly as ever I did in my bed." Little enough patience his father had with such "gallivantings." "I doubt, I greatly doubt, sir," Mr. Scott would scold, "you were born for nae better than a strolling peddler."

After leaving school, Scott, like many other authors, was apprenticed to the law. "A dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances," he called it; but it was his father's profession, and, though the out-of-doors boy disliked the drudgery and detested the office confinement, he loved his father, and wanted to be useful. We can easily imagine how he "wearied of the high stool," and how glad he was to see daylight fade and to go home to read exciting stories by a blazing fire. Great credit, then, is due him for the five or more years that he persevered at the dull law, and much to his master, Mr. David Hume, who fitted him for that profession. Law study not only gave Scott system, but training in tenacity.

His real studies, he tells us, were "lonely" and "desultory," "driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder," or, according to Lockhart, "obeying nothing but the strong breath of inclination." On his long walks and reckless rides, he was educated by the wind and sky, and by the rough people whom he has made immortal. He knew, personally, the charming beggar of "The Antiquary"; and he knew, personally, Rob Roy, chief of a Highland clan, and, like the English Robin Hood, "a kind and gentle robber." In "The Pirate" he immortalized an actual old sibyl "who sold favorable winds to sailors"; in "Guy Mannering," a real Gipsy, with her "bushy hair hanging about her shoulders" and her "savage virtue of fidelity"; and in "The Heart of Midlothian," he glorifies the simple Jeanie Deans in "tartan plaid and country attire."

The old warriors of the highlands were more than willing to fight their battles over again for Scott, and he used to say that the peasants of Scotland always expressed their feelings in the "strongest and most powerful language." He found more solid fun in talking with the "lower classes," whose superstitions were almost a faith, than in spending hours with the more conventional people of his own rank. What, to some, was idle gossip, to him was living history. "He was makin' himself a' the time," said an old



From the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scotchman, "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first, he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish

Border" is an echo of his rambles, and "The Lady of the Lake," a "labor of love" in memory of Loch Katrine.

All of his interests widened rapidly; society,

law, love, soldiery, all have their claims. Bashful and awkward as Scott was, he gathered what points he could from those who had more social training than he. At twenty-two, he began to apply his legal knowledge by acting as counsel in a criminal court, and so valiantly did he defend an

Before Scott was twenty-five, he fell in love with a "lassie" who was later betrothed to one of his own best friends. Scott thought his heart was broken, but it was "handsomely pieced," as he said a few years later, though the "crack remained" to his dying day.

In the meantime, he lived the life of a man of action. He entered Parliament.

In February, 1797, when all Scotland feared the invasion of the French, his fighting blood rose to the call, and, with many other young men, he volunteered to serve. Too lame to march, he helped to organize a troop of cavalry of which he was, because of his dependableness, elected quartermaster. The fighting spirit of his childhood had never died. His mother always said that if he had not been a cripple, he would have been a soldier. That means we should have lost him as an author. And so we have to thank his first great handicap, lameness, for the two hundred volumes he gave the world.

Though now his time was closely packed with hard work, these years were holidays compared to his later struggles. Before long, he was combining the duties of lawyer and quartermaster with those of county sheriff, "speculative printer," and author. Let us get a little into the heart of the man, however, before we study him as an author, or visit him at Abbotsford.

When Sheriff Scott was compelled to judge a poacher, Tom Purdie, his human nature softened before the



"SCOTT AND TOM PURDIE, USED TO TRAMP OVER THE PLACE ON WINDY DAYS." (SEE PAGE 33.)

old sheep-stealer, that the man received the verdict "not guilty."

"You 're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client.

"I 'm just o' your mind," came the happy answer, "and I 'll send ye a mankin (hare) the morn, man."

victim's plea of poverty and hunger, and he took Tom into his own employ as shepherd. Nothing could have been more characteristic of him. He loved to help. Among the friends whom he helped to his own disadvantage, Southey and Hogg are conspicuous. Scott proposed Southey as poet laureate, though he himself

longer play second fiddle to Byron"; and "Since one line has failed, we must just strike into something else." Certainly his last poem, "The Lord of the Isles," was not equal to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," or "The Lady of the Lake." Scott himself called it a failure; but, whether it was a failure or not, we are glad that something made the great man, with all his hidden powers, turn to prose. We are as glad Byron beat him at poetry as we are that lameness hin-

called him "The Great Unknown" or "The Wizard of the North." He never accounted for his disguise except by saying it was his "humor." No doubt he felt more confident in his "Coat of Darkness"; for, while he was sure of his reputation as a poet, he was merely trying his hand at prose.

And yet many think to-day that he was even a greater novelist than poet. During the time that he was editing his "Complete Edition," one



THE GARDEN FRONT, ABBOTSFORD

dered him from being a soldier. Step by step, through handicaps and failures, the buried genius of the man is found. In his warm admiration for Maria Edgeworth's Irish tales he had once modestly thought that he might write stories of Scotland. For the number of those stories, the world blesses his business failure; as it blesses his verse failure for their beginning.

One day, when Scott was looking in a drawer for fishing-tackle, he came on the roughly written sheets of "Waverley," begun many years before. As he read those unfinished pages, he wanted to go on with the romance; and so to those first discarded sheets we owe the whole set of the "Waverley Novels." For years, their authorship was a mystery. Book after book came out "By the Author of Waverley," while the puzzled world

per cent.—or one in every hundred—of all the people in Edinburgh were at work in the making and selling of his books.

If you have never thrilled with the "Stranger, I am Roderick Dhu" of that heroic law-breaker; or, with Rebecca, dared Brian du Bois Guilbert to advance one step farther toward that dizzy parapet; or cried over Kenilworth, if you are a girl; or acted Ivanhoe and Rob Roy, if you are a boy, then you have missed something that belonged by right to your youth.

Many love history more through Scott than through any one else; perhaps not the most authentic history, but history gloriously alive. And many more have learned from him to be tender to the "under dog." It may be a real dog, like Fangs; it may be a court fool, or a Gipsy, or

some member of the once despised race of Jews; but Scott will always make you "square" to the "fellow who is down." He may even make you love some one whom the rest of the world has forgotten to love.

It would be interesting to visit the place where most of those wonderful novels were written. Scott had bought the farm of one hundred and ten acres in a rough condition. Many of the trees that grow there to-day were planted by his hands, and he and Tom Purdie used to tramp over the place on windy days to straighten the young saplings. Little by little the farm changed to a noble estate, beautiful without and within, and the Abbotsford of to-day, robbed of its master, is more like a museum than a home. The footsteps of sight-seers echo through its great rooms,—their walls enriched with suits of armor, with tapestry and relics; and their floors so slippery you can "almost skate on them." There is the portrait of Scott's great-grandfather, Beardie, that loyal Tory who refused to have his beard cut after Charles I was executed; and there is a portrait of Scott's son, Walter, who died of India fever just after being made colonel. The grim armory speaks of many battles; the relics recall many stories. Among these are a brace of Bonaparte's pistols; the purse of Rob Roy; a silver urn given to Scott by Byron; and a gold snuff-box given by George IV.

From the time of Scott's first land purchase, the estate grew from one hundred and ten acres to fifteen hundred. If we had gone to Abbotsford with merry-hearted Irving, during Scott's lifetime, and even before he was made baronet, we should have seen it less as the great castle, which it is to-day, than as a "snug gentleman's cottage" beaming from the hillside above the Tweed. The branching elk horns over the door gave it the look of a hunter's lodge; but the scaffolding surrounding the walls, and great piles of hewn stone, hinted a grander future. As Irving entered, "out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking." This was Hamlet. "His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs—all open-mouthed and vociferous." Then, up the gravel path limped the master of the house, moving along rapidly with the help of a stout walking-stick. We can almost see him—his broad, freckled face and sandy hair; his eyes "sparkling blue" under the old white hat; his big figure dressed in a dingy green shooting-coat and brown pantaloons; and his worn shoes tied at the ankles. By the master's side, with great dignity, jogs the gray staghound, Maida, trying to show gravity enough for all that yelping pack. It

would hardly be a welcome without this gathering at the gate.

"Come, drive down, drive down, ye're just in time for breakfast," urges Scott, and then adds, when Irving explains that he has had his breakfast, "Hoot, man, a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

And so, with Irving, we see the great "minstrel" at his chief meal, and with Irving we are expected to eat huge slices of the sheep's head and of the big brown loaf at Scott's elbow. Of course, at the table, there is no discussion of the children; but a short visit displays their natures: Sophia, joyous and musical; Anne, quiet; Walter, his father's pride because he is such a fine shot; and Charles, a lovely boy of twelve. Scott said there were just three things he tried to teach his children: "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth." And when they rode he taught them to think nothing of tumbles. "Without courage, there can be no truth," he would say, "and without truth, there can be no other virtue."

The dogs are allowed in the dining-room: Maida, beside Scott; the pet spaniel Finette, with soft, silky hair, close to "Mama"; and a large gray cat, stealing about with velvet steps, which begs delicate bits of breakfast from all the family, and cuffs the dogs in a friendly way with his paw.

After breakfast, they all set out through the sweet, rough country, Scott limping rapidly ahead as usual, pointing out the badgers' holes and sitting hares (which he is always the first to see), while the dogs beat about the glen, barking and leaping, or boundingly answer the call of the ivory whistle that swings from their master's buttonhole. The little terriers, Pepper and Mustard, are as excited as Maida is dignified. Snuffing among the bushes, they have started a hare, and Hinse, the cat, joins the chase in hot pursuit.

By and by a shower springs up, and Scott shares with Irving the tartan plaid that Tom Purdie has been carrying. And so the two great men, congenial as old friends, snuggle under the Scotchman's warm shelter; and while rain soaks the pink heather and mist folds the hills, they talk of trees and nations, homes and dogs, now and then matching each other's legends. Their hearts are in wonderful harmony. Irving tells Scott of the grand American forests, and Scott answers, "You love the forests as much as I do the heather. If I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die."

So cordial and outdoorish is our host, so ready to guide in our rambles, "overwalking, overtalk-

ing, and overfeeding his guests," as his wife used to say, that we may easily forget his business in life, or that he has anything else to do but entertain. But Scott rose, presumably, this day, as all others, at five o'clock, and was writing away rapidly by six, so that he "broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast." This was his regular program. While he was bathing and dressing, his thoughts were "simmering" in his brain, so that he dashed them off "pretty easily" when his pen was in his hand. With no interruption except breakfast, he worked steadily till eleven or twelve. By this system, very rarely broken, he could afford a ride after lunch, and, at one o'clock, rain or shine, he could mount his big horse for a gallop over the hills. The pictures he saw on these rides are in his books, and so is the joyous outdoor spirit. One of his first poems, "Marmion," was practically written on horseback, the lines coming into his brain while he trained his regiment, raced over the moors, or plunged through floods.

And just as he would not let his work cheat his outdoor life, he would not let it cheat his children or his friends. When Irving visited him, he had to excuse himself after breakfast to correct proof; but often he wrote in a room filled with people. Perhaps he used manuscript sheets the same size as letter-paper, so that he might write his books and yet seem to be writing a common letter. The shouts of his children playing marbles or ninepins around him, or his dogs sleeping at his feet, or even leaping in and out of the open window, could not interrupt his thought, though occasionally the father stopped to tell a story to the pleading pets who talked, or give an affectionate pat to those who only looked their love. And then his active hand drove on, laying aside sheet after sheet.

Let us stop a few minutes to speak of Scott's affection for all his dumb friends. It cannot easily be exaggerated. Of his horses, neither Captain nor Lieutenant nor Brown Adam liked to be fed by any one but him. When Brown Adam was saddled and the stable door opened, he would trot to the "leaping-on stone" (a help to his lame master), and there he would stand, firm as Gibraltar, till Sir Walter was well in the saddle, when he would neigh trumpetingly and almost dance with delight. Under Scott's hand, he was perfectly trustworthy; but he broke one groom's arm and another's leg with his wild capers. The beautiful snow-white horse, Daisy, proved less faithful than Brown Adam. She was as full of jealousy as she was of life. When Sir Walter came back from a trip to the Continent, he found Daisy had changed toward him. In-

stead of standing still to be mounted, she "looked askant at me like an imp," said Scott; "and when I put my foot in the stirrup, she reared bolt upright, and I fell to the ground." For any of the grooms the horse stood perfectly; but Scott tried, again and again, always with the same result. At last he had to give Daisy up. When some one suggested that the snowy animal might have felt hurt at being left in the stable, Scott said, "Aye, these creatures have many thoughts of their own. Maybe some bird had whispered Daisy that I had been to see the grand reviews at Paris on a little scrag of a Cossack, while my own gallant trooper was left behind bearing Peter and the post-bag to Melrose."

Among Scott's dogs, his earliest friends were his bull-terrier, Camp, and two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy. These used to race over the hills beside their galloping master, and nose around in the bushes while he stopped to fish. Of the three, Camp had most perfectly his master's confidence. Scott used to talk to him just as if he was a human being; and the servant, setting the table for dinner, would say, "Camp, my good fellow, the sheriff's coming home by the ford," or "The sheriff's coming home by the hill," and, even when Camp was old and sick, he would pull himself up from the rug and trot off as nimbly as his strength would let him, to meet his master by the Tweed or the Glenkinnon burn.

Dear old Camp! he was buried by moonlight in the garden just opposite Scott's study window. "Papa cried about Camp's death," Sophia Scott told Irving. Indeed, we all know that the affectionate master felt so bereft that he broke an engagement at dinner that evening, and gave as his perfectly honest excuse, "the death of a dear old friend."

Maida's grave at Abbotsford is between Sir Walter's bedroom window and the garden. There is a life-sized statue with the head raised as if looking toward the window for his master's face. The Latin inscription reads:

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

Percy was buried not very far away with the epitaph: "Here lies the brave Percy."

Scott had one dog, a Highland terrier, that sometimes grew tired of the chase, or "pretended to be so," and would whine to be taken up on his master's horse, where he would sit as happy as a child. And there was a large wolf-greyhound which had posed for so many artists that he would get up and saunter out of the room at the sight of brushes and a palette—portrait-painting was a great bore!

One last story, and we must leave Scott's kennels and stables for a closing study of the man himself. One clear September morning, boys and girls, dogs and ponies, Scott, Laidlaw, Mackenzie, and many others set off for a day's fishing. Maida gamboled about the prancing Sibyl Grey, who tossed her mane in glee at the thought of a day's sport. Just as the joyous party was ready to gallop away, Anne Scott shouted delightedly, "Papa, Papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." At her merry laughter, Scott turned, and there, in the roadway, frisking about his pony's feet, was his little black pig. It took only a moment to lasso the eager little grunter, and drag him away from the sportsmen; but Scott said, with mock gravity:

What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie.

That pig was as ridiculous in his claim for a place in the inner circle as the hen that cackled for intimacy, or the two donkeys which used to trot to the edge of the pasture bars and stretch out their long, hairy noses for a "pleasant crack with the laird."

After the dreadful business failure, however, Scott had little time for any of this playfulness. We need not postpone the sad story any longer, though we want to make it as short as possible. The crash came in 1826. Within six months of each other fell his two greatest sorrows: his wife's death and this business collapse. In the partnership with James and John Ballantyne, whom Scott had known at school, Sir Walter had furnished nearly all the capital, and the Ballantynes had been made responsible for the accounts. It did not seem to occur to either of the brothers to keep the great author informed of the business situation, and Scott, who was overtrusting, did not demand an exact statement. There was, besides, a complication with Messrs. Constable, a publishing house in which the greater portion of Sir Walter's fortune was involved. Things are as tangled to the reader as they were to the business partners. Failure, which they did not know how to help, was closing round them. Both the Ballantynes seemed to postpone the evil day of facing facts. Scott might have examined the accounts; he should have; but he was not warned, and he did not suspect the hopelessness of the debt, till, with Constable's failure, the crash came, and all were ruined. Let us tell the truth: Scott was blind; he was unbusinesslike; he was overhopeful; he was extravagant. He was always too ready to make loans, and far too ready to spend money on his life-hobby—his dear estate of Abbotsford. But, when he realized his di-

lemma, he came to the fore with a majesty of honor seldom, if ever, equaled in history. He refused all props, the loans urged by his friends; the offered pensions. "Now he worked double tides—depriving himself of outdoor exercise altogether." "This own right hand shall work it off," reads his diary, though into that same diary creeps a note of discouragement—"I often wish I could lie down to sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." On his sun-dial he carved with his own hand, "I will work while it is yet day"; and his brave motto was, "Time and I against any two."

The natural question comes, why did he not sell Abbotsford? It had grown to be a magnificent place. Well, he did. He quitted the estate, leaving orders for sales of his entire collection of paintings, relics, and furniture; but it was the pride of his life, the home for which he had worked all his days, and which he had dreamed would belong to his children. As he said, his heart clung to what he had created; there was hardly a tree that did not owe its life to him. In 1830, his creditors gave him back fifteen thousand pounds' worth of his own books, furniture, and relics; he and his children returned; and again the place was beautiful, though there was little time to enjoy it.

Working at fearful pressure, the out-of-doors Sir Walter shut himself from savage hills and roaring streams, while his horse whinnied for him in the stable, and his dogs lay restless at his feet. Over page after page he raced, not stopping to dot an i, or cross a t, punctuating by a hurried dash, or not at all, and spelling, like Stevenson, with perfect carelessness. If, with a mental microscope, we can find any blessing in this agonizing business failure, it is in the number of books it gave the world. But the effort of writing those books cost Scott his life.

He wrote till his fingers were covered with chilblains and his brain was threatened with exhaustion. One of the novels was struck off in six weeks at Christmas time; another was dictated in great pain and punctuated by groans, Scott's amanuensis, Laidlaw, begging him to stop. "Nay, Willie," came the heroic answer, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves." One morning before breakfast, he finished "Anne of Geierstein," and, as soon as breakfast was over, set to work on his "Compendium of Scottish History." In a little over a week, immediately following the news of ruin, he wrote one whole volume of "Woodstock"; the entire book was written in less than three months. To these facts, literature gives no parallel. There was

no waiting for inspiration. Conquering moods and weather, Scott made himself work at set times. Perhaps the drudging law, at which one time the young man had written a hundred and twenty folio pages without stopping for food and rest, trained into him this wonderful tenacity. Yet "a single season blanched his hair snow white."

All must not be told. Let us spare ourselves the painful details of the battle, knowing, as we do, the heart of the man, the thing that made him will to fight and die for honor's sake. The failure that darkened, ennobled his life. Scott, the man, was even greater than his books. As with anxious watch we follow the struggle, twice we see him fall. But he rises again, gropingly reattacks his labor, and writes on, in spite of blood "flying to his head," a fluttering memory, and stiffened hands.

In October, 1831, the doctors absolutely forbade work. Following their advice, he went to Italy, with the lame hope of cure. But not the blue sky of Naples nor any sun-filled breeze could take the place of his *dour* Scotland. In his pathetic homesickness, he pined for the highlands. With all its roughness, the land of the thistle was the land of his heart. The buffeting wind of a lifetime, the bleak hills cloaked in mist, the water of the Tweed rushing over its white stones—he needed them all. "Let us to Abbotsford," he begged.

And so they took him home. As they traveled, he showed little interest in anything but far-off Scotland. His sad eyes waited for his own trees, the plentiful heather, the climbing gorse that painted the hills with gold.

As they journeyed on, he grew more and more sure that his debts were all paid; and his friends, knowing how he had struggled, never told him that this was not quite true.

"I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach." So he comforted himself.

When, about the middle of June, they reached London, Sir Walter was too weak to go on without rest. Outside his hotel gathered begrimed day-laborers with the awed question, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" By careful stages, early in July, he traveled on, crossed the last salt water, and was tenderly

lifted into a carriage for the last drive. Unawake as he had been to everything else, the well-known roads and foaming streams roused his memory: "Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee," he murmured expectantly. When, above the trees, they saw Abbotsford towers, he grew more and more excited; and when they crossed Melrose bridge over the Tweed, it took three men to hold him in the carriage. Pitifully weak though he was, he wanted to run to meet his home. Then, trembling, he saw Laidlaw; then his dogs, trying to kiss him with noses and tongues and paws, and to tell him how much they had missed him. They were very gentle, though, as if in their loving hearts they knew the days of rough comradeship were over. Scott smiled and sobbed together at their welcome.

For a few days he lingered, to be wheeled about in a chair among his roses or under his own dear trees. Sometimes his grandchildren tried to help push.

"I have seen much," he would say again and again, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more."

"My dear, be a good man—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." This was his farewell to Lockhart, a few days before he died.

"Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" Lockhart gently asked.

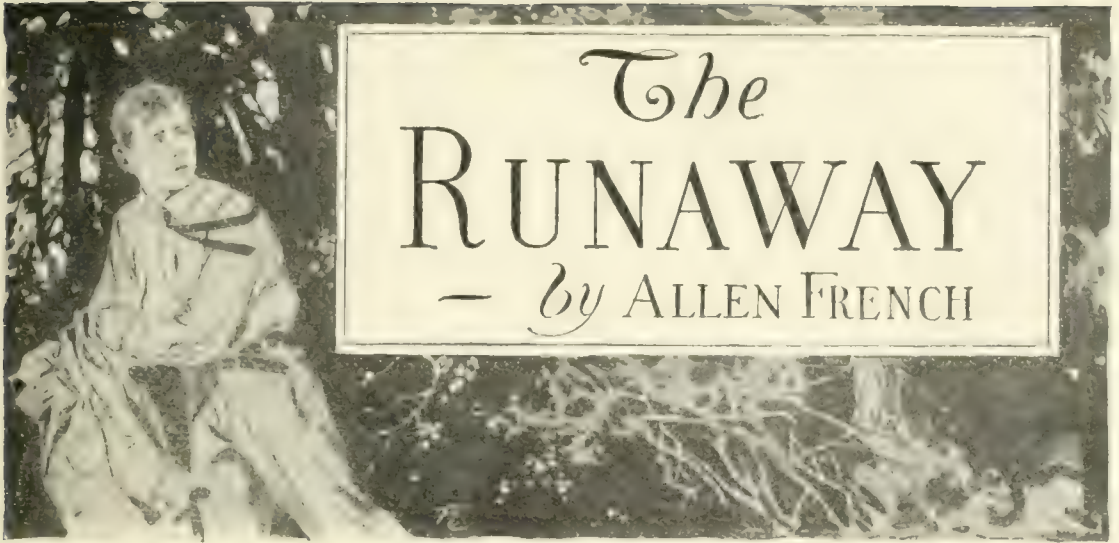
"No," with his old brave calm. "Don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all."

The end came with its peaceful relief September 21, 1832. It was a beautiful day. Through the open window streamed warm sunshine, and the Tweed sang on that soft, old music that would have suited its sleeping master better than the most wonderful requiem.

They say the line of carriages that followed Sir Walter to Dryburgh Abbey was over a mile long. But perhaps his highland heart would have been more pleased by the host of yeoman who followed behind on horseback; or the villagers, with heads uncovered, gathered in sorrowful black crowds to say good-by to the "shirra"¹; or even the little act of one of his horses, which drew him on that final day. It halted, of its own accord, at the end of the climb, on the very spot where horse and master had so often stood to view the steadfast hills.

¹ Sheriff.





The RUNAWAY — by ALLEN FRENCH

CHAPTER I

THE WALLET



WO boys were driving along a wooded road. It was June, in the heart of Massachusetts, and even in the shade of the tall trees, the air was so warm that the lads had laid off their jackets, and were enjoying the comfort of their outing shirts.

While the passenger talked, the driver listened. Silent though he was, his quick eye glanced constantly along the roadside, through the woods, or up and down the vista of the road. Yet from time to time his glance came back, inquiringly, to the lad at his side. At each glance, he appraised something in the other: the silk stockings, the patent-leather belt, the heavy gold fob, the fine texture of the shirt, or the handsome scarf-pin. All of these were in contrast to his own costume, which was plainer and simpler. At each glance, also, the driver swept his eye across the other's face, noting afresh the narrow chin, the loose lips, the nose a little upturned, and the brown, self-satisfied, inattentive eyes.

The talker drew out a little silver case. "A cigarette, Pelham?"

"No, thanks," said the other.

His companion, with a cigarette between his lips, looked at him sidewise, shrewdly. "Would n't you like to, though?"

Pelham laughed, but gave no other answer.

The other persisted: "Your father won't let you?" He began to light his cigarette.

"He 'd scalp me," answered Pelham, still smiling.

The other grew serious. "That 's perfect tyranny!" he declared. "And it 's entirely out of date for fellows nowadays."

"Hold on!" said Pelham. "He would n't scalp me for smoking, but for breaking my promise."

"Good heavens!" cried his companion. "Why should you promise such a thing?" But Pelham merely smiled, not even changing expression at the taunt, "Country!" He did, however, the next moment, quickly draw rein, stop the horse, and leap from the runabout. Going back for a few yards, he searched a moment by the side of the road, stamped vigorously, and then returned to the carriage.

The other looked at him in surprise. "Did you go back just to put out my match?"

"It needed it," was the answer. "You 'd better learn right now, Brian, that you can't do anything much more dangerous than that. When you throw away that cigarette, be sure to throw it in the middle of the road."

"You say it 's dangerous?" asked Brian, incredulous.

"We have n't had rain for nearly a month," explained Pelham. "It threatens to be another dry summer. The old leaves are as dry as tinder, and a fire might sweep for miles. That 's one thing," he added, "that a city fellow never considers."

Brian reared his head as if his pride was touched. "We can't know everything," he responded. "I suppose I 'd have been taught that in this little town where we 've been buying sup-

plies. You seem to think it quite a place, but it's little bigger than your own village."

"About ten times bigger," remarked Pelham.

"Nothing to buy there," scoffed Brian. "I saw nothing to make me take out my roll."

"What do you mean by this roll that you talk so much about?" asked Pelham. "I thought it was understood that your father was to give you no more than my allowance, five dollars a month."

"Just the same," laughed Brian, "was it agreed that I was to come without money? It's all very well, Pelly, my boy, limiting myself down to your scale of living. Thanks to that robbery, my European trip is spoiled, and Father has to spend the summer in the city. Even Mother is visiting about. So if I'm to live here with you people, it's right that I should n't bring my luxurious habits to corrupt Uncle Rob's simple country household. Mind you, I don't think that Uncle is right. He can do nothing to stop the march of progress proper to people of our class. And I think it will work out wrong for you in the long run. When you get to college, Pelham, and meet the fellows that have money—well, never mind. But, at any rate, for this summer I'll keep within the same allowance as you do."

Pelham had listened quietly. The other had not watched his face, or he would have noticed the eyes growing more and more serious, the mouth more and more firm. At the end, he asked, in a voice that was perfectly level, "But the roll?"

Brian reached into his pocket, and, drawing out a wallet, displayed within it layer upon layer of bank-bills. "Why, how you stare!" he mocked. "Has Cousin Pelham never seen so much before?"

But Pelham was not staring. A little line, the beginning of a frown, showed between his eyebrows. Little prickles ran up his neck, a strange sensation of anger at this defiance of his father.

"Don't let Father see it!" he warned.

"What if he did?" asked Brian, flushing.

"I guess," his cousin answered, "that either you or the money would go straight back to the city."

"If he did that," began Brian, hotly, "then my father—" He checked himself. "My mother, I mean—" He stopped entirely.

Pelham smiled with sudden amusement. "So Aunt Annie gave you the money! Well, Brian, keep it to yourself, that's all."

Brian slipped the wallet into his pocket. "No fear," he remarked. "There is n't anything to spend it on here, anyway. If I had Father's auto here, I could run you over to Springfield in a couple of hours, and give you some fun."

"Your father lets you run his big auto?" asked Pelham, with a slight accent of surprise.

Brian looked away. "I can run it," he answered. "But, Pelham," he asked quickly, "does n't your father ever let you handle money? He ought to get you used to it."

"Oh, I'm used to it," replied Pelham. "More than once I've carried three thousand dollars, all in bills, right in my inside pocket."

"What for?" said Brian, surprised in his turn.

"For the pay-roll," explained Pelham. "Some of our men at the mills get as high as thirty dollars a week, and all of them are paid above the average of ordinary mill-workers. The money comes over this road every Saturday, and—"

"Over this road!" interrupted Brian. He glanced up and down the lonely road, running through unbroken woods. "Why, a robbery would be easy!"

"Not with Father or Brother Bob carrying the money!" There was a ring of pride in Pelham's voice. "They're known to be pretty handy with the revolver. Bob brought over the stuff this morning."

"But what have you to do with the money?" asked Brian.

"Oh, sometimes when they're very busy in the office, Father sends me home with it, and Mother and Harriet and I make up the pay envelopes. Or Harriet and I do it alone; she's mighty clever about it. And then I take the envelopes back to the mill. It's only a couple of hundred yards."

"Only a couple of hundred yards!" scoffed Brian. "It was only twenty-five feet across the alleyway from the bank to the side door of Father's office, but the messenger lost twenty thousand dollars there last month in just three seconds!"

"It was hard," murmured Pelham, sympathetically.

"It meant no Europe for me," grumbled Brian. "And Mother's given up her limousine, and Father has no summer vacation. I tell you, Pelham, if you lived in the city, you'd never dare take such risks with your money. Why, I don't go fifty feet in a crowded street without touching myself to see if my money is safe." Brian put his hand to his hip, started, stared, felt wildly inside the pocket, then cried:

"The wallet is gone!"

Pelham stopped the horse. "Look under your feet," he suggested.

But Brian was already searching frantically among the bundles that had reposed beneath the seat. "It's not here!" he cried, after a minute, "Pelham, we must go back. It must have fallen out!"

"Jump out and walk back," directed Pelham, "I'll turn and follow."

Presently they were going slowly back, the one walking, the other in the wagon, both looking carefully in the middle of the road and on both sides. But the wallet was not found.

"We've not missed it," stated Pelham, presently. "And we've passed the place where you had it in your hand."

"Just around this next bend," said Brian.

"It was in your hand as we turned the curve," asserted Pelham.

"No," insisted Brian, "I must look!"

They went, therefore, around the bend, Brian first, Pelham after. And there, in the middle of the road, stood a lad no older than themselves, intently examining something which he held in his hand. He was more than half turned away from them, and his face they could not see.

Instinctively Brian trod softly; and Pelham, stopping the horse, leaped silently to the ground and glided to his cousin's side. On tiptoe they approached the boy, until they could see what he held. It was, unmistakably, a wallet.

He caught the sound of their steps, and thrust the wallet into his pocket. Then he turned. He was startled to find strangers so close upon him, and threw his head high, while his nostrils distended with his sudden gasp. But he stood his ground. Pelham felt the swift impression of the wiry, well-knit frame; the clothes, not ragged, yet apparently torn by briars; the crop of fair and well-trimmed hair, not guarded by a cap; and the high forehead; but all these he merely glimpsed, for almost immediately his attention was riveted by the stranger's eye, alert and inquiring, yet curiously gentle. The boy was looking at Brian.

Brian rushed at him. "Give me that!"

The brown eye snapped, the nostrils opened wider, and the stranger stopped Brian with a rigid arm. As if instantly measuring him, and while holding him in play, the lad looked past Brian at Pelham, to see what threatened from him.

The eye was like that of a deer, which looks for kindness even when at bay. In spite of the frown and the set jaw, the eye was liquid, almost girlish in its appeal. Yet this was only for a moment. For Brian, grappling at the arm that held him off, cried, "Take him, Pelly!" and Pelham, unwillingly yet loyally responding, moved to take the stranger from the other side.

Then the softness vanished from the eye; it flashed dark lightning, the wiry frame bent and then snapped erect—and between Pelham and the stranger sprawled Brian, face downward in the dust.

For a moment the lad confronted Pelham; then suddenly he turned and plunged into the woods.

Pelham, leaping over his cousin, followed instantly, although a grudging admiration checked the fierceness of a true pursuit. At the third leap, he found himself amid a thicket of birches, through which the stranger had already passed. Another stride, and he tripped. As he narrowly saved himself from falling, and staggered against a tree before he could recover his balance, he saw that his chance of success was gone. The stranger had vanished behind a screen of scrub-pine, and not a sound floated back to tell of his course. Pelham returned to the road.

Brian was just rising to his feet, making unseemly sounds as he cleared his mouth of dust. "You lost him!" he accused.

"So did you," responded Pelham. Sudden amusement seizing him at the sight of his cousin's angry, dirty face, he turned quickly to the horse. Brian kept at his side.

"Ptoo!" he spluttered. "All dirt! Turn the horse around! Ptah! We'll give the alarm at the village." In another minute, they were spinning homeward. "Faster!" urged Brian.

"We can't keep a faster pace than this," answered Pelham. He listened in silence to his cousin's denunciations, until Brian grew peevish for lack of a response. "Look here," he demanded. "That fellow has my money. Don't you care?"

Pelham was thinking. "Brian," he asked, "are you sure you put your wallet in your pocket before we passed that turn?"

"What if I did n't?" returned Brian. "He could have found it at this side of the bend, and dodged out of sight."

"Yes," answered Pelham. "But where could he have come from? He could n't have overtaken us, coming on foot. He certainly did n't come this way. I should have seen him if he had been sitting by the road. And as for his coming through the woods, why, there's scarcely a path or a farm or a clearing from the railroad, ten miles north of this strip of road, to the river, eight miles south."

"What of it?" demanded Brian. "The thing to do is to catch him. I tell you to hurry."

"We're going as fast as we can," returned Pelham. "And as for catching him, it depends entirely on the direction that he takes. He may swing toward Nate's farm, and if he comes out there, we've as good as got him already. But if he keeps to the west of it, we'll have to turn out the whole town in order to catch him."

"Then we'll turn out the town!" declared Brian.

Pelham asked, "What are you going to say about the money?"

Brian was checked, but only for a moment. "I'll say that there was five dollars in the wallet."

"You won't get up much interest in that," remarked Pelham.

"Well, then," declared Brian, "I'll catch that fellow, even if I have to tell the truth. There was a hundred and seventy-five in the wallet."

Pelham whistled. "That 's worth offering a reward for. We can turn out the boys and even the mill-hands on the strength of that. They're all free on Saturday afternoon."

They drove on for a while in silence. The road wound slowly upward until, reaching the "height of land," it paused for a moment before its descent, and gave a single view of a round valley, in the center of which lay a village. Then once more the travelers, descending, were among trees.

"Brian," ventured Pelham at length, consoling, "that 's a pretty big loss."

Brian answered sharply: "Don't speak about it."

Pelham looked at him in surprise. Brian was sitting huddled together, with both his hands in his pockets. His face was red, and he did not look at his cousin.

"Oh, very well," said Pelham, slowly. The uncertainties of his cousin's temper irritated him, but he reminded himself that Brian's loss was heavy, and that his fall in the road must have shaken him roughly. He said no more, therefore, but drove on until the woods gave way to fields, and the village lay in sight.

It was a typical New England town, spread on both sides of a narrow stream which, from its depth and swiftness, almost merited the name of river. The road crossed it near the woods, and met it again in the center of the village, where the best houses of the place were spaced at generous intervals. From one opening in the houses and trees could be seen, not far away, a collection of long, stone buildings, the mills of Pelham's father. Finest of all the houses of the village stood the Dodd homestead, likewise of stone, square, and solid, and simple. It stood well back from the street, amid lawns, shrubberies, and flowers. Beyond it showed glimpses of a wide mill-pond. Pelham turned the horse in at the gate, and drove toward the house. There, seeing his father sitting upon the piazza, Pelham stopped the horse, and spoke.

"Father," he said, "back here in the woods Brian dropped his wallet from the carriage, and when we went back for it, we found that a boy, one that I never saw before, had picked it up. He got away from us, and ran into the woods."

Mr. Dodd rose and came to the railing. He was a man of middle height, stockily built, and with a short, grizzled beard. His keen eyes looked at his nephew. "How much money did you lose?"

"Only five dollars," answered Brian.

Pelham looked at him quickly. Brian, still uncomfortably slumped in his seat, did not look up to meet his uncle's eye.

"Don't feel so badly about it," said Mr. Dodd. "Perhaps we can make it up to you."

"Oh, no!" protested Brian. His face, under Pelham's gaze, slowly reddened deeply.

"We'll see," said his uncle. "Lucky it was n't more!"

The two boys drove to the stable. "So!" said Pelham, after a pause, "you'd rather lose the money than tell Father the truth of it?"

Brian, still very red, made no answer.

CHAPTER II

THE STRANGER AGAIN

On a hillside, three girls were picking berries. Clumps of blueberry bushes, which here yielded their earliest fruit, dotted the pasture. The wide field was fringed, at its upper edge, with woods, beyond which rose the weather-worn face of a cliff that topped them by a dozen feet. Turning and looking down the slope, the girls could see a valley shaped like a bowl, in whose bottom reposed a little town. Five miles away, a gap in the surface of hills showed the outlet to the river.

There was but one of the girls worth our attention. The others were nobodies, the hand maidens of Nausicaa, whose self she was. But they felt themselves quite her equals, never suspected her of being a princess, and called her Harriet. Their talk was girls' talk, happy and careless, except when one of them asked: "Are n't you scared to be so far away by ourselves?"

Harriet straightened her slender figure, shook down the berries in her basket, and looked at the town. "Three miles home," she said. "I can see our own roof. But it 's only a mile to Nate's. Why should we be scared?"

Her voice was clear, her tone light. The other asked her: "Are n't you ever scared?"

"Are you?" returned Harriet. Her gray eyes showed amusement.

"Oh, I am, often," cried the third of the girls. "I *hate* to be out after dusk; and I *loathe* the garret and the cellar. I don't like *any* lonesome places. I would n't come here all by myself for *anything*!"

Harriet smiled. "What is there to hurt us?"

"I suppose," said one of the others, "you think you can't be scared!"

"I know I can," Harriet answered. "But I hope never to be." She looked again at the landscape. "Here least of all. Why, it's beautiful here!"

One of her companions clutched her arm. "There's some one on the cliff!" They all turned and looked.

"Or a boy," was the answer. The other pulled nervously at her hand. "Let's run!"

"Run?" demanded Harriet. "It may be some one we know. It ought to be."

"Let's hide, then, till we make sure," urged the other, her voice trembling.

Harriet looked around upon the low bushes. "There's no place to hide. We must wait."

The others, pressing close on either hand, clutched her gown. Impatient that, in spite of herself, their fears infected her, she stood, with head erect, trying to pierce the screen of trees that concealed the face of the cliff. And now showed clearly which was the princess here, and which the handmaidens; for, while the others drew partly behind her, she pressed a little forward.

"Don't!" they begged, clutching her the tighter.

Suddenly there came a crash, the clatter of rocks striking and breaking, and a long, splintering fall. Then came a great cry of pain and horror. The two girls squealed and cowered, putting up their hands as against a blow. Even Harriet, though she held herself still more erect, responded to the cry with a gasp that was like a sob. Then there was silence.

"Oh," cried one of the girls, "what is it?"

"Wait," answered Harriet.

Behind the trees, at first, was stillness, but then, as they listened, there came a groan. The two girls sprang backward. "Run!"

"Stand still!" commanded Harriet. She did not know that she was brave, nor think that she was sensible; but the others felt her power, and

crept back to their positions behind her.

There was another groan, and then a scuffling began among the trees. The bushes creaked and snapped. The girls, with straining eyes, saw first a glimpse of white, then a blond head, and then, blindly staggering into the open, the figure of a boy. And such a figure! One temple was streaming blood; the face writhed with pain;



ERIAN RUSHED AT HIM. "GIVE ME THAT!"

The cliff was, perhaps, a hundred feet away, its brown and streaked rocks topped with low bushes. "I see no one," said Harriet.

"He was climbing down," explained the other. "He's got behind the trees. Listen!"

They listened, and from behind the trees came the sound of scrambling. "It was a man?" asked Harriet, lowering her voice in spite of herself.

and from one arm, held stiffly forward, protruded the stub of a tree-branch, standing out like a bone from a red rent in the wrist.

"Oh!" shuddered the two girls. Fascinated by this terrible figure, they stared, motionless.

The boy came reeling forward. He did not see them; he did not know where he was going. His eyes were strained at the crude thing that, like some savage weapon, protruded from his arm. With his other hand he pulled at it, and Harriet shuddered as she saw it resist him. Again he pulled, and, with a great effort, he yanked it from the wound. It was followed by a gush of blood. The boy gazed for a moment at the inches of crimsoned wood, then cast the stick from him. Three more strides he took toward the girls, until they prepared to avoid him. Then, without a word or a groan, he plunged heavily, and fell almost at their feet.

Two of them screamed and turned to run. "Stop!" commanded Harriet. They waited, poised for flight, while Harriet looked at the boy.

He was motionless, insensible. The wound in the temple was concealed as he lay, but she saw that from the injured wrist, lying in the grass, were coming regular jets of blood. Immediately she dropped on her knees before him.

"Your handkerchiefs, girls!" she cried. But she knew that in this emergency handkerchiefs were too short and weak. Quickly unbuttoning the sleeve of the lad's outing shirt, with one strong pull she tore it open to the shoulder, and with two more ripped it from the arm. The blood still spurted from the wrist, and behind her the girls squealed again. Then rapidly Harriet knotted the sleeve round the arm above the wound, and gave one end of it to the stronger of her friends. "Pull!" she directed. At her own first pull, she drew the other almost from her balance. "Pull!" she commanded impatiently. To her relief, at the second pull she saw the blood slacken its flow. At the third, it stopped entirely. Then she threw the ends again around the arm, knotted them securely, and looked up at her friends.

"I can run fastest," she said. "Will you two stay here while I go and get Nate?"

They looked at each other, hesitating. Like silly creatures they blushed, and like foolish ones they shuddered. "No," they agreed. "We don't dare!"

"Then go for Nate quickly!" she ordered. "Both go. Together you ought to find the way."

"Come with us," begged one.

Harriet shook her head. "He must n't be left alone. If he moves, the knot may slip, and he'd bleed to death. No, go quickly, and try to notice how to find your way back."

With visible relief, yet fluttered by excitement and importance, they left her. Harriet was alone in the pasture with the boy.

Now, first, she began to feel the strain of the event. It was scarcely a minute since she heard that startling cry in the bushes, and her nerves yet thrilled in response. The excitement of the sudden need was still on her. Her heart was beating fast; her knees were so weak that with relief she sat down on a stone to rest. Presently she found herself studying the boy.

He was so pale that her heart was sore for him. She wished for water, to revive him; but there was none on that hillside, and so she waited, and thought. She had never seen the lad before: what kind of a boy was he? The features were clear-cut and, in fact, refined; the clothes, though torn, seemed rather to have suffered from the fall than from wear. They were fairly new and of good quality.

Suddenly she remembered the wound in the temple, and, rising, went to the boy and turned his head. The bleeding had stopped, but the flesh was rapidly swelling and darkening from a cruel bruise. She put her fingers to it, and, with a groan, the boy opened his eyes.

At sight of her he started and tried to rise. He was on his knees, his face red with the effort, when once more he turned white, groaned, and collapsed again. This time he fell on his back. Anxiously Harriet examined the bandage: it had not slipped. When she looked at the boy's face again, he was watching her.

"It is not bleeding," she said. "How do you feel?"

"Everything swims," he answered faintly. His eyes closed, and so long remained so that she feared he had fainted again. But after a while he looked at her.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

He shook his head, not in answer, but as if waving the question aside. With some difficulty he spoke, "Back there where I fell—my coat."

"Do you want it?" she asked.

His eyes closed wearily, but he nodded.

She hastened into the little wood, and there found, at the foot of the cliff, the place of his fall, marked by two large fallen stones, and by a young tree quite broken down. There lay his jacket, and she carried it back to him. Though he did not open his eyes, she felt that he knew she had returned.

"I have it," she said.

Slowly he spoke again. "In the pocket—a wallet."

She took it out and held it in her hand. "Yes, it's here."

His eyes flew wide open, and he tried to raise himself. Failing, he yet commanded her with his glance. He seemed no longer dazed by his fall, but to understand his situation. He looked at her with strangely appealing eyes. Harriet was reminded of a wild animal which, when cornered or trapped, mutely begs for help. But now he spoke.

"Don't open it!"

"Very well," she answered.

"What shall I do with it?"

"Keep it for me," he replied. "Don't let any one know you have it."

She slipped the wallet into the pocket of her skirt. "All right."

His eyes did not leave her. A desperate kind of earnestness was growing in them. Then she saw that he was struggling to rise again. He lifted his head but an inch before it fell back. Quickly she knelt by him and put a hand on his chest. "You must lie still!"

He tried to lift his hand—failed—succeeded. His eyes implored her. "Hide it!" he gasped. "Promise!"

With a womanly instinct to soothe by complying, she also raised a hand. "I promise!" she repeated, and felt as if she had taken an oath.

His hand fell, and he looked his gratitude; but then his eyes closed again. This time she knew that he had fainted once more. He lay so still, and the silence of the wide pasture so long remained unbroken, that at last she became anxious. Would the others manage to find help?

It was a mile to Nate's, and the way might easily be missed. And then her own position would be hard to find. The cliffs stretched for a long distance above the upper end of the pasture, and the girls might not be able to tell at what point of them she was. When she listened, she heard nothing but the wind in the trees and the distant cawing of the crows. She looked down at the town, seemingly so near, and wished

that a single friend of all that were there below might be here at her side. She looked again at the boy. He lay as if he were dead.

Harriet was a girl bred in a gentle household, to whom, as yet, life had been made easy. Even sickness and bereavement, which none can es-



"STAND STILL!" COMMANDED HARRIET.

cape, so far had passed her by; and apart from simple daily duties, she had had no responsibilities. But she was of the kind that learns quickly. As she sat here, curbing her impatience, seeing her own home below her and yet knowing that it was hopeless to wish to bring this injured boy into its shelter, she had a glimpse of the meaning of patience.

But at last she heard a hail. "Harriet, where are ye?"

She sprang to her feet. "Here!" she called. "Here, Nate!"

There came in sight a tall and wiry man, looking, in spite of the fact that he was her father's best dyer, like a woodsman, which, indeed, he preferred to be. He came up the hillside with long strides, nodded to her briefly, and, gaunt and weather-beaten, stood over the unconscious boy.

"Fainted, hez he?" he asked. He dropped on his knee, tested the tightness of the bandage, nodded once more at Harriet, and then rose again.

"All the better," he remarked. "He won't mind the travel." Stooping, he picked up the boy as if he were a child, and, cradling him in his arms, started downhill as swiftly as if he bore no burden.

"The girls?" asked Harriet, keeping pace with him.

"One I sent for the doctor," explained Nate. "She 'll telephone from the Upper Cross-Roads. The other—she 's gittin' the fire an' heatin' water, since I let the stove out arter gittin' breakfast."

He still strode swiftly onward, not pausing in the whole of the journey. "Jes' as easy on the legs," he explained, "an' a great sight better for the arms an' back if the trip is short." Harriet, carrying the jacket, had to hurry to keep up with him, and was glad when they came in sight of the little low farm-house in which Nate lived. She was equally glad to see, laboring up the road that approached from below, the doctor's carriage. Nate reached the house, strode through the open door, and laid his burden on a couch.

"Thar!" he said.

The lad lay so white and still that fear clutched swiftly at Harriet's heart. "He is n't—dead?" she faltered.

"Lord love ye, no!" answered Nate. "Now the best thing you can do is to see if that Joanna friend of yours has got the fire goin' rightly. Somehow I mistrust her. I 'm goin' to put this young gentleman to bed while it can't hurt him."

In the kitchen, Harriet found Joanna, flushed and vexed. "Oh, I 've fussed so over this old stove!" she cried. "And it just smolders!"

"Let me try," said Harriet.

She took off the lid and rearranged the wood; she studied the drafts, opened one, closed another, and then stood listening. The roar of the fire answered to the change, and she smiled. Harriet was "capable."

"Well, I never!" sighed Joanna.

"There 's rather too much water in the kettle,"

decided Harriet. "It heats too slowly. I 'll put some of it in this pan, and bring on both the faster."

Then the third friend, Elinor, joined them, full of the importance of her achievement. She had got the doctor by telephone, and had made him come at once. "You know how slow old Doctor Fitch is." She had returned with him, making him urge his horse. Now he was with Nate. They were n't in the next room any longer, but were in Nate's own bedroom, just beyond. The three girls waited now, listening for sounds from the farther room. At a groan, the two girls turned pale, and Harriet, biting her lips, covered the water in the open pan, that it might heat more quickly. It was some minutes before Nate reappeared.

"Now, Harriet, if you 've got some warm water—" He went back.

She felt helpless, but thought rapidly. If the water was to be but warm, then perhaps it ought to be a little warmer than the hand. She had noticed a little pile of coarse, clean towels; perhaps a couple would be useful. With the water and the towels she went into the bedroom, expecting Nate to take them from her. Both he and the doctor were busy beside the bed.

The doctor looked up and nodded. "Right here beside me," he directed. "So. Now stand there till I want them."

Harriet felt herself turn pale. The motionless body lay beneath a sheet, but clear in view was the dreadful red wrist, with the jagged rent. The doctor was too horribly businesslike. Harriet wanted to run away. At the sound of a moan, she shuddered.

Nate, with understanding, looked up into the girl's pale face. "He ain't rightly conscious," he explained. "But he 's kinder sensitive, and when the doctor tries to sew, why, *he* tries to pull away. So I 've got to hold the arm, Harriet, and you—why, you 've got to stand by. We need you. Don't mind it if he groans; he don't really feel it."

Harriet tried to steady herself. If only these things were n't so terrible! Never had she realized it before.

Nate looked at her a moment longer. "Don't look at us," he directed. "And, Harriet, remember your mother."

The last words helped. Her mother would not flinch at such a time. She would be like her mother. While the doctor worked, while every nerve in her shrank at each groan from the boy, Harriet clenched her teeth upon her lip, forced herself to stand still, and silently obeyed each order. The strain seemed endless. The doctor's

movements were deliberate; the threadings, and snippings, and tyings, and washings seemed to go on forever. Yet it was but a scant five minutes before the doctor had begun to cover the wound with cotton and with gauze. Then Nate, taking the basin from Harriet, led her out of the room, through the kitchen—where the other two looked at her in silent awe—and out into the open air.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a bench that stood beside the door. "Lean your head against the house."

Harriet obeyed. It was a relief to sit down, a pleasure to rest her head. Wearily she closed her eyes. For a moment, the darkness was shot with golden streaks, her ears sang, and she felt as if she were falling infinitely far. Was she fainting? She felt very cold. Then suddenly her brain cleared, the singing stopped, and warmth returned to her. She opened her eyes, and, finding Nate watching her anxiously, was able to smile at him.

"That 's all right!" he exclaimed with relief. "If you went off in a faint, you 'd bother me more than the boy. Here, girls. Water for Harriet. Keep her sitting here for a while, then go and get your horse."

"I feel perfectly well," protested Harriet. "Don't waste a thought on me. I'm all right."

(To be continued)

"Ten minutes on that bench!" ordered Nate as he went into the house.

Fifteen minutes later, the girls were saying good-by. "A quiet afternoon to you, Harriet," the doctor recommended. "And don't worry about this youngster. He 's knocked out, of course, and he 'll be weak. But you saved him, I think." He went back to his patient.

Nate helped the girls into the carriage, and then spoke to Harriet. "Your mother 'll want to come up and see about him, of course. I don't object to that, but you tell her from me that she can't take him home with her. I don't mean to let a chap go that 's chucked right into my arms, and, besides, I 've taken a fancy to him."

The girls jogged slowly homeward. Harriet, holding the reins over her old horse, was content to let him take his own pace; she did not listen to her friends' chatter, but fell into a study. The others, glancing at each other behind her back, nodded knowingly and giggled.

"She 's thinking," said Joanna, "how good-looking he was."

Harriet, lost in thought, did not hear the silly remark. In the past hour, she had received ideas which her friends were not capable of grasping, but of which she began to see the meaning. The mystery of pain, a girl's usefulness, these were in her thoughts.

AN ACROSTIC

BY MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

T is for Turkeys, so great and renowned;
H for the Hearth, that we gather around.
A for the Apples, so rosy and sweet;
N for the Nuts that are always a treat;
K for the Kindling we burn in the grate;
S for the Stories our elders relate.
G for the Games, when the feasting is o'er;
I for the Icicles outside the door;
V for the Vigilant Fathers of old,
I for Ideals, they taught us to hold.
N for the Needy we meet here and there;
G for the Gifts and the "Goodies" we share.



"HIS LITTLE PAWS ARE JUST AS GOOD AS HANDS!"

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.



THE SINGING CLOCK

A legend of the Black Forest

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

NOWHERE in all Germany were clocks made so well and in such numbers as at Kesselberg in the Black Forest, a village that stands high on the banks of the Rhine where it is swift and narrow as it surges across the border from its cradle in the Swiss mountains.

For a hundred and fifty years, the men had worked in the forest in the summer, cutting down trees and carefully drying the wood that, during the long winter, was to be made into clocks, for everybody in Kesselberg plied the same trade, and timepieces from this village marked the hours in homes of the rich all over the land.

But there came a time when the people grew tired of the old craft. Machine-made clocks had just come into use, and it became the fashion to use them instead of the hand-wrought ones. The price of Kesselberg wares came down, and some of the peasants, becoming discouraged at having to toil for the small income the work now yielded, went away to go into service in great houses in the cities. These sent word back of how much

money they earned, and one after another the villagers left until only the aged remained at home, and it seemed that the ancient industry would die out. But the grand duke of the country was a wise man as well as a good one. He was proud of Kesselberg and its generations of clock-makers, and wanted the work to go on, that the village might be famous in the future as it had been in the past. So he offered a prize of five thousand marks to whoever should make the finest clock during the coming winter.

The word went like flame across an autumn field. Five thousand marks! That was over twelve hundred dollars, and more than a peasant could hope to earn in many years. News of the wonderful offer traveled far, until it reached the ears of all who had gone away, and there was wild excitement among them. They loved the Black Forest huts among the larch and hemlock trees far better than the great, strange houses in the cities, and the sighing of the wind in the woods was sweeter to them than the strains of cathedral organs; so back they went to their na-

tive mountains, to take up the work of their fathers. All summer long, axes flew in the woods, and the crash of falling trees sounded across the Rhine, and such preparations were made for a winter of clock-making as Kesselberg had never known.

At that time, there dwelt in the village Gerther Walden, a goat boy. He was fourteen years old, and lived with his grandfather, Hans Gerber, who, in his younger days, was the most skilful clock-maker of the Black Forest. But sickness had kept him from work for several years, so Gerther made a scant living by herding goats in the summer, and helping a neighbor with his clock-making in the winter. The old man was growing strong again, and when word of the ducal offer went round, began to think of taking up his trade.

"But I have little hope of winning the prize," he said to Gerther, as they ate their supper of black bread and goat's milk one evening. "Younger men have become skilful during my months of illness, and Hans Gerber is no longer the best clock-maker of Kesselberg. Besides, we have no money to buy paint, and Chris Stuck is planning to put gold flowers and birds on his clock."

Gerther did not reply. He knew his grandfather spoke the truth, and the thought made him sad. And that night as he lay unable to sleep, he kept trying to think of some way of getting the prize.

"If we could only win it," he murmured, "we could have a new hut with a wooden floor instead of a ground one, and a cow to take the place of Brindle, who died last year."

He thought for a long time, and at last fell asleep from sheer weariness. But over in the opposite corner of the room, Hans Gerber lay awake throughout the night, for he, too, thought about the prize, and wished, but hardly dared to hope, that it might come to him.

The next day, as Gerther went through the woods with his goats, he heard a cuckoo call.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it sang as it flew in and out among the trees.

The boy listened, thinking how sweet it was, and asked, in a loud voice: "Cuckoo, how many years before I shall be rich?"

"Cuckoo!" the bird trilled again. Gerther laughed, for Black Forest peasants believe it can tell fortunes, and while they think it lazy because it will not make a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in the homes of other birds, they like it better than any other. Its call made Gerther glad, and he repeated the question.

"The truth, bird, the truth! How many years before I am rich?"

And again came the sweet sound, "Cuckoo!"

He started home with a light heart, and, as he drove his flock through the village, saw groups of peasants standing in the street. He knew they were talking about the prize, but without stopping to chat with them, he went straight on to his grandfather's cabin, for he wanted to ask a question of the old clock-maker.

"*Grospapa!*" he called as he bounded in at the door.

Hans Gerber was drawing plans on paper, but he turned from his work to listen.

"What is it, Gerther?" he asked.

"Could a clock be made that, instead of striking the hours, would sing them out the way the cuckoo does?"

The old man's eyes brightened, as if he thought the idea a wonderful one.

"A singing clock!" he murmured. "Aye, aye. It is strange that the idea never came to me, for I am sure such a clock can be made. I believe that I can do it, because, when a boy, I worked with an organ-maker in Cologne, and the knowledge gained then may help me."

They talked and drew plans until their last bit of paper was used up, and then scratched with a stick on the ground floor till the candle burned out and the hut was in darkness. Then they went to bed, strong in the belief that they could make a singing clock.

Autumn came, and the leaves on the forest trees were like gaily decked sprites. The villagers sang as they gathered in the wood, for the thought of the reward that spring might bring made them eager to begin the work. None were gayer than Hans Gerber and Gerther, for, although they knew the others had paint that they could not get, they were happy in the thought of a wonderful secret.

Fierce winds swept in from the Swiss mountains, and the Black Forest was carpeted with white. The Rhine froze over, and the village was shut in from the world. But little cared the people for the long, cold winter. In every house both young and old were busy. The women and girls did the housework, and when it was finished, took out knives and saws and wood. Even the children had a part in the work, for they carried the wood to the workers, or smoothed with sandpaper the pieces that were finished. The wind howled outside, and the snow drifted against the windows, but that did not matter. The well-fed fires kept the huts snug and warm, and the peasants sang and told stories as they worked.

But there was one hut where it was not cozy, where the fire burned so faintly that a chill crept over the man and boy within. For Gerther had

been busy with the goats during the summer, and had no time for wood-cutting, so they had only a few dead branches that he had picked up in the forest, which had to be used very sparingly. But the work went on just as in the huts where the fire was well fed. When their fingers stiffened with cold, they clapped hands until the

sound, and from the door under the face a tiny bird popped out, calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

Gerther's eyes grew bright as stars, and Hans Gerber nodded his head and smile.

"The singing clock is good, boy! We have done our work well."

The lad could hardly wait for spring, for now that the clock was finished, the days seemed weeks long, and he thought the snow would never melt. But one afternoon, as he was bedding the goats, he heard what Black Forest peasants say is an unfailing sign that the cold weather is over. A pair of martens twittered in the woods and commenced building in the bird-house over the hut, and the next morning he found that the ice on the river was breaking.

Easter Monday was set for the exhibition, and great preparations were made for the event, as the grand duke himself, with the duchess and the young princess, was coming to inspect the work. The housewives made their finest fruit-bread and nut-cakes, while the men carried the clocks to the village inn, where they were arranged on tables according to size and beauty. Gerther and his grandfather went with the rest, but when the boy looked at the work of the others, his heart sank. All but the cuckoo-clock were painted. Some had the cases ornamented with flowers and birds, and one was enameled in blue and silver.

"I'm afraid our clock won't take the prize," he said to his grandfather as they walked home through the budding woods. "The others are so gay, and ours has not a bit of color."

But Hans Gerber was old and wise, and knew that a clock may be very fine without, yet not half so good within, as one that is plain and

unpainted. So he answered consolingly, "Don't let that worry you, boy. It's the works that make a clock worth while, not a case that looks like Joseph's coat."

So Gerther went to sleep that night, and dreamed that they had a new hut, and that a cow with a star on her forehead stood in the barn, for it seemed their clock had won the prize.

The next day, a throng of villagers gathered in front of the village inn. Everybody was in



"THEY WERE HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT OF A WONDERFUL SECRET."

surging blood made them warm. They carved out pieces, smoothed and fastened them in place, until, one day, Hans Gerber said: "The clock is finished!" And setting it on the table, he added: "Let us see if the cuckoo will call."

Turning the hands so that they marked the hour, they waited. It was a breathless moment, for, if the cuckoo did not call, the winter's work was a failure, and their only hope of winning the prize was gone. But there came a whirring

holiday dress. The girls and women had on their finest caps, and skirts, and bodices.

When Gerther and his grandfather came into the crowd, a peasant whispered, "Poor Hans Gerber! See his clock, without a speck of paint."

While they talked, the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs told that the ducal carriage was coming, and the peasants made an opening through which the royal party might pass. They bowed low as the duchess and the Princess Anna stepped out and went into the inn. Behind them walked the grand duke, looking very handsome in his military uniform with its gold epaulets.

Eager eyes were upon the great folk as they looked over the exhibit, and the crowd was so silent that there was the quiet of a deserted place about the inn. No one spoke, but all watched intently the expression of the nobleman's face as he moved about the tables. Now he seemed to choose the clock with the bird-decked case, and now the blue and silver one made by the inn-keeper. Twice he went back to it, and the people murmured, "It will take the prize." He did not seem to notice the unpainted one that stood at the end of the table, and, as Gerther watched, he felt that a stone was on his heart. If only he would wait until it struck the hour!

The grand duke turned to speak to the duchess, and hope rose in the boy's heart, for every minute's delay gave a chance to hear the cuckoo call before it was too late. It was ten minutes to three. Would he wait those ten minutes? But again the boy grew sick at heart, for he turned as if to announce his decision.

A thought came to Gerther, and like a flash he moved to act. Hastening to where the nobleman stood, he said timidly, "Please, Your Highness, may I make my clock strike?"

The grand duke looked at him kindly, but the peasants murmured in amazement.

"He must be crazy," they exclaimed, "to think of winning a prize with that clock."

But Gerther did not mind their remarks. In fact, he did not hear them. He thought only of the clock, and of making the cuckoo call.

"Which is yours?" the grand duke asked.

"This," said the boy, pointing to the clock.

Perhaps the great man felt sorry for a boy whom he thought had no chance of winning the

prize, for he answered very gently, "Yes, make it strike."

Gerther turned the hands to three, and a whirling sound began. Then, from the door under the face a bird popped out, and called, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

The grand duke and duchess started. The peasants' eyes grew big with wonder, and the Princess Anna clapped her hands.

"Oh!" she cried in delight. "A singing clock!"

"Yes," answered the duke, "a singing clock. There are others more gay to look upon, but none so wonderful as this."

Then, turning to Gerther, he asked: "Did you make it, boy?"

"Grandfather and I," came the reply. "I thought of putting the cuckoo in, and he planned and did most of the work."

"Then to you and your grandfather belongs the prize!" And, turning to the table, he laid the purple winning-ribbon on the cuckoo-clock.

The peasants broke into cheers, and crowded around Hans Gerber and his grandson, for Black Forest folk have kind hearts, and though each had hoped to win the prize himself, he was glad it went to those who most deserved and needed it.

So Gerther's dream came true. They had a new hut with a wooden floor, and a cow with a star on her forehead stood in the barn.

The story spread. From everywhere came orders for cuckoo-clocks, until the old man and the boy could not fill them, and soon all the villagers were at work under their direction. The rich in the cities paid so well for these timepieces that the peasants gave up all thought of going away, and were glad to stay in the woods and carry on the ancient industry. The wares of Kesselberg were shipped to every European land, and even across the sea to America.

Years passed. Gerther went to Heidelberg to study in the university, and became a great and wise man. But it was not his wisdom that made him most known and loved in the Fatherland, but the clock he helped to make when a boy, the cuckoo-clock which was the means of reviving an industry that was fast dying out, and made the clock-makers of the Black Forest famous even beyond the German lands.





FROM A DOOR UNDER THE FACT A BIRD POPPED OUT AND CALLED "CUCKOO, CUCKOO!"

MISS SANTA CLAUS OF THE PULLMAN

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE COLONEL" BOOKS, AND OTHER STORIES

CHAPTER III

BECAUSE OF A STEPMOTHER

AFTER spending several days wondering how she could best break the news to the children that their father was going to take them away, Mrs. Neal decided that she would wait until the last possible moment. Then she would tell them that their father had a Christmas present for them, nicer than anything he had ever given them before. It was something that could n't be sent to them, so he wanted them to go all the way on the cars to his new home, to see it. Then, after they had guessed everything they could think of, and were fairly hopping up and down with impatient curiosity, she 'd tell them what it was—a *new mother!*

She decided not to tell them that they were never coming back to the Junction to live. It would be better for them to think of this return to their father as just a visit until they were used to their new surroundings. It would make it easier for all concerned if they could be started off happy and pleasantly expectant. Then if Molly had grown up to be as nice a woman as she had been a young girl, she could safely trust the rest to her. The children would soon be loving her so much that they would n't want to come back.

But Mrs. Neal had not taken into account that her news was no longer a secret. Told to one or two friends in confidence, it had passed from lip to lip, and had been discussed in so many homes that half the children at the Junction knew that poor little Libby and Will'm Branfield were to have a stepmother before they knew it themselves. Maudie Peters told Libby on their way home from school one day, and told it in such a tone that she made Libby feel that having a stepmother was about the worst calamity that could befall one. Libby denied it stoutly.

"But you *are!*" Maudie insisted. "I heard Mama and Aunt Louisa talking about it. They said they certainly felt sorry for you, and Mama said that she hoped and prayed that *her* children would be spared such a fate, because stepmothers are always unkind."

Libby flew home with her tearful question, positive that Grandma Neal would say that Maudie was mistaken, but with a scared, shaky feeling in her knees, because Maudie had been so

calmly and provokingly sure. Grandma Neal could deny only a part of Maudie's story.

"I 'd like to spank that meddlesome Peters child!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Here I 've been keeping it as a grand surprise for you that your father is going to give you a new mother for Christmas, and thinking what a fine time you 'd have going on the cars to see them, and now Maudie has to go and tattle, and tell it in such an ugly way that she makes it seem like something bad instead of the nicest thing that could happen to you. Listen, Libby!"

For Libby, at this confirmation of Maudie's tale, instead of the denial which she hoped for, had crooked her arm over her face, and was crying out loud into her little brown gingham sleeve, as if her heart would break. Mrs. Neal sat down and drew the sobbing child into her lap.

"Listen, Libby!" she said again. "This lady that your father has married used to live here at the Junction when she was a little girl no bigger than you. Her name was Molly Blair, and she looked something like you—had the same color hair, and wore it in two little plaits just as you do. Everybody liked her. She was so gentle and kind, she would n't have done anything to hurt any one's feelings any more than a little white kitten would. Your father was a boy then, and he lived here, and they went to school together, and played together just as you and Walter Gray do. He 's known her all her life, and he knew very well when he asked her to take the place of a mother to his little children, that she 'd be dear and good to you. Do you think that *you* could change so in growing up that you could be unkind to any little child that was put in your care?"

"No-o!" sobbed Libby.

"And neither could she!" was the emphatic answer. "You can just tell Maudie Peters that she does n't know what she is talking about."

Libby repeated the message next day, emphatically and defiantly, with her chin in the air. That talk with Grandma Neal, and another longer one, which followed at bedtime, helped her to see things in their right light. Besides, several things which Grandma Neal told her made a visit to her father seem quite desirable. It would be fine to be in a city where there is something interesting to see every minute. She knew from other sources that in a city you might expect a hand-organ and a monkey to come down the street almost any day.

And it would be grand to live in a house like the one they were going to, with an up-stairs to it, and a piano in the parlor.

But despite Mrs. Neal's efforts to set matters straight, the poison of Maudie's suggestion had done its work. Will'm had been in the room when Libby came home with her question, and the wild way she broke out crying made him feel that something awful was going to happen to them. He had never heard of a stepmother before. By some queer association of words, his baby brain confused it with a step-ladder. There was such a ladder in the shop with a broken hinge. He was always being warned not to climb up on it. It might fall over with him and hurt him dreadfully. Even when everything had been explained to him, and he agreed that it would be lovely to take that long ride on the Pullman to see poor Father, who was so lonely without his little boy, the first unhappy impression still stayed with him. Something, he did n't know exactly what, but *something* was going to fall with him and hurt him dreadfully if he did n't look out.

It's strange how much there is to learn about persons after you once begin to hear of them. It had been that way about Santa Claus. They had scarcely known his name, and then, all of a sudden, they heard so much that, instead of being a complete stranger, he was a part of everything they said and did and thought. Now they were learning just as fast about stepmothers. Grandma and Uncle Neal and Miss Sally told them a great deal, all good things. And it was surprising how much else they had learned that was n't good, just by the wag of somebody's head, or a shrug of the shoulders or the pitying way some of the customers spoke to them.

When Libby came crying home from school the second time, because one of the boys called her Cinderella, and told her she would have to sit in the ashes and wear rags, and another one said no, she'd be like Snow-white, and have to eat a poisoned apple, Grandma Neal was so indignant that she sent after Libby's books, saying that she would not be back at school.

Next day, Libby told Will'm the rest of what the boys had said to her. "All the stepmothers

in stories are mean like Cinderella's and Snow-white's, and sometimes they are cruel. They are always cruel when they have a tusk." Susie Peters told her what a tusk is, and showed her a picture, in a book of fairy stories, of a cruel hag that had one. "It's an awful long, ugly tooth that sticks away out," said Libby.



"OH, RAGGED LASSY!" BY A. CAMPBELL. SEE PAGE 54

It was a puzzle for both Libby and Will'm to know whom to believe. They had sided with Maudie and the others in their faith in Santa Claus. If Grandma and Uncle Neal had been wrong about that, how could they tell but that they might be mistaken about their belief in stepmothers too?

Fortunately, there were not many days in which to worry over the problem, and the few

that lay between the time of Libby's leaving school and their going away, were filled with preparations for the journey. Of course Libby and Will'm had little part in that, except to collect the few toys they owned, and lay them beside the trunk which had been brought down from the attic to the sitting-room.

Libby had a grand washing of doll clothes one morning, and while she was hanging out the tiny garments, on a string stretched from one chair-back to another, Will'm proceeded to give his old Teddy bear a bath in the suds which she had left in the basin. Plush does not take kindly to soap-suds, no matter how much it needs it. It would have been far better for poor Teddy to have started on his travels dirty than to have become the pitiable, bedraggled-looking object that Libby snatched from the basin sometime later, where Will'm put him to soak. It seemed as if the soggy cotton body never would dry sufficiently to be packed in the trunk, and Will'm would not hear of its being left behind, although it looked so dreadful that he did n't like to touch it. So it hung by a cord around its neck in front of the fire for two whole days, and everybody who passed it gave the cord a twist, so that it was kept turning, like a roast on a spit.

There were more errands than usual to keep the children busy, and more ways in which they could help. As Christmas drew nearer and nearer, somebody was needed in the shop every minute, and Mrs. Neal had her hands full with the extra work of looking over their clothes and putting every garment in order. Besides, there was all the holiday baking to fill the shelves in the shop as well as in her own pantry.

So the children were called upon to set the table and help wipe the dishes. They dusted the furniture within their reach, and fed the cat. They brought in chips from the woodhouse and shelled corn by the basketful for the old gray hens. And every day they carried the eggs very slowly and carefully from the nests to the pantry, and put them one by one into the box of bran on the shelf. Then several mornings, all specially scrubbed and clean-aproned for the performance, they knelt on chairs by the kitchen table, and cut out rows and rows of little Christmas cakes from the sheets of smoothly rolled dough on the floury cake-boards. There were hearts, and stars, and cats, and birds, and all sorts of queer animals. Then, after the baking, there were delightful times when they hung breathlessly over the table, watching while scallops of pink or white icing were zigzagged around the stars and hearts, and pink eyes were put on the beasts and birds. Then, of course, the bowls

which held the candied icing always had to be scraped clean by busy little fingers that went from bowl to mouth and back again, almost as fast as a kitten could lap with its pink tongue.

Oh, those last days in the old kitchen and sitting-room behind the shop were the best days of all, and it was good that Will'm and Libby were kept so busy every minute that they had no time to realize that they *were* last days, and that they were rapidly coming to an end. It was not until the last night that Will'm seemed to comprehend that they were really going away the next day.

He had been very busy helping get supper, for it was the kind that he specially liked. Uncle Neal had brought in a rabbit all ready skinned and dressed, which he had trapped that afternoon, and Will'm had gone around the room for nearly an hour, sniffing hungrily while it sputtered and browned in the skillet, smelling more tempting and delectable every minute. And he had watched while Grandma Neal lifted each crisp, brown piece up on a fork, and laid it on the hot waiting platter, and then stirred into the skillet the things that go to the making of a delicious cream gravy.

Suddenly, in the ecstasy of anticipation, Will'm was moved to throw his arms around Grandma Neal's skirts, gathering them in about her knees in such a violent hug that he almost upset her.

"Oh, rabbit *dravy!*" he exclaimed, in a tone of such rapture that everybody laughed. Uncle Neal, who had already taken his place at the table, and was waiting too, with his chair tipped back on its hind legs, reached forward and gave Will'm's cheek a playful pinch.

"It 's easy to tell what *you* think is the best tasting thing in the world," he said teasingly. "Just the smell of it puts the smile on your face that won't wear off."

Always, when his favorite dish was on the table, Will'm passed his plate back several times for more. To-night, after the fourth ladleful, Uncle Neal hesitated. "Have n't you had about all that 's good for you, kiddo?" he asked. "Remember you 're going away in the morning, and you don't want to make yourself sick when you 're starting off with just Libby to look after you."

There was no answer for a second. Then Will'm could n't climb out of his chair fast enough to hide the trembling of his mouth and the gathering of unmanly tears. He cast himself across Mrs. Neal's lap, screaming, "I are n't going away! I won't leave my dranma, and I won't go where there 'll never be any more good rabbit dravy!"

They quieted him after a while, and comforted

him with promises of the time when he should come back and be their little boy again, but he did not romp around as usual when he started to bed. He realized that when he came again maybe the little crib-bed would be too small to hold him, and things would n't be the same.

Libby was quiet and inwardly tearful for an-

his part of the bargain. She had n't even fussed and rebelled about going back to her father as Maudie had advised her to do, and she had helped to persuade Will'm to accept quietly what could n't be helped.

The bell over the shop door went ting-a-ling many times that evening to admit belated customers, and as she grew drowsier and drowsier, it began to sound like those other bells which would go tinkling along the sky road to-morrow night. Ah, that sky road! She would n't worry, remembering that the Christmas angels came that shining highway too. Maybe her heart's desire would be brought to her by one of them!

CHAPTER IV

A CHRISTMAS-EVE JOURNEY

ALTHOUGH L stands equally for Libby and lion, and W for William and whale, it is not to be inferred that the two small travelers thus labeled felt in any degree the courage of the king of beasts or the importance of the king of fishes. With every turn of the car-wheels after they left the Junction, Will'm seemed to grow smaller and more bewildered, and Libby more frightened and forlorn. In Will'm's picture of this ride they had borne only their initials. Now they were faring forth tagged with their full names and their father's address. Miss Sally had done that "in case anything should happen."

If Miss Sally had not suggested that something might happen, Libby might not have had her fears aroused, and if they had been allowed to travel all the way in the toilet room which Miss Sally and Grandma Neal showed them while the train waited its usual ten minutes at the Junction, they could have kept themselves too busy to think about the perils of pilgrimage. Never before had they seen water spurt from



A LITTLE GIRL OF SEVEN POLISHING THE RED CHEEKS OF A CHUBBY BOY OF FOUR. (SEE PAGE 59.)

other reason. They were to leave the very day on the night of which people hung up their stockings. Would Santa Claus know of their going and follow them? Will'm would be getting what he asked for, a ride on the Pullman, but how was she to get her gold ring? She lay awake quite a long while, worrying about it, but finally decided that she had been so good, so very good, that Santa would find some way to keep

shining faucets into big white basins with chained-up holes at the bottom. It suggested magic to Libby, and she thought of several games they could have made if they had not been hurried back to their seats in the car, and told that they must wait until time to eat before washing their hands.

"I thought best to tell them that," said Miss Sally, as she and Mrs. Neal went slowly back to

the shop, "or Libby might have had most of the skin scrubbed off her and Will'm before night. And I know he 'd drink the water-cooler dry just for the pleasure of turning it into his new drinking-cup you gave him, if he had n't been told not to. Well, they 're off, and so interested in everything that I don't believe they realized they were starting. There was n't time for them to think that they were really leaving you."

"There 'll be time enough before they get there," was the grim answer. "I should n't wonder if they both get to crying."

Then for fear that she should start to doing that same thing herself, she left Miss Sally to attend to the shop, and went briskly to work, putting the kitchen to rights. She had left the breakfast dishes until after the children's departure, for she had much to do for them, besides putting up two lunches. They left at ten o'clock, and could not reach their journey's end before half-past eight that night. So both dinner and supper were packed in the big pasteboard box which had been stowed away under the seat with their suitcase.

Miss Sally was right about one thing. Neither child realized at first that the parting was final, until the little shop was left far behind. The novelty of their surroundings, and their satisfaction at being really on board one of the wonderful cars which they had watched daily from the sitting-room window, made them feel that their best "s'posen" game had come true at last. But they had n't gone five miles until the landscape began to look unfamiliar. They had never been in this direction before, toward the hill country. Their drives behind Uncle Neal's old gray mare had always been the other way. Five miles more, and they were strangers in a strange land. Fifteen miles, and they were experiencing the bitterness of "exiles from home" whom "splendor dazzles in vain." There was no charm left in the luxurious Pullman with its gorgeous red plush seats and shining mirrors. All the people they could see over the backs of those seats or reflected in those mirrors were strangers.

It made them even more lonely and aloof because the people did not seem to be strangers to each other. All up and down the car they talked and joked as people in this free and happy land always do when it 's the day before Christmas and they are going home, whether they know each other or not. To make matters worse, some of those strangers acted as if they knew Will'm and Libby, and asked them questions or snapped their fingers at them in passing in a friendly way. It frightened Libby, who had been instructed in the ways of travel, and she only drew closer to

Will'm and said nothing when these strange faces smiled on her.

Presently, Will'm gave a little, muffled sob, and Libby put her arm around his neck. It gave him a sense of protection, but it also started the tears which he had been fighting back for several minutes, and, drawing himself up into a bunch of misery close beside her, he cried softly, his face hidden against her shoulder. If it had been a big, capable shoulder, such as he was used to going to for comfort, the shower would have been over soon. But he felt its limitations. It was little and thin, only three years older and wiser than his own; as a support through unknown dangers not much to depend upon, still it was all he had to cling to, and he clung broken-heartedly and with scalding tears.

As for Libby, she was realizing its limitations far more than he. His sobs shook her every time they shook him, and she could feel his tears, hot and wet on her arm through her sleeve. She started to cry herself, but fearing that if she did he might begin to roar so that they would be disgraced before everybody in the car, she bravely winked back her own tears, and took an effective way to dry his.

Miss Sally had told them not to wash before it was time to eat, but of course Miss Sally had not known that Will'm was going to cry and smudge his face all over till it was a sight. If she could n't stop him somehow, he 'd keep on till he was sick, and she 'd been told to take care of him. The little shoulder humped itself in a way that showed some motherly instinct was teaching it how to adjust itself to its new burden of responsibility, and she said in a comforting way:

"Come on, brother, let 's go and try what it 's like to wash in that big, white basin with the chained-up hole in the bottom of it."

There was a bowl apiece, and for the first five minutes their hands were white ducks swimming in a pond. Then the faucets were shining silver dragons, spouting out streams of water from their mouths to drown four little mermaids, who were not real mermaids, but children whom a wicked witch had changed to such and thrown into a pool. Then they blew soap-bubbles through their hands, till Will'm's squeal of delight over one especially fine bubble, which rested on the carpet a moment instead of bursting, brought the porter to the door to see what was the matter.

They were not used to colored people. He pushed aside the red plush curtain and looked in, but the bubble had vanished, and all he saw was a slim little girl of seven snatching up a towel to polish the red cheeks of a chubby boy

of four. When they went back to their seats, their finger-tips were curiously wrinkled from long immersion in the hot soap-suds, but the ache was gone out of their throats, and Libby thought it might be well for them to eat their dinner while their hands were so very clean. It was only quarter-past eleven, but it seemed to them that they had been traveling nearly a whole day.

A chill of disappointment came to Will'm when his food was handed to him out of a pasteboard box. He had not thought to eat it in this primitive fashion. He had expected to sit at one of the little tables, but Libby did n't know what one had to do to gain the privilege of using them. The trip was not turning out to be all he had fondly imagined. Still the lunch in the pasteboard box was not to be despised. Even disappointment could not destroy the taste of Grandma Neal's chicken sandwiches and blackberry jam.

By the time they had eaten all they wanted, and tied up the box and washed their hands again (no bubbles and games this time, for fear of the porter), it had begun to snow, and they found entertainment in watching the flakes that swirled against the panes in all sorts of beautiful patterns. They knelt on opposite seats each against a window. Sometimes the snow seemed to come in sheets, shutting out all view of the little hamlets and farm-houses past which they whizzed with deep, warning whistles, and sometimes it lifted to give them glimpses of windows with holly wreaths hanging from scarlet bows, and eager little faces peering out at the passing train—the way theirs used to peer, years ago, it seemed, before they started on this endless journey.

It makes one sleepy to watch the snow fall for a long time. After a while, Will'm climbed down from the window and cuddled up beside Libby again, with his soft, bobbed hair tickling her ear as he rested against her. He went to sleep so, and she put her arm around his neck again to keep him from slipping. The card with which Miss Sally had tagged him, slid along its cord and stuck up above his collar, prodding his chin. Libby pushed it back out of sight, and felt under her dress for her own. They must be kept safely, "in case something should happen." She wondered what Miss Sally meant by that. What could happen? Their own Mr. Smiley was on the engine, and the conductor had been asked to keep an eye on them.

Then her suddenly awakened fear began to suggest answers. Maybe something might keep her father from coming to meet them. She and Will'm would n't know what to do or where to

go. They 'd be lost in a great city as the little match girl was on Christmas eve, and they 'd freeze to death on some stranger's door-step. There was a picture of the match girl thus frozen, in the Hans Andersen book which Susie Peters kept in her desk at school. There was a cruel stepmother picture in the same book, Libby remembered, and recollections of that turned her thoughts into still deeper channels of foreboding. What would *she* be like? What was going to happen to her and Will'm at the end of this journey, if it ever came to an end? If only they could be back at the Junction, safe and sound—

The tears began to drip slowly. She wiped them away with the back of the hand that was farthest away from Will'm. She was miserable enough to die, but she did n't want him to wake up and find it out.

By and by, a lady who had been quietly watching her for some time, came and sat down in the opposite seat and asked her what was the matter, and if she was crying because she was homesick, and what was her name, and how far they were going. But Libby never answered a single question. The tears just kept dripping, and her mouth working in a piteous attempt to swallow her sobs; and finally the lady saw that she was frightening her, and only making matters worse by trying to comfort her, so she went back to her seat.

When Will'm awakened after a while and sat up, leaving Libby's arm all stiff and prickly from being bent in one position so long, the train had been running for miles through a lonely country where nobody seemed to live. Just as he rubbed his eyes wide awake, they came to a forest of Christmas trees. At least they looked as if all they needed to make them that was for some one to fasten candles on their snow-laden boughs. Then the whistle blew the signal that meant that the train was about to stop, and Will'm scrambled up on his knees again, and they both looked out expectantly.

There was no station at this place of stopping. Only by special order from some high official did this train come to a halt here, so somebody of importance must be coming aboard. All they saw at first was a snowy road opening through the grove of Christmas trees, but standing in this road, a few rods from the train, was a sleigh drawn by two big, black horses. They had bells on their bridles which went ting-a-ling whenever they shook their heads or pawed the snow. The children could not see a trunk being put on to the baggage-car farther up the track, but they saw what happened in the delay.

(Continued)

WHAT BOYS HAVE DONE FOR THE WORLD

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

EVERY one is familiar with the picture of James Watt, the boy, sitting by the kitchen fire, and gazing thoughtfully at the hissing steam from the kettle. Whatever of allegory there is about that picture, there is nothing but absolute truth in the story of the boy's early and studious experiments with steam, and its peculiarities of evaporation and condensation, which afterward led to his improvements in the stationary engine, and placed England in the lead as a power-producing, manufacturing country.

George Stephenson's first job was as a valve-boy on a mine pumping-engine, the steam admission-valves of those early days being worked by hand in unison with the stroke of the piston-rod. The boy Stephenson attached a cord to the beam, and, at the lower end, suspended a short bar of iron in such a manner as to trip the valve at the proper instant. For that he was abused by the engine tender, who accused him of laziness; but the simple idea found root in the brain of the overseer, and a year later, the engine was fitted with the first automatic valve ever designed. Samuel Smiles, Stephenson's biographer, has said that this juvenile attempt at a self-acting valve was the leading idea of one of the improvements which later made possible Stephenson's fine development of the locomotive.

Every page of this magazine could be filled with detailed accounts of boys' ideas which have developed into real inventions, or useful improvements on existing apparatus, while some of them have resulted in great progress in the industrial world. The electric generator, or dynamo, was actually due to an experiment by a sixteen-year-old boy.

Professor Henry, a scientist of fame in the first half of the last century, had experimented exhaustively in electricity, endeavoring to get, from chemical batteries, a current that could be commercially used. But he could not sufficiently reduce the expense of the chemicals. He discarded a group of revolving magnets as useless, giving it to his son as a plaything. After the boy had amused himself with twirling it, and adjusting it in accordance with his own ideas, he secured one of the little testing instruments—a galvanometer—used by the professor for detecting the electric current, and, hooking on the wires in the way he had seen his father attach them, he continued twirling the magnets. While he was doing this, the professor entered the room, and

was astonished to see the needle of the galvanometer drawn to one side, showing the existence of an electric current. This had never before been produced by such magnets without the use of a chemical battery. Within two hours, Professor Henry had attached the discarded magnets to a lathe, and, by quick, steady revolutions, produced a current and an amazing spark. The true dynamic electric generator had been discovered!

When it is considered that every electric power plant, every electric lighting plant, and every electric railway in the world are based upon that boy's play-hour revelation of the possibility of making an electric current without the use of chemicals, this little known instance of what boys have done for the world is entitled to a very high place.

In 1830, Obed Hussey, of Ohio, was inventing a reaping-machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles, set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It would not work satisfactorily. A young son, watching the experiments, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar, and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them. Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw-toothed blades which are in common use to-day on harvesters, the cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From that boy's suggestion he perfected, in one week, a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years. The principle of that cutting device is the principle of all of the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm.

Then there is Edison! Thomas Alva Edison—the wizard who has conjured out of nothingness the graphophone, the stock ticker, the incandescent lamp, and a hundred other marvels. Edison's development as an expert in electricity was not due to lectures and study in a technical college, or to association with scientific men during a business career. It was due to his persistent and thorough investigations while he was still a paper-and-candy boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad; sweeping and cleaning a station in payment for being taught telegraphy; saving, scraping, and earning extra dimes and quarters by hard

work, in order to get the money to buy his little experimental apparatus; the butt of trainmen, yardmen, and cheap operators, until his inches reached the measure of his brains, and insured more considerate treatment. His splendid qualities of perseverance, unwearying patience over details, love for the work itself and infinite confidence in its possibilities, were as dominant in the train-boy as they are in the man of to-day.

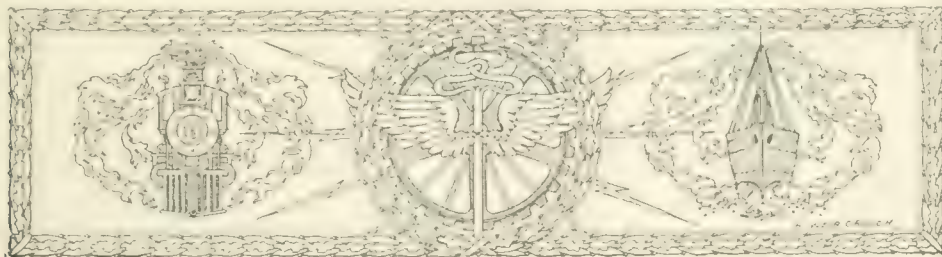
The boy is hidden in the man, and his early achievements are quite often unrecorded by his friends or by the world. And yet: Professor Faraday became a scientific expert in chemistry and electricity while serving apprenticeship to a bookbinder; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough had gained a fair reputation as artists even before they were out of their teens; Vanderbilt, the originator of great transportation organizations, was the owner of a ferry between New York and Staten Island when he was sixteen, and a Government contractor for transporting supplies to various coast stations before he was twenty. Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, had secured two patents for ingenious mechanical tools before he was allowed to vote. Sir Henry Bessemer, the inventor of the wonderful process of refining steel, was laying the foundation of his wealth and title, and terribly worrying his parents, by heating, hammering, and melting all scraps of metal he could get hold of, while he should have been studying Latin grammar and Greek history.

Thirty years ago, a boy of sixteen was his father's helper in a little Maine sawmill run by water-power. They desired to run two saws instead of one, but the father considered the power of the stream unequal to doing this. The boy studied the problem, boxed in the wheel, and so improved the buckets as to eliminate all waste and utilize every gallon of water. Then they set up a second saw, and ran it successfully. Although there was nothing of the design of the modern turbine in his improvement, there was the prime principle of conserving every ounce of energy, and it is that principle, developed by invention and skilful mechanism, that has since

harnessed the full power of hundreds of rivers and waterfalls throughout the world.

It would be wonderfully interesting, and perhaps as wonderfully instructive, to know how much genius has been repressed by the necessity of following an uncongenial occupation for which the boy has been unfit. Corliss, the greatest improver of the steam-engine since the days of Watt, was devoted to mechanics as a boy, but found himself placed in an office to learn book-keeping, which he would not, or could not, do. Then he went into a wholesale grocery, but he utterly failed there also. Then, following his own bent, he became the greatest engine-builder in the United States. Ezra Cornell, the founder of the university which bears his name, was apprenticed to his father, a potter, though he begged to be put into mechanics. But later, he went into the work he loved, and accumulated wealth and honor. Richard Arkwright was "made" a barber, although in his boyhood he showed great mechanical understanding. Fortunately he formed the acquaintance of a clock-maker, got tools and metals, and invented the spinning-jenny, one of the most intricate of machines, and which brought him wealth and a title. Benjamin Franklin was obliged to work with his father at tallow-chandlery until the insistent persuasions of an older brother obtained his release from that trade and an engagement with a printer.

Smeaton, one of the greatest of English engineers, was placed in a law office, which he detested. He doggedly cut loose, put on overalls, and went into mechanical work, achieving the highest success and renown. Against their inclinations, Stephen A. Douglas was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; Nathaniel P. Banks to a machinist; and James K. Polk to a merchant. Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was put to studying medicine, which he left to enter public life. All of them had to fight their way out of uncongenial and unsuitable employments in order to enter fields to which they, as boys, were strongly inclined, and in which they achieved honor for themselves, and for their country.





THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE

BY PALMER COX

BUILD a bridge from
shore to shore
Across a stream where
waters pour
In haste to mix their
sparkling flow

With ocean waves some miles below,
Is not a task to waken fear
Or questions in an engineer.
Then why should doubt oppress a band
Who have all kinds of trades at hand,
When they have in their heads a scheme

To throw a bridge across the stream?
Said one, as they stood by the place
And watched the water in its race:
"Not only for ourselves in haste,
When wading fails to suit our taste,
But for the people who must cross
On slippery stones all green with moss,



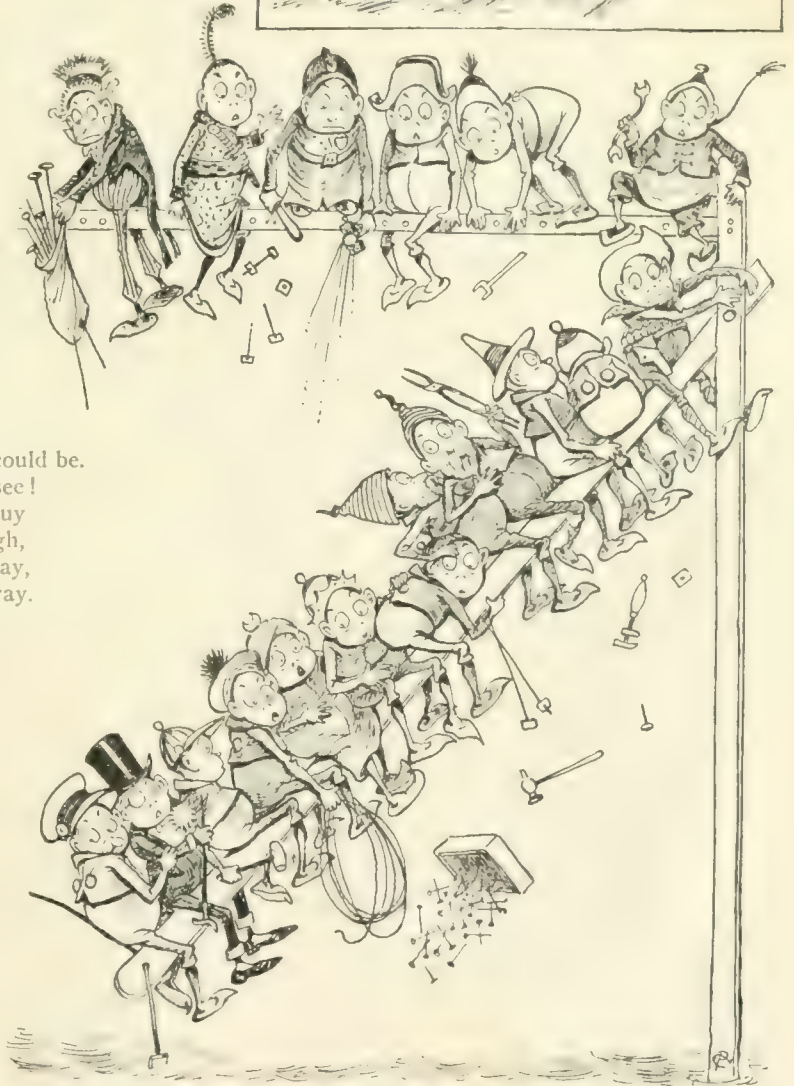
THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE

Will we erect from side to side
A structure which will bridge the tide."
Another said: "A year or two
Ago a scheme like this fell through;
But workmen left their things about
To carry on the plan laid out.
We 'll take the stuff from where it lies,
And build a bridge for a surprise:
When in the morning people flock
To cross the stream, they 'll have a shock.
'T will be a joy to leave the log,
The stone, and water to the frog,
And cross upon our airy way
Without a cent of toll to pay."
Material was near at hand,
Which was good fortune
for the band,

And soon a stream of
Brownies flowed
Both to and fro—some
with a load,
And more in haste to
heed the cry
Of those whose arms were
piled too high.
But willing hands are
never slow,
And soon the bridge
began to grow.
Some in mid-air the birds
surprised,
Swinging on ropes with
hooks devised,

To make things safe, if that could be.
'T was an exciting thing to see!
Indeed, 'a Brownie, without guy
Or safety hitch or fixture nigh,
Swinging and turning, is, I say,
A sight to take the breath away.
At times, a hammer, bolt,
or bar

Would slip and spread a
panic far.
Perhaps a wrench would
rattle down
And light upon a
Brownie's crown
While bending at some
labor there
That called for all his
time and care,
Then skip half-way the
span across,
To splash into the stream,
a loss.
But work in air at risk of
neck



Does not the Brownie courage check,
And in the mine or in the cloud,
Of their condition they are proud.
Said one: "There's pleasure in the task
That gives folks aid before they ask;
'T is well to keep an open eye
To note a want or hardship nigh,
For none can help from Brownies seek,
And we must let our actions speak.
So drive the bolt in overhead,
And turn the nut to tighter thread;
We'll give the people round a chance

Without mistake, or fuss, or clatter,
We'll never know—but that's no matter.
Then speed if ever was required
To bring the finish they desired;
Then blows were doubled, loads increased,
And he did best who said the least.
Some sections tumbled from the top,
And rod and brace together drop,
And working tools—a perilous slip—
That on the frame still held their grip,
And being steel, as now appears,
Increased the Brownies' toil and fears.

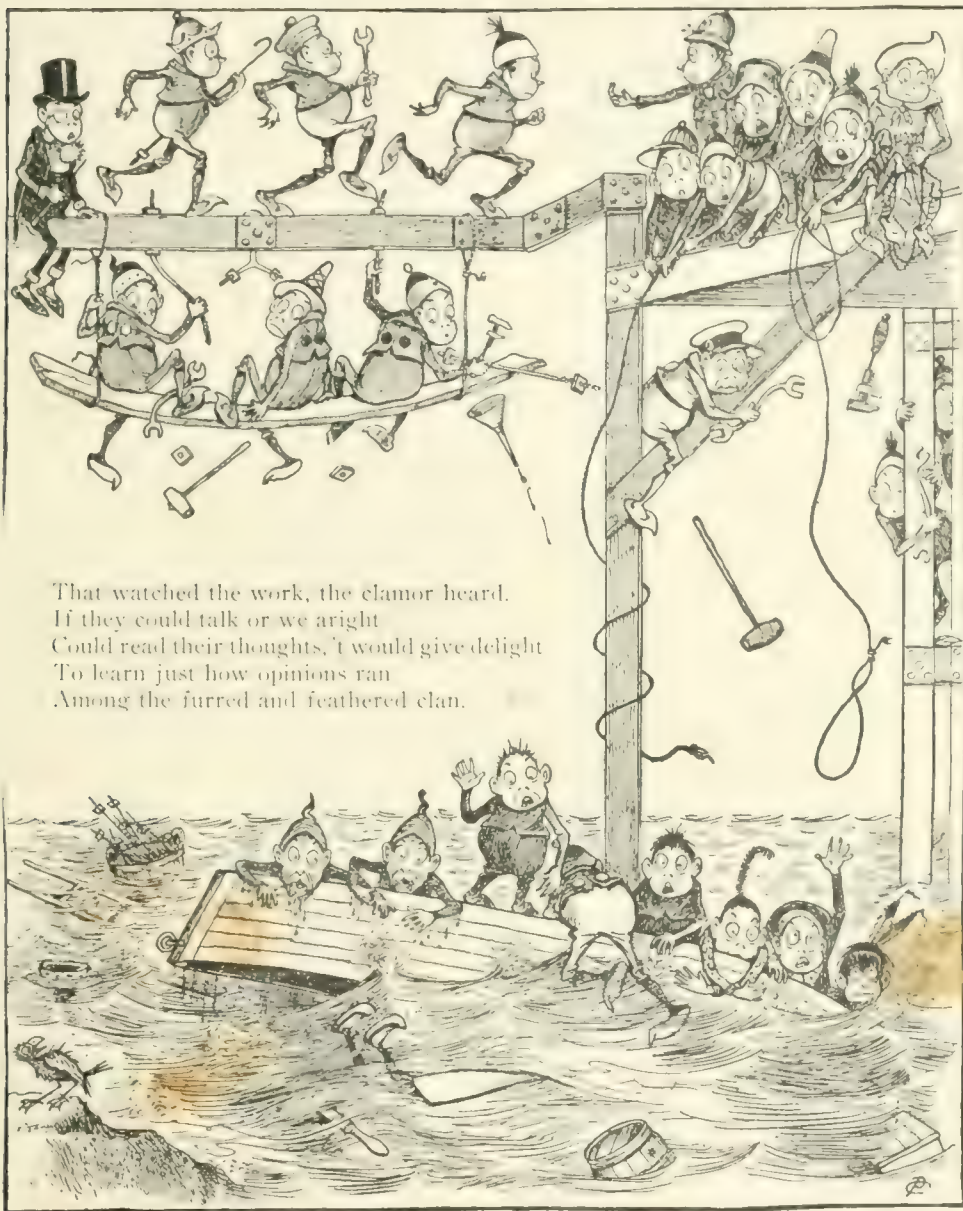


Across the swinging bridge to dance."
But talk fell in with ringing stroke
And turning wrench, and never broke
Or checked the rush that was begun,
And would keep up till all was done.
And what the Brownies build will stay
In spite of winds that round it play
And whistle in the loudest key .
As they come rushing from the sea.
It took long ropes, a pull, a heave
With mystic hands, one may believe,
To check the sinking or the drift,
And sections to their stations lift.
How rivets found their proper place,
And so, too, every rod and brace,

Said one, between the stroke and strain,
To those more given to complain:
"What though we toil, what though we run
To aid mankind till rise of sun?
If blessings come from friendly act,
They fit the better through the fact."
'T was hard to swim against the tide
With heavy pieces trailing wide,
And long enough to form a span
Of great importance in the plan.
At times, these pieces would break loose
And great confusion would produce,
And in a manner represent
A ship by some explosion rent;
And none could tell where ruin ran,

Nor where it ended or began.
The birds along the river's side
Sat on the branches, open-eyed;
No sleep brought rest to beast or bird

Old plans were found that showed aright
How certain sections should unite,
And tasks proved easy that before
Upon their time and patience wore.



That watched the work, the clamor heard.
If they could talk or we aright
Could read their thoughts, 't would give delight
To learn just how opinions ran
Among the furred and feathered clan.

Forgot were corn-fields, frogs, and peas,
The mice, and snakes, and bumblebees,
The grubs, and bugs in wood or clay,
And measuring worms that inch their way.
The work went faster toward the close,
And from the chaos order rose.

A barge was brought that played a part
Most sorely needed from the start,
For midway out, with anchors down,
It on their efforts placed the crown,
And work from there was pushed ahead
That to a finish quickly led.

TAKING CARE OF PRINNIE

BY REBECCA DEMING MOORE

"Now, Nathalie, put on your hat and take a run out in this nice, bright sunshine," said Mrs. Barnes, as her small daughter was preparing to curl herself up in a little knot over a book.

"Oh, Mother dear, please let me read instead!" pleaded Nathalie. "You know it's no fun at all running about with just *me*. Mabel and Helen and Belle have all gone away for the summer, and I feel so 'conspikorous' going out all alone."

Mrs. Barnes sighed. This was to be the hardest part of that stay-at-home summer which she and Mr. Barnes had agreed was necessary this year.

"Just go a little way to please Mother," she continued. "Stay-in-the-house girls don't get any rosy cheeks."

So Nathalie with a pout put away the story-book, and, taking her hat, walked listlessly down the street. Soon, however, she quickened her pace. "I'll go down to Mr. McAllister's," she said to herself, "to see the puppies. It's been two whole weeks since I've seen them. Perhaps, if Mr. McAllister is there, he'll let me go in and play with Prinnie."

Now Mr. McAllister raised puppies to sell, and kept them in a big yard quite surrounded by a board fence. Nathalie had found a way of climbing this fence by sticking her little toes into a few convenient knot-holes. Once on top, she could watch all the dog families, and especially her favorites, some dear, silky, King Charles spaniels. The flower of this family she had christened Prinnie. He had the longest ears of all, and the pinkest tongue, and his soft brown eyes looked up to Nathalie's and said so plainly, "Oh, *how* I would like to get up there, little girl, and make friends with you!" She knew that he was a King Charles, so she had named him, first, "Prince Charles"; but that seemed quite too dignified a name for such a frisky bit of a dog, so "Prince Charles" became "Prince Charlie," and then "Prince" alone, and finally "Prinnie."

A few minutes later found Nathalie safe on her perch on the fence, delightedly watching the three spaniels romping with their mother.

"Oh, my dear, dear little Prinnie!" she called. "Have n't you missed your Nathalie the last two weeks? I've been so busy getting all my friends ready to go to the country and sea-shore that I have n't had time to come to see you. Now I'm left all alone, and I have n't any little brothers and sisters to play with as you have, Prinnie

love. Oh, Prinnie, if I could only get down and squeeze you, I'd feel so much better! Do you suppose Mr. McAllister would mind *very* much if I just gave you one pat on your nice, flat little head?"

"Mind, lassie; mind," said a good-natured voice; "nothing would give Sandy McAllister more pleasure. Come, give me your wee hands, and I'll jump you down."

Then when Prinnie allowed himself to be petted and cuddled on Nathalie's arm, Mr. McAllister went on: "My, how you're loving the wee doggie! You ought to be having one of your own. You're Mr. Barnes's lassie, are n't you? I mind often seeing you on the top of that fence."

Nathalie replied that she was afraid her papa could n't buy her a dog this summer; she was n't even having any new dresses.

"I was n't speaking of *buying* a dog," Mr. McAllister continued. "But how would you like to be taking care of one for me? There's a fine good mon who's spoke' for this wee doggie you call Prinnie, but he does n't want him till fall. Now, if your mama is willing, I'll just let you take him till Mr. Sampson sends for him, providing you promise to take care of him just as I tell you."

"To keep him till fall!" exclaimed Nathalie. "Oh, Mr. McAllister, do you *really, really* mean it? I think you're the very, *very* best man in the world, except Papa, of course."

"Perhaps there's not monny thinkin' the same," chuckled Mr. McAllister; "but run along, lassie, and ask your mama, and if she's willing, you may come back for the wee doggie."

Nathalie could almost have jumped the board fence, she was so excited, but Mr. McAllister set her down on the other side, and off she ran.

Mrs. Barnes at first looked a shade doubtful. A puppy in the house, even, if he were the "most darlingest, sweetest, angelest puppy that ever was," meant chewed-up shoes and torn papers; but soon her face lightened.

"On these conditions," she said, "Prinnie may come to stay with us this summer. He must have long, long walks every day on the outskirts of the town, where there are open fields for him to romp in. He may stay in the house only nights and when it is stormy. You must also take full charge of his meals, and keep his long coat in good order. Back to Mr. McAllister he must go the first time you forget any of these rules."

Nathalie fairly flew back to the top of Mr. McAllister's board fence. The good man did not have to ask her the verdict. When he had lifted her to the ground, he placed Prinnie in

show me how the little fellie 's prospering. I have n't any wee lassies of my own now."

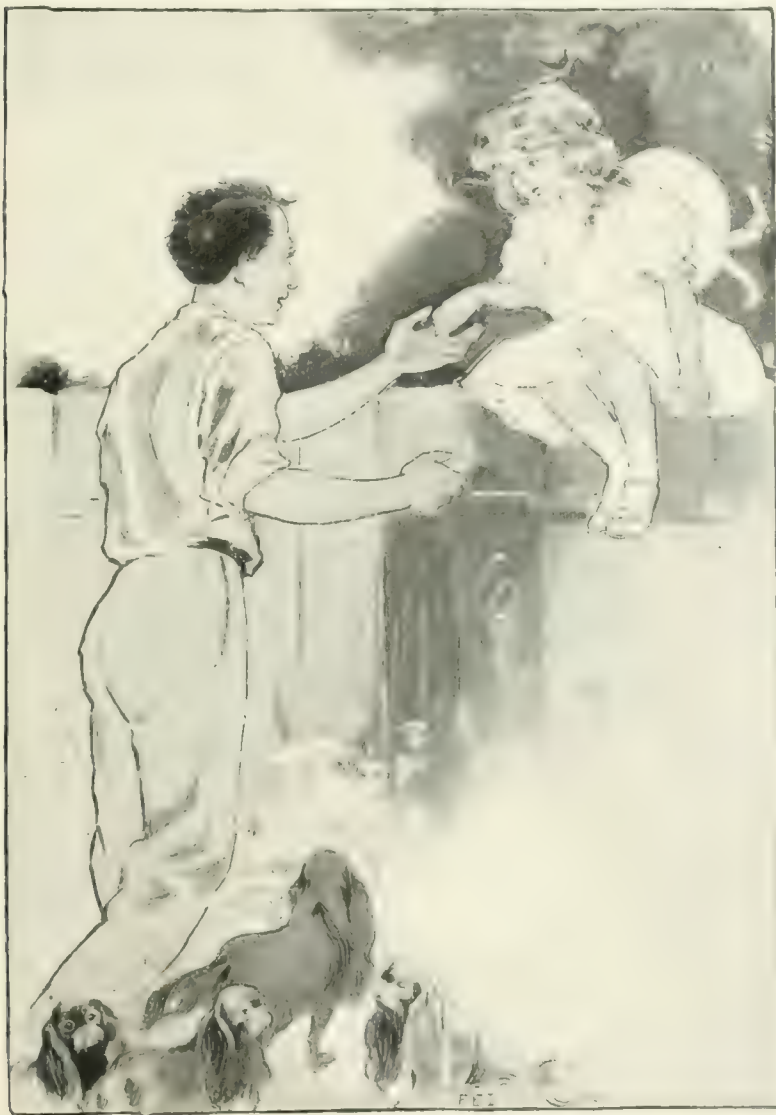
From that day, it was a different Nathalie in the little house on the street, or, rather, not *in* the little house, for Nathalie did little but eat and sleep in the house except when it rained. Prinnie must have his long tramps every day.

"Little dogs must take a great deal of exercise to keep well," Mr. McAllister had said.

What fun they had together! Prinnie chasing chipmunks and barking furiously at their antics, while Nathalie picked flowers and joined him in mad scampers over the fields. He *would* go into bushes and come out fairly bristling with sticks and leaves and sometimes burs. Then what a brushing there had to be when they got home!

Prinnie would sit sadly but patiently while Nathalie combed out the hateful tangles and told him *never*, *never* to go into such places again. Prinnie would listen solemnly, but the very next day, perhaps, he would find a still more "burry" place.

Nathalie's doll family was quite neglected that summer, for one could scarcely hold even a well-behaved doll-child, and be ready to dart after an excited dog at any moment. Nathalie's largest doll, Baby Griselda, or Grizzie, had most cause for complaint. Unfortunately for Griselda, her clothes just fitted Prinnie. Part of every day's



"COME, GIVE ME YOUR WEAVE, AND LET ME HAVE YOU."

her arms. Then he told her she must listen very carefully to the directions for Prinnie's care. He showed her just how to prepare his food, and warned her not to allow him to eat between meals, for he said that was as bad for wee doggies as for lassies.

"And," he concluded, "if you 're forgetting anything, come back and ask Sandy McAllister; and you might be coming down now and again to

program was to dress Prinnie in Grizzie's white dress, and tie her dainty baby cap over his long ears, and to hold him tightly in her arms as she paced the yard singing a soft lullaby. Prinnie would lie meekly quiet; he would even close his eyes lazily; but let Nathalie lower him gently into Grizzie's cradle, and relax her hold but a moment, and two brown eyes would open wide, four black legs would make a wild dash across

the lawn, and one doll's dress would need some of Nathalie's most careful mending before it was fit to return to its rightful owner.

Letters from Nathalie's friends at the seashore or in the country excited no envy in her. What were the delights of bathing and boating compared with caring for Prinnie and teaching him new tricks?

The fall was really here, and she must—that dreadful man who had ordered Prinnie would want— The thought was too dreadful to finish. She ought to take him back at once, take Prinnie back—her pet—Prinnie, whose rough, pink tongue had awakened her every morning—whose daily meal she had carefully prepared. Prinnie, who had been her companion every minute for two long months.

She was moody and silent all the next day. She did not dare walk by Mr. McAllister's board fence.

In the evening, the blow fell. Her father announced at supper, "Mr. McAllister says the man who owns your dog is coming around for him to-morrow. You can take Prinnie over in the morning."

Nathalie could not eat any more supper that night. The top of Prinnie's little head was all wet with salt tears when she laid him in his basket.

The next morning, she arose early. There was much to be done. The blow was a harsh one, but if Prinnie *must* go, he should go in state. Nathalie washed and ironed Grizzie's white dress and bonnet. Then, after giving Prinnie a careful combing and brushing, she dressed him in these garments for the last time.

With Prinnie clasped tightly in her arms, she sadly set out for Mr. McAllister's. Perhaps the gentleman would not come after all. If only she could keep Prinnie a few days longer! But no, Mr. McAllister was

talking to a pleasant-faced stranger. The time had come. Nathalie walked straight up to the strange man, and, struggling to keep down the lump in her throat, she held out Prinnie.

"Here 's—your—d-o-g—s-i-r," she managed to sob; and the tears fell in torrents.

Prinnie, whom the astonished gentleman had failed to take from Nathalie's outstretched arms, made his customary dash for liberty. While Nathalie was recovering him, Mr. Santpson heard the story from Mr. McAllister.

When Nathalie came up a few minutes later with the struggling Prinnie, the stranger remarked: "My little girl, who, by the way, is a big little girl, has changed her mind about this dog. She wants a large dog, a collie. So here I am with two dogs on my hands, and only room for one. Do you suppose you could persuade your mother to let you keep on taking care of this one as your very own? If so, he is yours."



"NATHALIE'S DOLL FAMILY WAS QUITE NEGLECTED THAT SUMMER."

He would bark prettily for a lump of sugar; he could sneeze most entrancingly for any dainty. But Nathalie remembered Mr. McAllister's advice, and did not allow him many. She had to content herself with very little candy, for Prinnie would beg so bewitchingly for a share that it was hard not to spoil him.

She carried him dutifully down to see his master, but some way or other, although Mr. McAllister was very kind and praised her care, it always made her feel a little sad to go there.

And so the long summer days slipped on. Nathalie was brown and rosy, Prinnie sleek and bright-eyed. July, August had gone; now September was here, and in a few days, Nathalie's little friends would come back and enter school. She would be glad to see them, but—

"When is fall?" she asked her father that evening at supper.

"Oh, fall has really begun now," he replied.



"AND TO MORROW IS THANKSGIVING"



BILLY AND MISTER TURKEY

BY KATHARINE M. DALAND

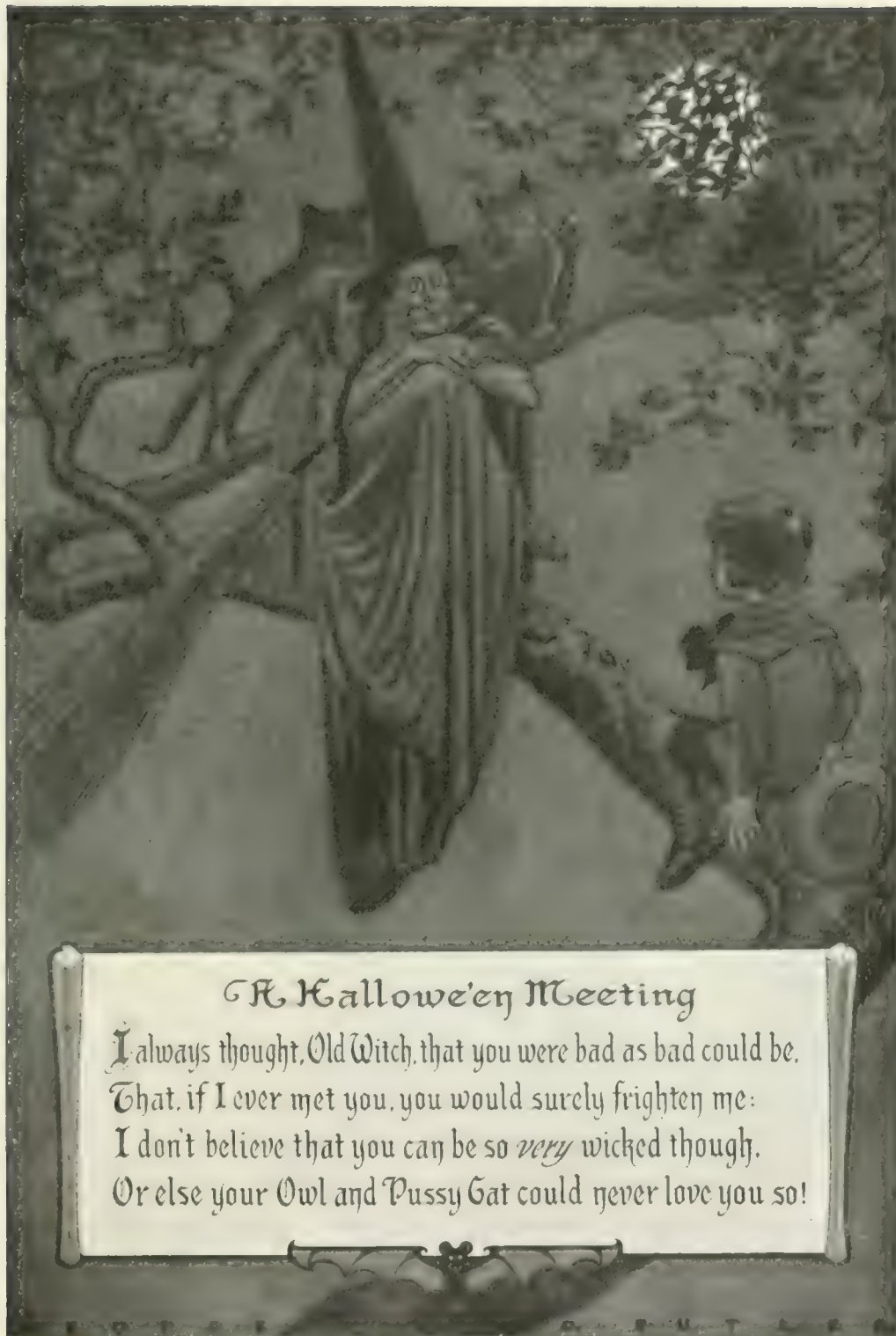
'T was on a dull November day,
When Billy, on his homeward way,
Met Mister Turkey, whom he knew,
And stopped to have a word or two.

Said Billy: "Thursday 's drawing nigh,
With turkey (roast) and pumpkin-pie.

And many kinds of first-class fare—
But don't you worry—you 'll be there!"

Now whether Mister Turkey knew
What Billy meant, I leave to you;
But he said, "*Gobble!*" trailed his wing,
And Billy ran like anything!





GR Hallowe'en Meeting

I always thought, Old Witch, that you were bad as bad could be.
That, if I ever met you, you would surely frighten me:
I don't believe that you can be so *very* wicked though.
Or else your Owl and Pussy Cat could never love you so!

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A SOLDIER OF THE PEOPLE

HERE is the first description of Oliver Cromwell by an eye-witness that history relates; the writer is a courtier, Sir Philip Warwick and the scene, the House of Parliament:

I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor.

And here is a characteristic outburst by the man himself:

I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman, and is nothing else.

A great democrat, this Oliver, and a mighty fighting man; but, above all, a man who looked upon himself as chosen by the Lord to the winning of His battle. After defeating the king at Naseby, he wrote to his friends in this wise:

I can say this of Naseby, that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor, ignorant men . . . I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are.

After the battles were all won, and the king was dead and his son defeated at Worcester, Cromwell ruled England for five years as protector. A short, but surely an amazing, interlude in the long line of kings and queens from William the Conqueror to George V.

Charles fled to Carisbrooke after having surrendered to Cromwell's army at Holmby House. In a book written for young people by S. R. Keightly, "The Cavaliers" (Harper, \$1.50), this period of time is given with much interest and sympathy. Cromwell is, of course, one of the chief characters. And there is one of Captain Frederick Marryat's stories that pictures the fortunes of a Royalist family at about the same time, "The Children of the New Forest."

There are two stories by Beulah M. Dix that you must certainly try to get. One is "The Fair Maid of Graystones," and it pictures the atmo-

sphere and the manners of the day with the greatest felicity, meanwhile telling a delightful tale; the other is "A Little Captive Lad," with scenes in Holland and England. This book is perhaps even more charming reading than the first. In both, the author has striven to create the very feel and look of those passed days, and in both she has succeeded to a remarkable degree.

A different type of book, but accurate historically and full of adventurous incidents, is one of Henty's books for boys that covers the period from the outbreak of the civil war to the execution of the king, and defeat of the second Charles. It is called "Friends Though Divided," and relates the fortunes of a Roundhead and a Royalist youth who fought on opposite sides.

I dare say many of you have read Dumas' story "Twenty Years After," and remember the thrilling adventures leading up to the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, and the moving narration of the king's death. Dumas does not bother particularly about historic accuracy, to be sure, but he tells a splendid story, and he gets into it much of the fire and fury of the age.

One of G. P. R. James's novels takes up the Royalist cause with immense fervor. Its title is "Henry Masterson," and it walks right into the Roundheads in the roughest kind of a way. It is full of vigorous portraiture, however, and very well worth the reading. In a case of this sort, one wants to see what people have to say on either side. Between the two, you get a pretty fair notion of how those who really lived through the business came, each of them, to be so sure that he was right and the other fellow wrong.

So, after you have read James's book, turn to Amelia Barr's "The Lion's Whelp." Here Cromwell stands a true hero before you, with his stout captains about him, and in his heart the dream of a great Commonwealth of Saints. This dream failed, and after Cromwell's brief rule, England returned to the Stuarts, to king-rule and an extravagant court, to jewels and Maypoles, and all the fun and frippery which the stern Puritan would have naught to do with. Nevertheless, this failure of Puritanism and democracy was only apparent. In truth, the bulk of Englishmen remained serious and purposeful, free of mind, determined to take their full share of the government, men who respected them-

selves, men of whom England expected each one "to do his duty."

and of the opposing cavaliers, though these latter are hardly drawn as justly. Prince Rupert

This story of "The Ironsides and Ironsides"

is a very interesting story, but he



OLIVER CROMWELL, BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK.
GIFT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

very enthusiastically and clearly just what this hope of the Puritans was, and how Cromwell bore himself, both as captain and statesman, and even in the privacy of his own family. It gives many other portraits of the famous "Ironsides," as Cromwell's immediate followers were called,

had his good qualities, ruffian and swash-buckler as he was.

In conjunction with this book by Mrs. Barr, you should also read her "Friend Olivia," which depicts Quaker life in the early Roundhead days, and is a charming story in itself. Cromwell also

appears in this book, with many another famous leader. The Quakers had their own troubles, and many of them came to America at this time, but, on the whole, the Roundhead government allowed great spiritual freedom to the people.

Touching on events in the three countries of Holland, England, and America is an interesting juvenile by S. H. Church, entitled "Penruddock of the White Lambs" (Stokes, \$1.50); and Emma Marshall has a little book, "The White King's Daughter," which tells in a moving way the fate of the Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrooke. Another excellent juvenile with Royalist sympathies is Ronald MacDonald's "God Save the King" (The Century Co., \$1.50).

Another of Scott's novels comes in here, "Woodstock." This is a romantic tale, set at Woodstock, the royal demesne, and the time is after the king's flight. The story is royalist in feeling, but the hero is a fine and generous Roundhead. The view of Cromwell is interesting. Scott loves a setting like that of this old and picturesque castle, and he has evoked the whole situation between the divided English people with wonderful success.

O. V. Caine's book "Wanderer and King" tells, in a free way for boys, the story of Charles II's loss of the battle of Worcester, and his strange wanderings. It is good reading.

A most delightful book that gives many glimpses of English life during all the years between 1622 and 1685 is "John Inglesant," by J. H. Shorthouse. The book is a work of great talent, a tender, saintly, exquisite story of a rare character. It is not a story of adventure, yet you will find yourselves reading it with absorption. For it is so living and real, and especially so lovable. Though in no sense historical, it is valuable because it makes clear the strong undercurrent of thought and feeling that brought about the extraordinary historical changes of the times. And, in any case, it is a story you should know, and which you will probably re-read (MacMillan, \$1).

I have suggested a good many books for this special period in England's story because it is of such importance in the life of the nation. You will probably not be able to find them all, but from the list you can surely get enough to give you a very clear conception of both sides of the struggle.

After Naseby, England is the England of to-day. The long, long struggle between the people and their overlords, which we saw beginning in the days of Harold, had finally seen the tables turned. Henceforth, the English Government was a government by the people. There was no

longer any question of the king's controlling Parliament. Much remained to be done before freedom was a firmly established fact; but it was quickly coming into practical life.

Milton was the great literary genius of the Puritan spirit, and perhaps its finest flower. Read some of his solemnly splendid poetry in conjunction with the novels and stories I have mentioned. He wrote a great deal beside poetry. But his prose works have lost their value to-day, since the ideals they uphold are no longer in dispute.

You will find that there was much that was hard and narrow in Puritan England, as there was in Puritan America. There is something far more taking about the gay and dashing cavalier, with a pretty word for a pretty maid and a ready sword for any enemy of the king's, than in his sober opponent; who was generally more given to finding fault than to praising. Just the same, the dashing followers of Rupert and Maurice were dashed to pieces by that same quiet fellow and his like. And many things in the England of that time really deserved a lot of faultfinding, when you come down to it.

Death came to the great Cromwell with a wild storm that blew down mighty trees and tore the roofs from houses. A fitting death-song for that fighter's spirit, which was not ready to depart, seeing much work still waiting to be done.

Richard Cromwell took his father's seat, and held there for two years, a weak and worthless man, while the country was in turmoil about him. And then the people, tired out with contentions and disturbances, rows between the army and Parliament, and the entire incompetence of this new protector, called Charles II to the throne.

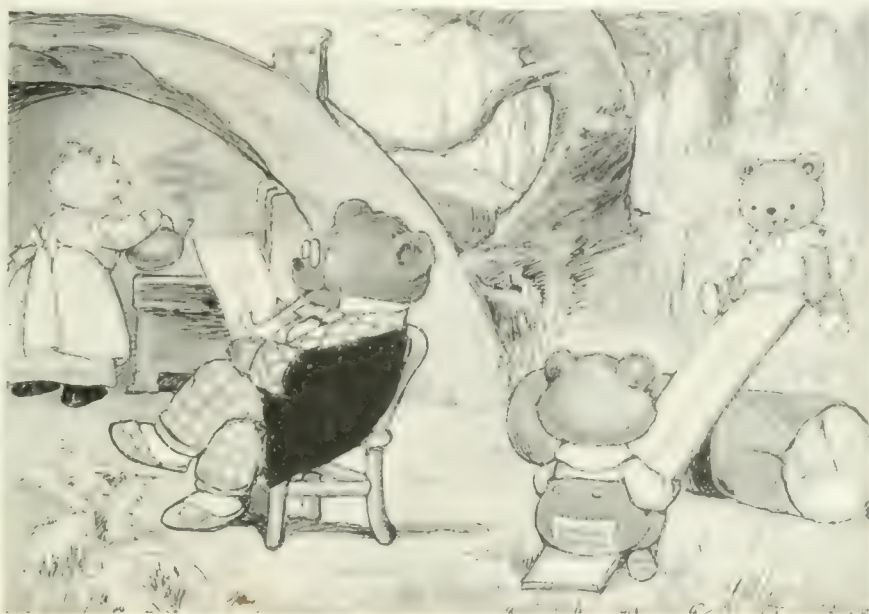
The old constitution was restored, the vote of the convention being "that according to the ancient and fundamental laws of this kingdom, the government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords, and Commons."

On the twenty-fifth of May, 1660, Charles landed at Dover. A mighty multitude welcomed him, cheering him all the way to Whitehall.

But Cromwell's old army gave no cheer of welcome. In gloomy silence, rank on rank, they watched the king as he reviewed them at Blackheath. Even careless Charles could not but shiver before these dark and stern men who had once thrown all the royal pomp of England into the dust and sent him flying at Worcester. But their work was done. Without fuss or fury, they returned to their farms and their trades, to become industrious workers in the fields and shops of England. And the last chapter in the wonderful story of Cromwell had been told.

THE BABY BEARS' FIRST ADVENTURE

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



In a deep forest, cool and dim,
There dwelt two bear-cubs fat but trim.



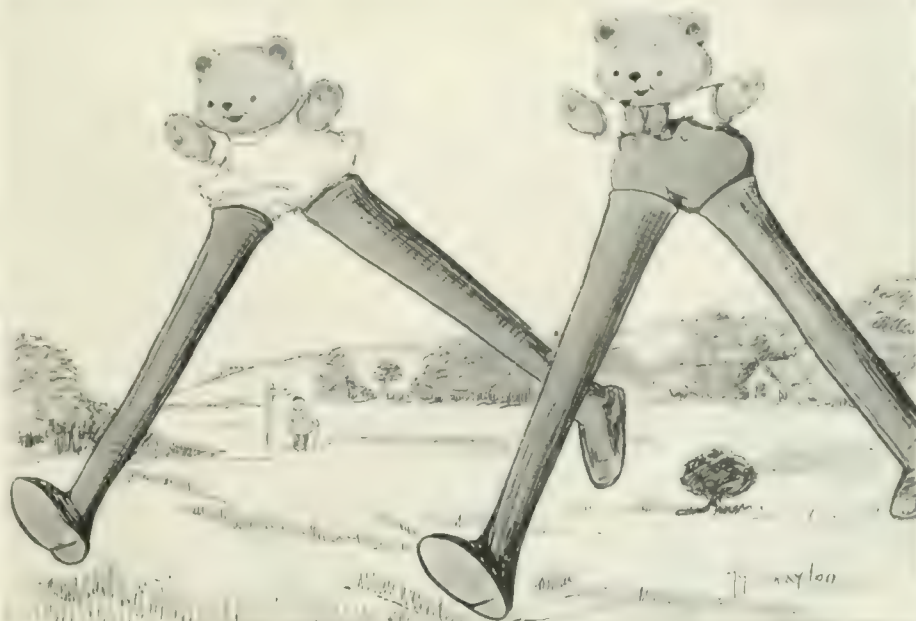
One morning, while they roamed at play,
They met an old fox, lame and gray.



She shared their luncheon, then did reach
And gave a wishing-ring to each.



For miles and miles, they roamed, I 'm told,
Until they met a monster bold.



Yet ere one bite he takes—cahoots!
They've wished for magic seven-league boots.



And, speeding home through fields and farms,
Were soon clasped in their mother's arms.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

A STRANGE COPPER-MINE

THE broad strip of land running from the border of Mexico to the border of Canada and known as the inter-mountain region, is said to contain a greater assortment of the marvels of nature and of the marvelous achievements of man than any other section of this country. From the Rocky Mountains on the east to the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the west, this strip, six hundred miles wide, is crossed and recrossed by perplexing mountain-ranges that have made the building of railroads of almost unparalleled difficulty and cost.

It is the country, too, where no rain falls for the six or seven months of summer. Its every mountain-range is a hiding-place for mineral treasures from gold to lead, from coal to fire-

Twenty miles up that rocky, winding gash in the mountains are the Utah copper-mines; and, although three thousand men are daily taking out more ore and waste than is taken from any other mine in the country, or probably in the world, it has neither shaft nor tunnel. No man works underground. It is an open mine, a *mountain of copper ore*, four miles around the base, and nearly two thousand feet high from base to summit. On winding tracks gigantic steam-shovels tear into the rocks, the gravel, the ore, and dump their load on cars that take it to the crushing mills and the smelters.

Starting from Salt Lake City, we ride over the San Pedro Railroad for fourteen miles to Garfield. Here we change to the Garfield and Bingham Railroad, a private road built and operated



A MOUNTAIN OF PORPHYRY COPPER ORE.

There are twenty-seven terraces around the mountain, carrying tracks sixty miles in length. Sixty thousand tons of material are handled every day. The summit is nearly two thousand feet above the town of Bingham.

clay; and at one point, midway in a region of deserts, of stupendous mountains, and of beautiful farms, is a mining cañon that in several respects is unsurpassed in interest by any similar spot in this country, or, perhaps, in the world.

This is Bingham Cañon in the Oquirrh range.

by the mining company, and undoubtedly the most expensive and audacious railroad in the United States. It runs for twenty miles, and for that entire distance there was not, at the start, one spot level enough to hold even a trackman's shanty, for, instead of being built along the cañon

bed, the track runs far above that bed, circling around the middle of mountains, crossing cañons on trestles from 150 to 200 feet in height, and plunging through tunnels half a mile or more in length. There are near such tracks and stations such cañons to cross, and when not in one or above the other, the track is crowded on a narrow ledge cut in the mountain side. These twenty miles of railroad cost three million dollars.

At Bingham, take a glance at the locomotive. It is one of the heaviest and most powerful ever built. It is ninety feet and six inches in length. It has sixteen driving-wheels operated by four cylinders. Its weight is 620,000 pounds. The station at Bingham is two thousand feet higher than that at Garfield. A powerful engine, a monster, is needed to tow a train of ore cars up a hill twenty miles long.

Turning from the big engine, we gasp with surprise to see the town of Bingham in the narrow cañon, six hundred feet below our station; and leading down to it a series of stairways containing more than a thousand steps. It makes this railroad the most astounding elevated railway in the world. There is only one street in Bingham, a town of three thousand inhabitants, a street that winds with sharp crooks and abrupt turns along the cañon bed. On each side, the steep mountain slopes are so close to the narrow roadway that few houses have all their foundation under the first floor. Some are three stories high in front, with only one story at the rear. We step into the hotel, and find a stairway with a small store-room at one side. There is no space for more at that level. On the second floor, we find four rooms, two of which project at the back to meet the mountain side. On the third floor are eight rooms, four of them projecting far beyond the two below them; and from this height we may pass through a doorway, walk across a

wooden bridge eight feet long, and reach the side of the mountain.

Although there are no side streets to the town, many houses are built on the mountain sides, and are reached only by a distressingly severe climb up the rocks. These houses are rude shacks,



THE ESCALATOR RAILWAY FROM THE TOWN OF BINGHAM
TO THE BRICK CEMENT FACTORY

Six hundred feet difference in the levels.

built in groups and occupied by foreign laborers—Finns, Huns, Swedes, and Austrians, who prefer to occupy their own homes in their own way rather than to live in the boarding-houses in the cañon.

These groups have distinct names. One is Greek-town, another Finnville, another, of rather better construction, the "Waldorf Astoria." Many of the shacks consist of only one room, occupied, perhaps, by four men, who do their own cooking and housekeeping. Others live, with

wives and children, in such crude houses not because the wages are low, for they are excellent, but so that they may save every possible penny. In a few years, they will return to their fatherland and become small landowners with an independence won in these mountains.

To obtain a satisfactory view of the great open

rock and dump it in a waiting car. An engine whistle may toot continuously for three or four minutes, and at the first scream of that whistle, every locomotive backs away, and every workman runs for shelter, for that shrieking whistle says, "Blast coming!" Five minutes later, a cloud of dust leaps toward the sky; a dull roar booms slow and heavy, and rocks big and little, boulders and pebbles, are hurled into the air. At the next minute, engines and men are back at work, shifting, scooping, loading.

There are twenty-seven terraces on this mountain, each carrying tracks, of which there are more than sixty miles around the enormous pile of ore. Every day 60,000 tons of material are broken down, loaded onto cars, and hauled away. It is a load for more than a thousand fifty-ton ore cars, and the yearly load would make a train of such cars that would extend from San Francisco to New York City.

But only one third of that daily output is ore of sufficient value to be crushed, milled, and smelted. Forty thousand tons are waste—rock, gravel, and silicates. But all this must be put out of the way so that the underlying deposits may be reached. It is taken to neighboring cañons and there dumped. The twenty thousand tons of ore are hauled along the High Line to Garfield, and halted near a collection of huge buildings, called the concentrating plant.

A shifting-engine pulls the load into the great ore bin on the highest level. The bin is four hundred feet long, thirty feet deep, and has two inside tracks.

We go down a long stairway into the crushing mill. The ore follows through great chutes, descending by its own weight, and is received in the heaviest and most powerful mills that are used for any purpose. Masses of rock as big as a wash-tub drop into the appalling jaws, and are crushed like eggs. These are the first mills, and



ONE OF THE TRENTLES ON THE HIGH LINE RAILROAD.
Two hundred and sixty feet high

mines, we must journey on horseback for a mile or more up the steep cañon. We ride along the uneven, straggling street, passing residences and shops, stores, amusement halls, and churches impartially mingled, and at the top of a sharp rise we come in view of the gigantic mountain that is being demolished. On terraces around its sides are snorting locomotives shifting trains of ore cars. At frequent intervals are the great steam-shovels that scoop up a wagon-load of broken

do no fine grinding, the ore passing from them into smaller mills, where it is ground as fine as corn-meal.

There is a good reason for this final grinding. The copper minerals are distributed throughout the rock in very small particles. Many pieces of rock show, to the eye, no indication of metal, for it is what is known as "low-grade ore"—1.25 to 1.75 per cent. copper. The fine grinding enables



THE COMMON LOCOMOTIVE OF THE GARGUET AND BINGHAM RAILROAD

Two hundred and eighty-two wheels on each side

the next process to save nearly all of the copper, gold, and silver.

This is the concentrating process, and is conducted in great buildings on a still lower level, where the ore dust, now mixed with water, comes down through pipes, and is distributed on tables kept continually in motion—a short, jerky shaking, such as the cook uses when she sifts flour. Diagonally across the tables are small ledges, called riffles, about as thick as a lozenge. As the shaking continues, the water and the ore dust flow slowly across the tables. The gold, the silver, and the copper, being heavier than the rock, sink and are caught by those little ledges, and work off to one side of the table, while the rock and the waste flow above the riffles to the other side.

It seems incredible that this process should save all the minute grains of metal. But it does. The percentage of gold is small, only about twenty-five cents' worth being found in a ton of the ore; but repeated scientific tests have shown that the engineers are securing almost every grain of it. Of silver and copper far larger quantities are found. The average amounts obtained every day from that 20,000 tons of ore are 200 ounces of gold, 2000 ounces of silver, and 400,000 pounds of copper, the total value being about \$75,000.

There are twelve hundred of those concentrating tables in operation for twenty-four hours every day. As the sifted metals ("concentrates," they are now called) come from the tables, they flow in streams of water into concrete pits. Here the metal sinks to the bottom, the water is drawn off, and the concentrate is shoveled into cars by steam, and sent to the smelters, about a mile away.

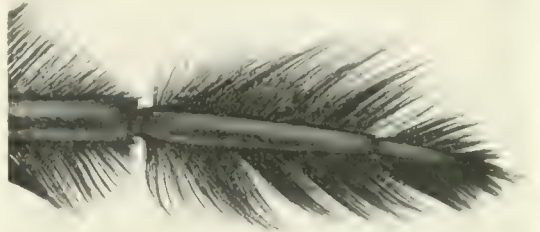
Here, subjected to intense heat in enormous caldron furnaces, the metal is melted and run into bars. In refining plants, it is again melted, and the gold, the silver, and the copper are separated.

From the sixty thousand tons of rock, gravel, and ore handled every day at the mines, only two hundred tons of pure metal are finally secured, or about one third of one per cent. But they are worth seventy-five thousand dollars.

GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON.

HOW THE INSECT CAN WALK ON WATER

THE leg of the boat-fly is so densely clothed with long hairs as to be feather-like. It is probable that the luxuriant supply of bristly hair enables the fly to walk on the water without danger of sinking, thus holding the insect on the surface in much the same way in which a snow-shoe helps the boy that wants to walk on the crust of the snow; that is, it spreads the pressure of the foot over a larger surface. In addition to this, it



THE FEATHERLIKE LEG OF A BOAT-FLY

is probable that these hairs hold air entangled in them, which may also tend to prevent the foot from sinking below the surface.

A BASKET COVERED BY A SWARM OF BEES

[Illustration of a basket covered by a swarm of bees]

DUTTON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The form of the swarm of bees shown in this picture is owing to the fact that the bees alighted on a basket, and spread over it, preserving its outline.

When bees swarm out of the hives, they go as rapidly as possible, and fly around until they usually find a tree or a bush upon which they wish to alight. If the queen is

with them, they settle in a cluster, where they may stay for several hours. But we always try to hive them as soon as possible.

This we do by tying a market basket under the bees. When the limb is shaken, most of the bees cluster on the



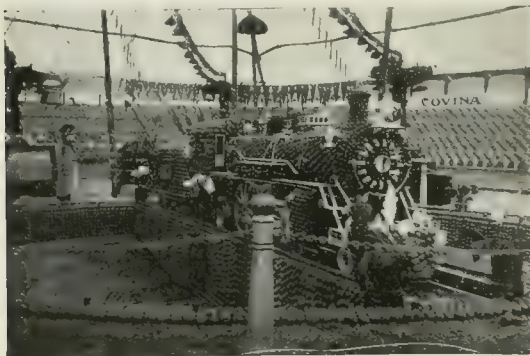
BEES ON A BASKET.

basket. Then the limb is smoked to prevent the bees from returning. This basket of bees is then taken to a new hive which has been fitted up with comb foundation, upon which the bees immediately begin to work.

PEARL LAWRENCE.

AN ENGINE MADE OF ORANGES

EVERY winter in San Bernardino, California, an orange show is held. It is held in the winter be-



AN "ENGINE" MADE OF ORANGES.

cause oranges are then at their best, and in San Bernardino because that is the center of the orange-growing country. Many attractive exhibits are shown beside oranges, of course, and out on the streets are plenty of side-shows, and peanuts, and red lemonade; but oranges are the main feature, and one can imagine how beautiful are the "golden apples," as oranges are sometimes called, when made into different forms. The engine shown in the picture is covered entirely with oranges, and it rests on a turn-table also of the fruit. Needless to say, it won first prize in its class.

CLARA HUNT SMALLWOOD.

BEAUTIFUL SCALES ON THE WINGS OF INSECTS

Most people are familiar with the fact that a powdery or mealy substance comes from the



THE "VEINS" OF THE MOSQUITO'S WING ARE BEAUTIFULLY FRINGED.

wings of butterflies and moths when they are touched, or when they come against the clothing. On account of this, they are sometimes called millers, though the term is more frequently applied to moths. The naturalist has a long Latin name for them that means scaly wings, and so calls them the *Lepidoptera*.

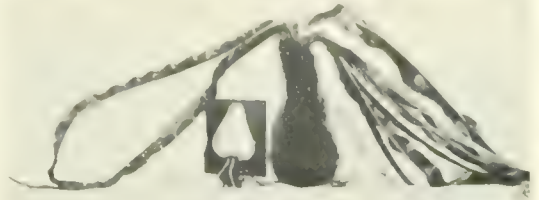
Some other kinds of insects besides the Lepi-

diptera have interesting scales on their wings. This is especially true of the mosquito, which has a very beautiful arrangement of long, flat scales arranged in rows along the veins of the wings, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Those of the butterfly are often of especially beautiful colors so arranged as to form exquisite patterns.

THE PECULIAR SLIPPING OF A RAILROAD BRIDGE

ABOUT twenty or twenty-five years ago, the bridge shown in the accompanying photograph was built in Hamilton, Canada, over what is known as Coal Oil Inlet. The structure is heavy, and is built in the usual trestle design. In time, the stagnant water, combined with the coal-oil that floated on its surface, became a nuisance and

crushed between the hands, is rubbed in water as one uses a cake of soap, a plentiful lather results. The same process may be used on a



store. The photograph shows a stripped bulb beside one in its natural shaggy wrapping.

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

AN INTERMITTENT SPRING

I AM sending you two photographs of an intermittent spring that were taken about 4:30 and 4:55 P.M., April 18, 1913, at what is locally known as "Tide Spring," about five miles northeast of Singerglen, Virginia.

Owing to the peculiar location of the spring, and the direction of the light, it was difficult to get a satisfactory view. I set up the camera and made the first exposure when the water was at its lowest, and about twenty-five minutes later, from exactly the same viewpoint, I made the second exposure, when the spring was at full flow.

There was no noise in the coming or the going of the water, but only a steady filling or emptying of the basin through its sandy bottom. One pe-



THE SPRING WHEN EMPTY



THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER COAL OIL INLET

a menace to health. The city council therefore ordered the inlet filled in, and operations were begun, the method used being to run cars loaded with gravel on the bridge, and to then dump their contents through the trestlework. One evening, a week after the work was started, the slipping of the bridge began, and it finally took the shape shown in the picture, the twist being about five feet. This movement was due, I think, to the undercurrent of water, together with the slimy mud with which this inlet is bottomed. This condition was, of course, corrected before the trains were allowed to pass over it.

JAMES MOORE.

A NATURAL CAKE OF SOAP

AN odd and useful plant of our Pacific coast is shown in this photograph—the botanist's *Chlorogalum pomeridianum*, or, in popular speech, the soaproot. The grass-like, crinkled leaves appear close to the ground in the spring, and are known to every California country-dweller. They grow from a deep-rooted bulb incased in coarse fiber. If the fiber is stripped off and the onion-like bulb,

culiar fact was that about five minutes before the water began to flow, the basin began to fill and the water rose for about two inches, then rap-

idly fell to its former level, and about five minutes later it began to rise again.

In dry seasons, the spring flows only once or



THE SPRING WHEN FULL.

twice a day, and has been known to remain quiescent for months; but when this occurs, water issues steadily from another spring at a considerable distance from this one. HARRY STALEY.

STRANGE PLACE FOR A HORNETS' NEST

A SMALL boy left his chip hat out in the shed one year, and when looking for it the following sea-



A HORNETS' NEST IN A HAT.

son, found that hornets had built a small nest upon the inside. He had heard that possession was nine points of the law, so he generously left the little tenants unmolested in their strange habitation until they had no further use for it.

JAMES G. McCURDY.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

WHAT ARE ECHOES

WHITESBORO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what makes echoes. There are some where I live.

Your interested reader,

ELISABETH ELTING.

An echo is a sound that comes back. It happens when there is something in the distance against which the vibrations of the air may strike. The sound rebounds, much like a ball that is thrown against a house, and it then comes



ON THE HILLSIDE WHERE THESE PEOPLE STAND, A CALL, EVEN IN AN ORDINARY TONE OF VOICE, COMES BACK DISTINCTLY FROM THE DISTANT HILL.

back and makes the echo. But the sound does not fall to the ground as a ball does, but goes in a straight course. Sound travels about eleven hundred or twelve hundred feet in a second, and,

therefore, the object giving the echo must be so far away that the sound shall get back some time after it has been made, and be heard separate from the original sound.—H. L. W.

LIGHT TRAVELS FASTER THAN SOUND

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often heard that, in dreams, when you are falling, if you strike the bottom, you will be killed. When the boat is near the shore, the steam and the whistle are not heard together.

Your most interested reader,

VIRGINIA C. TORREY

The reason that you see the steam from the whistle before you hear the sound is because the light, which is reflected from the steam to your eye, travels faster than the sound which comes from the whistle to your ear. Light moves at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second, while sound travels at about 1200 feet a second.

DREAMS OF FALLING

CONSACKIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often heard that, in dreams, when you are falling, if you strike the bottom, you will be killed.

Yours truly,

JUDITH MITCHELL

The dream of "falling" is one of the commonest of all dreams. Usually, the "fall" is not a sheer drop, like a physical fall, but rather a floating or gliding downward, such as is described at the beginning of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." The dream is ordinarily explained as due to some irregularity, some momentary check, or arrest, of the action of the heart.

The belief that the dreamer must wake before he strikes the bottom is very wide-spread, and probably very old. As a matter of fact, we do, in the vast majority of these dreams, wake with a start just as we are about to strike. But there are plenty of such dreams on record in which the dreamer has come to the ground, usually with a forward glide which does away with the shock. In one instance, however, the dreamer fell with a crash, broke to pieces, picked herself up, and put herself together again! This form of ending is, doubtless, rare; the other form (which I have myself experienced) shows that "landing" is not fatal.—E. B. TITCHENER.

BIG MINUTES AND LITTLE MINUTES

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why does the time go the same when the big clocks sometimes have bigger minutes than small clocks?

HELEN RUSHEN, AGE TEN

The minute-hand of a clock or a watch revolves completely around the dial once in sixty minutes.

The hour-hand does so once in twelve hours. But, to accommodate the larger hands, the space representing the minute is made longer; but a longer hand or a shorter hand does not change the time of the revolution. A minute on a big clock is one sixtieth of a revolution of the minute-hand, and a minute on the smallest watch is also one sixtieth of a revolution of the minute-hand, and the time of the revolution is exactly the same in the two. Therefore, a minute has just the same length on each.—E. F. B.

If you will take a pencil and paper and draw a line around a saucer or plate placed upside down on the paper, you will have a circle similar to that of the face of a clock. Then, if you will take something smaller, about the size of a watch



DIAGRAM OF A WATCH AND A CLOCK WITHIN A CLOCK FACE

—a butter plate or the bottom of a vase may do, and draw another circle exactly in the middle of the larger one, you will be able to study the question. First make a dot at the center of the two circles, and with a ruler or any straight edge draw a line from the dot out to the larger circle; this line will be like the hand of a watch from the center to the small circle, and it will be like the hand of a clock out at the large circle. Now if you will make a dot about the distance of a minute on the clock circle, and draw another line from it to the center, you will see that the distance on the small circle is much smaller. You will then be able to understand that the clock and watch hands make the same angle in going a minute, and that they will go clear around in the same time; but the larger the circle, the greater the distance to be traveled.—H. L. W.



ONE of the unending joys of the League is the constant succession of "jolly" pictures sent in by the young photographers—scenes in which the spirit of happiness reigns supreme. No matter what the setting or background may be, the active life represented seems almost always to reflect entire contentment with the present moment or the gleeful, buoyant mood of youth. A glance at the little pictures on page eighty-seven shows how true this is—for the spirit of sport, of jollity, of complete satisfaction, or of abounding happiness pervades them all. And the tide of such pictures that pours in, month by month, makes us feel what a fortunate country is this great land of ours—when such scenes are every-day happenings in all its far-stretching levels and in the shadows of its hills, along its inland water-courses and "by the blown sea-foam" of its widely sundered shores.

There is cause enough for Thanksgiving, indeed, when a country of a hundred millions can show such multitudes of its cheery young folk, day by day, throughout the year, in carefree enjoyment of "the great outdoors."

A keen love of fun, moreover, gives zest and breeziness to the prose and verse this month. In both there are several contributions that display genuine humor on the part of their young authors, and of a kind which their fellow-members of the League will not fail to appreciate. The young artists, too, have shown that they are not a whit behind their comrades in this respect, and their work exhibits both cleverness of fancy and admirable skill in drawing.

So the magazine is justly proud of its League contributors, one and all, and wishes them even greater triumphs in the new volume which begins with this November number.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 165

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Griffith M. Harsh** (age 14), Douglas, Ariz.

Silver badges, **Marie Harjes** (age 13), Neuilly-sur-Seine, France; **Alice Borncamp** (age 12), Winona, Minn.; **Mildred Sweney** (age 15), St. Joseph, Mo.; **Lile E. Chew** (age 17), Morristown, N. J.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Hope Satterthwaite** (age 13), New York City; **Dorothy C. Snyder** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y. Silver badges, **Weare Holbrook** (age 17), Onawa, Ia.; **Josephine Lytle Livingood** (age 12), Newport, R. I.; **Randolph Goodridge** (age 13), Hartford, Conn.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Louise M. Graham** (age 14), Seattle, Wash.

Silver badges, **Isabel Emory** (age 15), Westfield, N. J.; **Isabella Steele** (age 8), Waukon, Ia.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Junior Scruton** (age 16), Sedalia, Mo.

Silver badges, **Duncan Mellor** (age 14), Plainfield, N. J.; **Lambert F. Dickenson** (age 14), New York City; **Mildred Gould** (age 10), Hinsdale, Ill.; **Dorothy Steffan** (age 15), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Ella H. Snavelly** (age 16), Manheim, Pa.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Ida Cramer** (age 12), Reinbeck, Ia.; **Muriel W. Clarke** (age 13), White Plains, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Mary L. Angles** (age 12), Douglas, Ariz.; **Bernard Candip** (age 14), New York City.



"DURING VACATION." BY HARRIET CUMMINS, AGE 12.



"DURING VACATION" BY DUNCAN MELLOR, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A SONG OF THE HILL

BY JOHN SUTHERLAND (AGE 11)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won September, 1913.)

The haughty mountain lifts high its proud head
And bears aloft its shining crest of snow.
It scarcely deigns to look where creatures tread,
It gives no thought to what may pass below.
Around its jagged peaks the vultures wheel
And scream above the tempest and the storm.
It seems its very majesty to feel,
And proudly raises up its mighty form.



"PEERING AHEAD." BY LINDA C. DENN, GOLD BADGE.
(SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1914.)

But more I love the gentle wooded hill
Which rises, sloping, from the meadows green.
It seems to love the little trickling rill
That, running at its foot, completes the scene
Of peace and quiet beauty, nature's own.
The hill smiles on the pleasant farms beneath,
The mountain frowns and stands aloft and lone.
I love the hill which rises from the heath.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

BY GRIFFITH M. HARSH (AGE 14)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won September, 1913.)

Soon after breakfast the three lads of Camp Delight set out for a tramp up the cañon. Of course Brix, the dog, accompanied them.

The Chiricahui Mountains are said to be inhabited by many kinds of wild animals. The boys hoped to see some of them.

George carried a twenty-two rifle with which he had successfully brought down a tomato can from a stick the day before, and, therefore, felt confident of his power to protect the party. Walter was armed with a Brownie No. 2, and Charlie led the bulldog.

A good deal of superfluous energy was worked off in scrambling up the steep walls of the cañon. A sharp lookout was kept for rattlesnakes and Gila monsters.

As the boys had recently come from a prairie home, they were filled with admiration at the sight of the gigantic pines, sycamores, and many other forest trees native to these mountains.

Following the trail for some miles up the cañon, it led them near a large cave, which they stopped to explore. The most remarkable thing within it was the

resemblance to a warrior's head, formed of stone. They fancied it some fierce old Apache chief, whose war-whoop had often echoed from these towering cliffs.

After the cave came lunch. Seated under a juniper-tree, the boys enjoyed their sandwiches and grape-juice; unlike Elijah, not wishing they were dead—but very glad to be alive. Lunch over, the boys felt brave enough for anything, and, penetrating into a mysterious-looking thicket, they peered ahead to see the cause of Brix's uneasy whine.

Disturbed from his acorn feast, a huge bear rose on his haunches a few yards away.

"What happened next" was the flight of three very brave (?) youngsters down the stony trail—hurrying home to gather wood for the camp-fire.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

BY LINDA C. DENN (AGE 15)

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Fly, "I wish I could have a minute's peace; I'm nearly tired to death."

"Ah! there 's the sugar-bowl! I guess I'll stop there a moment, for I *do* love sugar. *Thaw!* what was that?" I guess I'll move on. That cake looks good. I'll sample it. I'm! Ah! that 's! Swish!" "Goodness! they almost had me then. *Why* were those human beings ever made? They're the torment of our lives."

"I'm going to try that man's head next, it looks nice and smooth."

"There, now I'm comfortable, I'm going to sleep."

Swish! Swish!

"Oh, dear! I did n't know that man had a paper in his hand."

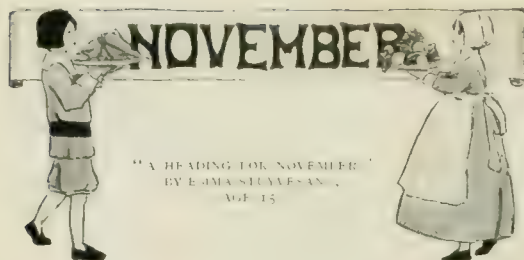
"Oh, dear, where can I go now? I'll stop on that plate, and freshen myself up a bit."



"PEERING AHEAD." BY LINDA C. DENN, GOLD BADGE.
(SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1914.)

"I am so tired, I wonder what will happen next—"

Swish! Swish! Poor Mr. Fly soon found out what happened next.



A SONG OF THE SEA

BY DOROTHY C. SNYDER (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won January, 1912)

O clouds that float so bright on high,
Up in the heavens of blue,
As you go sailing slowly by,
Take me along with you,
And let me, too, sail far away
To where the waves leap wild and gay,
And there I'll stay for e'er and aye,
Beside the great blue sea.

O wand'ring wind that shakes the trees
And wails, now faint, now strong,
As you go wafting onward, please,
Oh, please! take me along
To where the green-blue water curls,
And backward sways, then onward swirls,
And masses of green seaweed hurls
Beside the great blue sea.

For, oh! I sometimes long all day
To see the water blue,
And run my fingers through the sand,
And watch, my whole life through,
The breakers as they onward dash,
And hear them as they wildly crash
Against the rocks, and backward splash,
Into the great blue sea.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

(A true story)

BY MARIE HARTES (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My sister Hope and I had been invited to spend a week end with a friend at Chantilly, near Paris.

Our excitement was hard to keep within bounds, for, apart from the pleasures awaiting us at Chantilly, we were going away from home, for the first time in our lives, quite alone.

All spare time was employed in discussing which costumes, sweaters, hats, and dresses would be needed for tennis, golfing, driving, motoring, and indoor entertainments, because much of a varied character would happen in the short visit.

Our views on the subject of dress were on a more extensive scale than those of our mother and maid, who did not look forward to the proposed trip with the same intense interest that we did.

While we were thus crazily agitating ourselves and every one else about us, our English governess was making preparations to go to her home.

The auspicious Friday dawned a perfect June day, and I awoke with a feeling that something extraordinarily pleasant was coming. Of course! Chantilly! I must run to Hope's room and wake her up! But

what was that curious stiffness in my neck? It felt swollen, and hurt me when I moved. I found Hope awake. She called out: "Marie, the day has come! can you believe it? But what is the matter?"

I had to confess that I was not feeling well, and pointed to my throat. Hope gave a look of horrified dismay, and together we went to our governess's room. Miss Clover tried to keep her cheerful calm, and said the doctor should be telephoned for, though probably I only had a little cold. The doctor arrived, and in a matter-of-fact way announced, "Mumps!"

What happened next?

Not what we had foreseen through the rose-colored spectacles of happy anticipation, but an isolated bedroom, and the remembrances of what "was to have been" but—"was not!"

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

BY ESTHER FREEMAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned bright and clear, and the rising sun, peeping over the hills, roused the inmates of the old Halloway homestead to their preparations for this day of thanks.

The relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Halloway were scattered far and wide throughout the Southern States, but for many years they had had an annual reunion at the old home on Thanksgiving Day. This year there was to be no departure from the old rule, and so, after an early breakfast, the permanent members of the household separated, to accomplish their various duties in preparation for the coming guests. Some busied themselves in putting the house in order, others packed baskets to carry to less fortunate neighbors, and Mrs.

Halloway repaired to the kitchen to aid Hannah in preparing dinner.

The hour for dinner was set for one, and by twelve o'clock all had arrived. Scattered all over the grounds were groups of jolly, laughing people. Mrs. Halloway, having done all she could in the kitchen, was bustling about with her usual southern hospitality, making every one comfortable, while old Mr. Halloway made a pretty picture as he sat on the broad veranda enjoying himself in the midst of a group of grandchildren.

At last the welcome dinner-gong sounded, and the crowd trooped into the spacious dining-room, where the table literally groaned under the weight of the good cheer placed on it. Surely no more appetizing array had ever greeted a holiday party.

When all had found their places, Mr. Halloway arose from his seat at the head of the table, and gave thanks for all the blessings which had been granted them during the year. Then he began carving the big turkey.

Now, eliminating the possibility of a fire or other accident, I think that no one will have any difficulty in imagining—what happened next.



"DURING VACATION." BY
IRMA SUMMA, AGE 16.



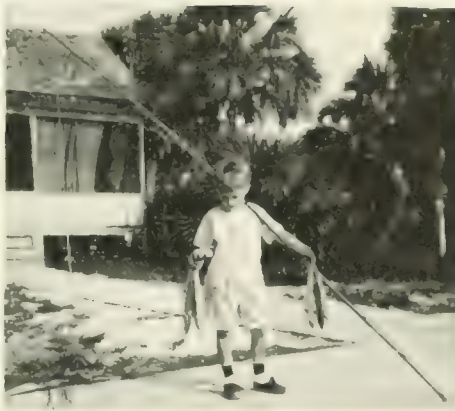
BY MARY ED GOULD, AGE 13. (SILVER TALE.)



BY HENRY AND FRED, AGES 11 AND 12.



BY ALICE HUGH, AGE 11.



BY MARION ADAMS, AGE 11.



BY MARK S. CLARK, AGE 14.



BY HARRY LOW, AGE 11.



BY MARY E. LAUGHT, AGE 12.



BY EDNA LOWE, AGE 14.



BY ALICE WATKINS, AGE 15.

"DURING VACATION."

THE SONG OF THE SEA

BY WILKIE HOLBROOK (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

Out where the broad-winged, flapping sea-gull flies,
A feverish sailor in his hammock lies.
The hammock slowly, smoothly, softly swings;
The tired sailor shuts his burning eyes.

He dimly hears the billows' frothy hiss.
The curling waves run by and seem to kiss
The moving hulk* that presses them aside,
"What have I heard," he asks, "that sounds like this?"

The evening breeze blows through the woodlands wild.
He hears a mother crooning to her child,
And, breathless, sees the humble cot inside
The rude stone fence that he himself had piled.

Beyond the well-worn, white-scrubbed threshold there,
He sees a woman sitting in a chair,
And, nestled in her arms, a ruddy babe.
Her eyes are wistful, and her face is fair.

He pauses at the lintel-post to hear
The song. It has no bird-like note of cheer;
Its rich, sweet melody ends in a sob.
Upon the mother's cheek there shines a tear.

Out where the broad-winged, flapping sea-gull flies,
The sailor wakes and scans the waves and skies,
Then, disappointed, shuts his eyes again.
"T was but the singing of the sea," he sighs.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

BY ALICE BORNCAMP (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

It was a dark and gloomy night. The wind, sweeping across the ocean, piled up the mountainous waves and hurled them against the great cliffs with thunderous roars. At intervals the rain beat down upon the ocean and upon the village which stood near by, but at times

than before, for she now had something interesting to look upon. A cottage door was slowly opening, and a young girl, muffled in a long cloak, was stealing out. She crept cautiously down the street, pausing now and then to glance fearfully behind her, as though dreading pursuit. Then, drawing her cloak more closely about her, she hurried on. The moon was so interested by this strange proceeding that she utterly refused to withdraw her gaze and retire behind the clouds, although they frowned fiercely at her. What did she care for mere clouds when something so unusual was happening?

The girl had now left the village behind her and was hurrying up the lonely road. Reaching the top of the hill, she paused and peered anxiously into the darkness. Suddenly a horseman galloped out from the underbrush and came toward her. At first she started, as if in fear, then turned and ran rapidly forward.

But alas for the moon. As though to pun-

ish her idle curiosity, the clouds roared angrily and pounced upon her, enveloping her with a mist so thick and dark that she could not see through it. And to this day the moon still wonders what happened next.



"DURING VACATION," BY YVONNE ZENITH,
AGE 14

A SONG OF THE HILLS

BY GRACE NOLAN SHERBURNE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

GAZE on the mountains, peaceful, grand, sublime,
They fill my heart with awe akin to fear;
How well through ages past, untouched by time,
Have they survived wild tempests year by year!

Upon the deep blue of the summer sky,
They have been painted by a master hand;
Against the clouds which glide sedately by,
Like mighty bulwarks of the north, they stand.

In purple haze the distant mountains lie,
A drowsy hush descends on lake and hill;
Light breezes in the hemlocks softly sigh,
With lazy murmur hums the little rill.

The flaming sun sinks slowly out of sight,
For one brief space a vagrant sunset gleam
Flashes like fire along the rocky height;
E'en as it fades, I waken from my dream.

Now in the west the twilight, dim and gray,
Blots out the sun's last glimmering beam of light.
The mountains in the mist, awaiting day,
Slumber beneath the shining stars to-night.



"DURING VACATION," BY ELLA H. SNAYELY, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE)

it ceased, and the moon peered timidly over an edge of cloud, only to hastily withdraw, frightened at the gloomy scene she looked upon.

In the village all was dark. No one wished to stay awake to hear the rain beat fitfully on the roofs and the wind whistle down the street.

When the moon appeared again, she stayed longer

A SONG OF THE SEA

BY DOROTHY LYLE LIVINGOOD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, sing me a song of the sea, yo ho!
 Where the winds blow wild and free,
 Where the billows rise to a monstrous size,
 And you cling to the mast with your life as the prize.
 Oh, that is the kind of a life for me,
 A life on the sea, yo ho!

Oh, sing me a song of the sea, yo ho!
 Where the fog is thick and damp;
 Where the wild fog bell is used to tell
 That some poor ship went down in the swell.
 Oh, that is the kind of a life for me,
 A life on the sea, yo ho!

Oh, sing me a song of the sea, yo ho!
 Where the sun's rays gild the ship
 With its first pale light, as it comes to sight,
 Welcomed by sailors as end of the night.
 Oh, that is the kind of a life for me,
 A life on the sea, yo ho!

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

(A true incident)

BY MILDRED SWENLEY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

At the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, Miss O—— was in a young ladies' seminary not far from St. Louis, Missouri. The president of the college was a northerner, but there were many daughters of stanch southerners attending this school.

There were, at this time, lawless bands known as bushwhackers. Although inclined to favor Confederacy, these reckless men would do anything to further their interests.

Early one morning the bushwhackers burned most of the town, and the young ladies of the school were greatly terrified when, later in the day, Anderson, the guerilla, drove his band into the school campus.

Although the president of the school had fled for his life, many of the scholars were still waiting for their parents to send for them. Miss O——, foreseeing danger, quickly



"A WELCOME GREETING" IN ISABEL EMORY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

ran to the chapel, and, as she was an accomplished musician, played "Dixie" on the organ for all she was worth. Entering the chapel, the bushwhackers seemed to quiet down, while at their bidding Miss O—— played many southern tunes. When finally they took their departure, the scholars wondered, with intense excitement mingled with fear, what would happen next.

Those who were able to sleep were awakened very early by the tramping of soldiers. Again Miss O—— took her place at the organ, and as the bluecoats ap-

proached, the rich tones of the "Star Spangled Banner" issued from the chapel. After many northern songs had been played, the soldiers departed, and the girls were enabled to reach their homes in safety.



"A WELCOME GREETING" IN MILDRED SWENLEY, AGE 15.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

BY LILLIE CHLAW (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

The gun was fired and five boats shot by the buoy in front of the club house. They had a speed of from eighteen to twenty-five miles an hour, and the race-course was five miles long. The boats had to go over it three times, before they finished.

All the spectators were full of interest from the beginning, and especially those who were shouting for the *Winner*. This was a long, narrow, white boat, and its speed was twenty miles an hour.

The first lap was run, and as she passed the starting buoy, she slowed down and stopped. For ten minutes she lay there, and the two young men who were running her worked furiously at the engines. At last the *Winner* started again, and though there was small chance of her coming in first, the men

ran her around the remaining two times. The other four were well on their second lap when she started, but as they drew near the buoy, way in the distance, *Winner* could be seen coming down the lake at top speed. The four passed the buoy, and several minutes later *Winner* passed it, and was then on her last lap.



"A WELCOME GREETING" IN LILLIE CHLAW, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Everybody shouted, but there was no response from those in the boat. Their eyes were fastened on those so far ahead of them now.

For a short time they passed out of sight, and then all eyes were turned to the on-coming racers. *Winner* was slowly gaining. They came nearer the end, and *Winner* steadily gained until she passed three of the boats. It seemed impossible for her to pass the fourth, but at the last minute she shot through the water, and came in a few feet ahead of her opponent.



"A WELCOME GUEST." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 15.

A SONG OF THE SEA

BY RANDOLPH GOODRIDGE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

FAR from the reach of land,
In the great ocean's hand,
Far out at sea;
Far 'neath the foaming deep
Where the great billows sweep,
Oceans their secrets keep,
Ever to be.

Down 'neath the churning foam,
Where the great fishes roam,
Silence does reign.
Down 'neath the shining blue,
Boat, ship, and sailor, too,
Oft have gone, never to
Rise up again.

O'er all the ocean flows,
Its bright blue never shows
What lies beneath;
Never its secrets told,
Ever the ocean old
Holds ships, and men, and gold,
Past all belief.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

(*A true story*)

BY NANCY LONG YUILLE (AGE 11)

My father has told me many interesting stories of his boyhood, and one which I like the best of all is this:

He was at the age of about nine or ten, when he loved sugar so much, that it seemed that he could never get enough of it. So one rainy day he went to the

store-room where the sugar-barrel was kept. He had it in his mind to have for once all of the sugar he wanted. He knew that his mother was up-stairs lying down with a sick headache, and his father was not at home, so he had a good chance.

He started in by just putting his hands into the barrel, but finally thinking that he had very little time to himself, he got farther in, and being very short, fell head first into the barrel; in his attempt to get out quickly, he turned over the sugar-barrel on himself.

He had sugar in his hair, in his eyes, and both hands were full.

The cook, hearing the noise from the falling barrel, ran into the room, to see what was the matter, and when she saw little Tom all covered over with sugar, she was very much surprised, for she nor anybody else had heard him go in there.

She ran directly to his mother's room, pulling Tom after her, to tell her of the mishap. His father had just arrived, so he went out into the hall and took him into the next room, and I think we all know—what happened next.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Melville Otter
Charles Martin Burrill
Edward R. Williams
Marjorie Moran
Edith Lucie Weart
Pearl E. Travis
Clarice Leurs
Ivan Clyde Lake
Cornelia Tucker
Thais Plaisted
Mabel Dana
Elizabeth Kales
Constance Quinby
Edith M. Levy
Clara Snyderacker
Margaret Pratt
Adelaide H. Elliott
Laura Morris
Henrietta L. Perrine
Priscilla Weeks
Eleanor W. Haasis
Ruth C. Harris
Helen A. Winans
Margaret M. Horton
Edna Walts
Mary T. Lyman
S. Frances Hershey
Emily S. Stafford
Dorothy M. Russell
Laura Hadley
Jack Flower
Carolyn Pierce
Beatrice Fischer
Fanny Marr
Gjems Fraser
Marion L. Williams
Helen E. Adams
Sarah Roody
R. Mary Reed
Elsie Barker
Margaret Laughlin
Helen H. Stern
Adelaide H. Noll
Elizabeth Skinner
C. Rosalind Holmes
Elsie Stuart
Richard M. Gudeman
Eleanor Fullerton
Charles B. Hale
Edyth Walker
Martha Williams
Lucile Luttrell
Mary B. Boynton
Margaret Pennewell
Marjorie Riley
Evelyn Ollison
Breckons

Florence G. Shaw
Eleanor North Mann
Margaret Watson
Maybelle Louise
Pioget
Eleanor K. Newell
Helen E. Westfall
Margaret M. Benney
Hilda Gaunt
Robert Wormser
Lois Murray Weill
Laura Wild
Henry Bellis Van Fleet
Margaret H. Topliff
Mary L. D. West
Lillian Green

Eugenia Towle
Clarisse Spencer
De Bost
Frances Kestenbaum
Alice L. Chinn

VERSE, 1

Louise Redfield
Grace N. Helfstein
Marian Thanhouse
Margaret Tildsley
Elsa A. Synnestvedt
Flora McDonald
Cockrell
Christina Phelps



"A WELCOME GUEST." BY WILHELMINA BABCOCK, AGE 17.

Martha H. Comer
Gaston A. Lintner
Lois Hopkins
Elizabeth Badger
Caroline Adams
Frederica Winestine
Dorothy Manwell

Lucile E. Fitch
Elsie Emery Glenn
John C. Farrar
Harriet Eagle
Nell Adams
Elsie L. Lustig
Margaretta C. Johnson

Bruce I. Simonds
Betty Humphreys
Frederick Reynolds
Lucy A. Little
Elizabeth Morrison
Dorothy
John Valley Maxwell
Sarah M. Trickey
Helen G. Rockin
Frances I. Barr
Winifred Manning
Smith

Adeline Chapman
Frances G. Blue
Vera M. Queen
Vernie Peacock
Charlotte Halsey
Hazel K. Sawyer
Linda Van Norden
Eleanor Linton
Dorothy Rose
Oppenheim
Ruth L. Franc
Katherine G. Batts
Beth M. Nichols
Elizabeth Leicester
Constance Clifford
Lang

Lucy W. Remond
Jean E. Freeman
Eugenia B. Sheppard
Emmanuel Barthelme
Fannie Farbstein
Madeleine Wild
Jeanette Everett Laws
Grace Franklin
Marion Munson
Christopher G.

La Farge, Jr.
Harriet W. McKim
Isabel Rathborne
Grace Hammill
Robert H. Walter
Lidda Kladiwko
Lucy Mackay
L. E. Barbour
Emily Legg

Elizabeth H. Kendrick
Felice H. Jarecky
Florence W. Jowle
Helen Krauss
Adeline R. Eveleth
Frances Caroline
Kroyster

Maryjane M. Carroll
Maria B. Platt
Doris F. Packard
Forris Atkinson
Mary A. Porter
Virginia Houlihan
Mary Sumner Benson
Elizabeth Hendee
Doris F. Halman
Eugenie W. DeKalb
Edith Sturgis
Walter B. Foster
Judith Matlack
Elizabeth Burnham
Eleanor Johnson
Herbert A. Harris

DRAWINGS, 1

Jennie E. Everden
Louise Spalding
Alice S. Little
Ruth Huntington
E. Theo. Nelson
John Latta
Margaret E. Nicolson
Henry P. Teall
Dorothy Hughes
Lucy C. Holt
Robert Martin
Emma Katherine
Anderson
Dorothy L. Lutz
Vahe Garabedian
Dorothy L. Mackay
Mary Lyon
Frances B. Gardiner
Loena King
Charles Dahl
Wilhelmina B. Thursday
Clarence R. Smith
Ward B. Ihnen

Dorothy E. Handsaker
Janet Steinhilber Taylor
Anne Lee Haynes
Charles Howard
Vernon
Nora Strong
Hildegard Beck
May Winmar
Emma Glassman
Hectora Gledrey
Lushaw K. Porritt
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.
Sarah L. Major
Sarah W. Kulas
Margaret Maud Madd
Dorothy M. Graham
Gerda C. Richards
John E. Bruce
Harriet T. Parsons
Katharine Owers
Eleanor Pelham
Kortheuer
Lucy B. Grey
Elizabeth Willcox
Alice D. Rukelman
Horton H. Hunsaker
Elizabeth Wood

DRAWINGS, 2

Frances A. Palmer
Rachel Houghton



NOVEMBER

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY
ISABELLA STEELE, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Mary K. Greene
Elmer Krohn
Alice M. Hughes
Mary Huntington
Isabel Bachelor
Clementine Bachelor
Emily C. Acker
Marguerite Clark
Lina G. Hill
Alta I. Davis
Lyman D. James
Jack Hopkins

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Leroy Salzenstein
Erida Louise
Lennschner
Hester Alida Emmett
Ethel C. E. Chard
Alfred Willis Bastress
Genevieve Blanchard
Cornelia M. Cotton
Josephine Root
Vaughn J. Byron
Kathryn Lyman
Beatrice N. Penny
Dorothy V. Tyson
Hortense Douglas
Eleanor L. Coates
Lucy A. Benjamin
Louise Northrup
Eleanor Thomas
Charlotte M. Fawn
Rachel Trowbridge
Mary E. Springle
Elizabeth W. Passans
James W. Frost
Helen H. Van Valer
Sibyl F. Weymouth
Selvia Wilson
Hilda Lord
Dorothy M. Parsons
Esther R. Harrington
Carolyn Archbold
Martha L. Clark
Alexander Scott
Eleanor Stevenson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Anna Caroline Crane
Elizabeth Richardson
George W. Howe
Jack Harris
Persis S. Miller
Margaret Hinds
Theodore L. Chisholm
Jasper Keeler
Elizabeth S. E. Brooks
John J. Miller, Jr.

PUZZLES, 1

Alberta B. Burton
Henry S. Johnson
Margaret Blake
Ethel L. Bates
Mildred W. Longstreth
Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.
Helen Ziegler

PUZZLES, 2

Chesley Hastings
Jean F. Benswanger
Alma Chesnut
Darius E. Benswanger
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Elwyn B. White
Margaret E. Cohen
Joe Earnest

PUZZLES, 3

Anne C. Coburn
Elizabeth Jones
Betty May Howe
M. Isabelle Davis
Tom Winston
Dorothy C. Walsh
Hilda Libby

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 169

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 169 will close **November 10** (for foreign members **November 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Greeting," or "The Autumn Woods."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of an Old Attic."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Uphill," or "Downhill."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Jack-o'-Lantern Time," or a Heading for **March**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-Box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed envelope torn off the paper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition," or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



A BIRTHDAY GREETING

THIS November number marks the date when ST. NICHOLAS is forty years o—no, not *old*—is forty years *young*. For ST. NICHOLAS, like Santa Claus, is simply another name for The Spirit of Youth, which never can grow old. If you choose to apply the word in the way that boys and girls speak of their cronies as “dear old Jack” or “dear old Jill”—well and good. Indeed, on the very first page of the very first number, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the beloved editor, paid a warm-hearted tribute in the name of all young folk, to “dear old St. Nicholas, with his pet names ‘Santa Claus,’ ‘Kriss Kringle,’ ‘St. Nick,’ and we don’t know how many others. Is he not the acknowledged patron saint of New York, America’s greatest city? Did n’t his image stand at the prow of the first emigrant ship that ever sailed into New York Bay? Certainly. And what is more, is n’t he the kindest, the best, and the jolliest old dear that ever was known? Certainly, again.”

True indeed; and since that happy day what a host of young folk have spoken just as warmly of the magazine that was named in his honor, and have found that so long as they were boys and girls, ST. NICHOLAS was of just the right age for them,—was just as old as they were.

It is true, too, of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE and of Santa Claus, that they have not only the same name, but the same ideal and special purpose: their one “excuse for being” is to make everybody in general and young folk in particular as happy as it is possible for them to be. The main difference between the two is that Santa comes but once a year, while ST. NICHOLAS makes twelve visits in the same interval—one for each month of the round dozen. Moreover, it has now maintained this pace for forty years without skipping a single month—has completed twelve times as many calls as the Christmas saint—and yet has kept as young as ever! Surely here is a miracle greater than any ever wrought by the blessed Santa himself!

And with this happy result: that, to-day, all over this wide land of ours, in Europe, and the

islands of the sea—we might truly say all round the world—there are thousands and thousands of boys and girls and of grown men and women, yes, even of grandfathers and grandmothers, who rejoice that this is so, and who share our pride in the record of those forty years.

For a truly glorious record it has been. ST. NICHOLAS was not only a new magazine, but from its very beginning a new *kind* of magazine. It set itself to prove, from the first, that only the best was good enough for boys and girls, as for their elders. The manifold achievements which its history presents are referred to, at length, in the pages alongside this number’s Table of Contents. We bespeak a careful reading of those pages by all our boys and girls and their parents as well, for we feel sure they will welcome, on this anniversary, a reminder of the good things and the good times that the magazine has brought into their lives.

Let us all rejoice, therefore, that ST. NICHOLAS, now that he “is come to forty year,” is young at heart as ever—as all who love and live for young folk must needs be. And turning back to that first page of the magazine, forty years ago, we realize how much truer it is to-day than it was then,—and in a marvelously better way,—that “ST. NICHOLAS” is indeed “the boys’ and girls’ own Saint, the especial friend of young folk the world over.” To our readers and their parents, this is a familiar story, an oft-told tale. The “Letter-Box” of this month, or of any month, and the host of equally ardent missives which we have no room to print, show clearly enough the esteem and affection in which the magazine is held. And to each of its readers, it makes this birthday pledge: So long as you are a boy or a girl, ST. NICHOLAS will be your chum, your crony, and—just as old as you are.

We may even add a confidential whisper that, if you wish to remain young, there is no better way to accomplish it than to form the habit of reading ST. NICHOLAS when you are eight years old, and continue that good habit until you are eighty.

THE LETTER-BOX

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five or six years, and I cannot tell you how much I enjoy you. My father took you, also, when he was a boy, and I have about twenty old volumes of St. NICHOLAS bound. I just love to look over them and read them.

I liked "The Lucky Sixpence" so very much that I bought the book, and I am going to do the same with "Beatrice of Denewood."

Your base-ball articles are helpful as well as interesting, and I often remember the helpful things that Mr. Claudy wrote about. I especially like the one on "Signals and Signal-Stealing."

Your interested reader,

EDITH ROSAMOND MERRILL (age 11).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how I enjoy and appreciate you. I am a member of the League, but am nearing the age limit.

You are a truly delightful magazine, and I am sure that I am reading *good* reading when I have you. "The Land of Mystery" certainly abounds in mystery and interest.

In the July number, there was a most beautiful poem entitled "Wandering," by a girl thirteen years old. You don't know how I love that poem, and I know it by heart. The poem I refer to is on page 857.

Your loving reader,

HELEN G. RANKIN.

HILLSBORO, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken the St. NICHOLAS since 1907, this is the first letter I have ever written to you.

I enjoy every page of the St. NICHOLAS, and I like to read the poems and stories that other girls and boys about my age have written in the League, and I often wonder if I could do as well.

I like all the short stories, and also the continued ones, especially "The Land of Mystery."

I think the Letter-Box is fine, and I always read every letter. I think the letters from girls and boys in Australia, China, Chile, or any other country are so interesting and instructive.

I am fourteen years old, and I enter high school this fall. My sister, Patty, is eight, and will go into the third grade.

We have a little black kitten named "Imp." It spends most of its time upon the transom or the grape-arbor. It ran away twice, but we found it again.

Although Hillsboro is not a very large place, we girls have very good times, swimming and playing croquet in the summer, and coasting in the winter.

I am keeping all my St. NICHOLAS MAGAZINES, and on rainy days, I like to get them and read the stories over again.

I lend my magazines to the other girls, and we all enjoy them very much.

Sincerely yours,

NARKA NELSON.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Nature and Science department of the August number, we saw an account of blackbirds attacking people in Los Angeles, California. We were very interested, as we had a similar experience in the same city.

We live here, and going to school one morning, some blackbirds flew at us, and tried to peck our heads. We became frightened and ran.

When we got home, we were assured it was a common occurrence.

We are very interested and excited over your two serial stories. We think that all your departments are fine, too.

Your interested readers,

DOROTHY KLAUBER,

MARY MATTHEWS.

CLOUDCROFT, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never written to you before, I thought I would tell you about the country I live in. I live in El Paso, Texas, but, at present, I am spending the summer in the Sacramento Mountains.

El Paso is just across the Rio Grande from Juarez, Mexico, and on the border line. The Rio Grande has been changing its course for a long time. Gradually it has taken land from Mexico and added it to the United States. After great discussion, the United States paid Mexico for the disputed territory.

There have never been floods here, but about sixteen years ago, the State of Colorado had unusually heavy storms. In spring, the snow melted, flooded the surrounding country, and overflowed the rivers. After a while, the water rose above the embankment, and gradually crept up one street after another, until it reached the principal streets. When the water stopped flowing from the mountains, the water ebbed back, revealing the damage it had done.

In the southern part of El Paso is the poor Mexican quarter. The Mexicans live in adobe houses. These houses have flat roofs, which are used as we use verandas. Poorer Mexicans live huddled up in a small one-room house. They eat many dishes, consisting of chile and other things. Some of the things they eat are en chiledas, chile con carne, and tamales.

In western El Paso is the largest silver smelter in the United States. It is the second largest in the world, the largest being in Mexico. The El Paso smelter is situated on the river which furnishes its power.

Northeast of El Paso is Fort Bliss, the residence of the soldiers. It has base-ball- and parade-grounds. This is inclosed by the soldiers' barracks and officers' houses.

North of El Paso is Mount Franklin. It was once part of a plateau, but after many years this has become a peak, and the land below a mesa. Some tin mining and quarrying is carried on.

Your very interested reader,

ROBERT KRUPE.

SEAL HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My real home is down in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, but my sister and I come up here every summer with Grandmother. I am eleven years of age, and my sister is eight.

My uncle has a little dog, and his name is Timmy. He is very cute. Uncle says, "Timmy, get your ball," and he gets it and has a game of ball with Uncle.

It is very pretty here at Seal Harbor. There is a nice beach, and lovely walks, for there are many mountains. There is a lovely lake called "Jordan Lake," and a tea-house. It is four miles away, and my sister and I often walk there.

I enjoy reading your stories so much, especially "The Land of Mystery," which I think is very exciting.

Your loving reader,

MARY LARDNER BAYARD.

—
AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since 1908, when I first had you to read, I have wanted to join the League, but by the time I get you, it is too late to send any contribution, so I have to content myself with writing letters, though this is my first.

I do like the serial stories, and I think "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood" are just lovely. I have generally read all the stories by about the second day after you come, and then I have to wait a whole month before I can go on with them.

Living, as I do, in Auckland City, I see ever so many Maoris. The women do look so funny sometimes, walking about town in dresses of every imaginable color, barefooted, and sometimes smoking pipes.

Although I live in Auckland, I am not a New Zealander, as I was born in Australia, and lived there for some time. I have been to several places in New Zealand, but I think I enjoyed our stay in Christchurch best of all. The scenery here is very pretty, and Waitemata, the name of the Auckland harbor, is Maori for "sparkling water."

I am yours sincerely,

MARGARET BROTHERS.

—
RICHMOND, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You can't imagine how much I have enjoyed you this year. I think "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Denewood" are splendid stories. I am always in a flutter of excitement as the time draws near when you are to come.

I am twelve years old and will be thirteen in August.

My little brother Edward enjoys the section "For Very Little Folk" a great deal, and I think he is almost as anxious for you to come as I am.

Yours affectionately,

MILDRED NUSBAUM.

—
LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I don't know what I'd do without you. I am very much interested in "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Denewood."

We have a library in Lawrenceville, and I often go there for ST. NICHOLASES. I have just finished Vol. 22, Part I, and am just in the middle of an exciting serial story, so I have to wait until I can get Part II.

For pets I have thirty-six baby chickens, about fifteen big ones, a cat, a ring-neck dove, and a canary. I have lots of fun doing your League puzzles.

Your loving friend,

MARY E. VAN DYCK.

—
GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years now, and have read you through every time, so as not to miss a single one of your fine stories. I think that "Beatrice of Denewood" and "The Land of Mystery" are the two best serial stories I have ever read.

The sketch on the ways to swim was very interesting to me, for, at the present time, I am learning all the different strokes. I liked the ways to dive the best.

I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is the youngest, and his favorite saying is, "By, by in cho chos," meaning, "I want to go out in the automobile."

Next year, I am going to be in the fourth form at school. That means that I will have four more years at school before I graduate for college.

I am your devoted reader,

RUTH VIRGINIA HYDE (age 11).

—
ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for almost four years, and there has n't been a month in the four years that I have n't been excited waiting for the mail to come on the fifteenth day. (That is when I receive you.) I have never seen a letter from Albany in the magazine, so I thought I would write. I am extremely interested in the stories and especially "The Land of Mystery," "The Lucky Sixpence," and its sequel, "Beatrice of Denewood." I have a lot of dogs at my summer home, but only one in the city. He is a pure white, thoroughbred, gordon setter, and his name is Kipi. He is very affectionate and intelligent, and is a fine companion.

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY CUYLER SHINGERLAND (age 13).

—
SUFFERN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for about half a year, and think that no other one is equal to it. I think that "Beatrice of Denewood" and "The Land of Mystery" are fine, as well as all the rest.

A few days ago, five or six boys and girls were playing with me, and after we had played for a long time and were tired, I got out some copies of ST. NICHOLAS, and soon every one of them were so interested they did not want to go home for lunch.

From your most interested reader,

RUTH HOOPER.

—
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Even though I don't take you, I always manage to read you every month. You are the best magazine published, I think.

I have six pets, a pony, very black, whose name is Teddy, a collie, named Spunk, a terrier, named Jack, a parrot, named Poll Pry, a squirrel, named Chip, and a charming pussy whose name is Kitty Puss. She has four kittens, Mittens, Muff, Mit, and Mose. One day, my father was all dressed up for a wedding, and as he passed Poll Pry, she said: "Is n't Syd a pretty boy?" Sydney is my father's name.

Poll Pry is scolding me now. She is saying, "Who you writing to? Answer me! Quick? Say. All right for you, I'll call the cop."

I remain,

Your interested reader,

CHRISTINE ISOBEL AMADON.

—
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and this is the first letter I've written you. I think I would feel as if something were missing in my life if you did not come every month.

Though I enjoy everything in you very much, "The Land of Mystery" is my favorite. I can hardly wait until next month to find out how it and the other stories will end.

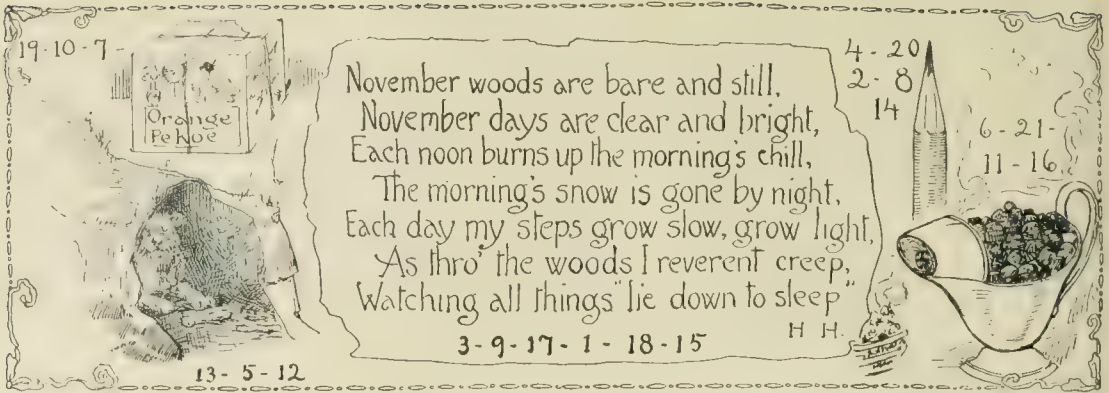
Your loving reader,

FLORENCE WEBSTER (age 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

AUGUST PUZZLE. 1. Zzzzzz. 2. Hmmm. 3. J. J. J. 4. P. P. P. 5. U. U. U. 6. Q. Q. Q. 7. L. L. L. 8. A. A. A. 9. S. S. S. 10. P. P. P. 11. C. C. C. 12. W. W. W. 13. M. M. M. 14. T. T. T. 15. F. F. F. 16. G. G. G. 17. K. K. K. 18. X. X. X. 19. Y. Y. Y. 20. Z. Z. Z. 21. A. A. A. 22. B. B. B. 23. C. C. C. 24. D. D. D. 25. E. E. E. 26. F. F. F. 27. G. G. G. 28. H. H. H. 29. I. I. I. 30. J. J. J. 31. K. K. K. 32. L. L. L. 33. M. M. M. 34. N. N. N. 35. O. O. O. 36. P. P. P. 37. Q. Q. Q. 38. R. R. R. 39. S. S. S. 40. T. T. T. 41. U. U. U. 42. V. V. V. 43. W. W. W. 44. X. X. X. 45. Y. Y. Y. 46. Z. Z. Z. 47. A. A. A. 48. B. B. B. 49. C. C. C. 50. D. D. D. 51. E. E. E. 52. F. F. F. 53. G. G. G. 54. H. H. H. 55. I. I. I. 56. J. J. J. 57. K. K. K. 58. L. L. L. 59. M. M. M. 60. N. N. N. 61. O. O. O. 62. P. P. P. 63. Q. Q. Q. 64. R. R. R. 65. S. S. S. 66. T. T. T. 67. U. U. U. 68. V. V. V. 69. W. W. W. 70. X. X. X. 71. Y. Y. Y. 72. Z. Z. Z. 73. A. A. A. 74. B. B. B. 75. C. C. C. 76. D. D. D. 77. E. E. 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Q. 506. R. R. R. 507. S. S. S. 508. T. T. T. 509. U. U. U. 510. V. V. V. 511. W. W. W. 512. X. X. X. 513. Y. Y. Y. 514. Z. Z. Z. 515. A. A. A. 516. B. B. B. 517. C. C. C. 518. D. D. D. 519. E. E. E. 520. F. F. F. 521. G. G. G. 522. H. H. H. 523. I. I. I. 524. J. J. J. 525. K. K. K. 526. L. L. L. 527. M. M. M. 528. N. N. N. 529. O. O. O. 530. P. P. P. 531. Q. Q. Q. 532. R. R. R. 533. S. S. S. 534. T. T. T. 535. U. U. U. 536. V. V. V. 537. W. W. W. 538. X. X. X. 539. Y. Y. Y. 540. Z. Z. Z. 541. A. A. A. 542. B. B. B. 543. C. C. C. 544. D. D. D. 545. E. E. E. 546. F. F. F. 547. G. G. G. 548. H. H. H. 549. I. I. I. 550. J. J. J. 551. K. K. K. 552. L. L. L. 553. M. M. M. 554. N. N. N. 555. O. O. O. 556. P. P. P. 557. Q. Q. Q. 558. R. R. R. 559. S. S. S. 560. T. T. T. 561. U. U. U. 562. V. V. V. 563. W. W. W. 564. X. X. X. 565. Y. Y. Y. 566. Z. Z. Z. 567. A. A. A. 568. B. B. B. 569. C. C. C. 570. D. D. D. 571. E. E. E. 572. F. F. F. 573. G. G. G. 574. H. H. H. 575. I. I. I. 576. J. J. J. 577. K. K. K. 578. L. L. L. 579. M. M. M. 580. N. N. N. 581. O. O. O. 582. P. P. P. 583. Q. Q. Q. 584. R. R. R. 585. S. S. S. 586. T. T. T. 587. U. U. U. 588. V. V. V. 589. W. W. W. 590. X. X. X. 591. Y. Y. Y. 592. Z. Z. Z. 593. A. A. A. 594. B. B. B. 595. C. C. C. 596. D. D. D. 597. E. E. E. 598. F. F. F. 599. G. G. G. 600. H. H. H. 601. I. I. I. 602. J. J. J. 603. K. K. K. 604. L. L. L. 605. M. M. M. 606. N. N. N. 607. O. O. O. 608. P. P. P. 609. Q. Q. Q. 610. R. R. R. 611. S. S. S. 612. T. T. T. 613. U. U. U. 614. V. V. V. 615. W. W. W. 616. X. X. X. 617. Y. Y. Y. 618. Z. Z. Z. 619. A. A. A. 620. B. B. B. 621. C. C. C. 622. D. D. D. 623. E. E. E. 624. F. F. F. 625. G. G. G. 626. H. H. H. 627. I. I. I. 628. J. J. J. 629. K. K. K. 630. L. L. L. 631. M. M. M. 632. N. N. N. 633. O. O. O. 634. P. P. P. 635. Q. Q. Q. 636. R. R. R. 637. S. S. S. 638. T. T. T. 639. U. U. U. 640. V. V. V. 641. W. W. W. 642. X. X. X. 643. Y. Y. Y. 644. Z. Z. Z. 645. A. A. A. 646. B. B. B. 647. C. C. 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V. 719. W. W. W. 720. X. X. X. 721. Y. Y. Y. 722. Z. Z. Z. 723. A. A. A. 724. B. B. B. 725. C. C. C. 726. D. D. D. 727. E. E. E. 728. F. F. F. 729. G. G. G. 730. H. H. H. 731. I. I. I. 732. J. J. J. 733. K. K. K. 734. L. L. L. 735. M. M. M. 736. N. N. N. 737. O. O. O. 738. P. P. P. 739. Q. Q. Q. 740. R. R. R. 741. S. S. S. 742. T. T. T. 743. U. U. U. 744. V. V. V. 745. W. W. W. 746. X. X. X. 747. Y. Y. Y. 748. Z. Z. Z. 749. A. A. A. 750. B. B. B. 751. C. C. C. 752. D. D. D. 753. E. E. E. 754. F. F. F. 755. G. G. G. 756. H. H. H. 757. I. I. I. 758. J. J. J. 759. K. K. K. 760. L. L. L. 761. M. M. M. 762. N. N. N. 763. O. O. O. 764. P. P. P. 765. Q. Q. Q. 766. R. R. R. 767. S. S. S. 768. T. T. T. 769. U. U. U. 770. V. V. V. 771. W. W. W. 772. X. X. X. 773. Y. Y. Y. 774. Z. Z. Z. 775. A. A. A. 776. B. B. B. 777. C. C. C. 778. D. D. D. 779. E. E. E. 780. F. F. F. 781. G. G. G. 782. H. H. H. 783. I. I. I. 784. J. J. J. 785. K. K. K. 786. L. L. L. 787. M. M. M. 788. N. N. N. 789. O. O. O. 790. P. P. P. 791. Q. Q. Q. 792. R. R. R. 793. S. S. S. 794. T. T. T. 795. U. U. U. 796. V. V. V. 797. W. W. W. 798. X. X. X. 799. Y. Y. Y. 800. Z. Z. Z. 801. A. A. A. 802. B. B. B. 803. C. C. C. 804. D. D. D. 805. E. E. E. 806. F. F. F. 807. G. G. G. 808. H. H. H. 809. I. I. I. 810. J. J. J. 811. K. K. K. 812. L. L. L. 813. M. M. M. 814. N. N. N. 815. O. O. O. 816. P. P. P. 817. Q. Q. Q. 818. R. R. R. 819. S. S. S. 820. T. T. T. 821. U. U. U. 822. V. V. V. 823. W. W. W. 824. X. X. X. 825. Y. Y. Y. 826. Z. Z. Z. 827. A. A. A. 828. B. B. B. 829. C. C. C. 830. D. D. D. 831. E. E. E. 832. F. F. F. 833. G. G. G. 834. H. H. H. 835. I. I. I. 836. J. J. J. 837. K. K. K. 838. L. L. L. 839. M. M. M. 840. N. N. N. 841. O. O. O. 842. P. P. P. 843. Q. Q. Q. 844. R. R. R. 845. S. S. S. 846. T. T. T. 847. U. U. U. 848. V. V. V. 849. W. W. W. 850. X. X. X. 851. Y. Y. Y. 852. Z. Z. Z. 853. A. A. A. 854. B. B. B. 855. C. C. C. 856. D. D. D. 857. E. E. E. 858. F. F. F. 859. G. G. G. 860. H. H. H. 861. I. I. I. 862. J. J. J. 863. K. K. K. 864. L. L. L. 865. M. M. M. 866. N. N. N. 867. O. O. O. 868. P. P. P. 869. Q. Q. Q. 870. R. R. R. 871. S. S. S. 872. T. T. T. 873. U. U. U. 874. V. V. V. 875. W. W. W. 876. X. X. X. 877. Y. Y. Y. 878. Z. Z. Z. 879. A. A. A. 880. B. B. B. 881. C. C. C. 882. D. D. D. 883. E. E. E. 884. F. F. F. 885. G. G. G. 886. H. H. H. 887. I. I. I. 888. J. J. J. 889. K. K. K. 890. L. L. L. 891. M. M. M. 892. N. N. N. 893. O. O. O. 894. P. P. P. 895. Q. Q. Q. 896. R. R. R. 897. S. S. S. 898. T. T. T. 899. U. U. U. 900. V. V. V. 901. W. W. W. 902. X. X. X. 903. Y. Y. Y. 904. Z. Z. Z. 905. A. A. A. 906. B. B. B. 907. C. C. C. 908. D. D. D. 909. E. E. E. 910. F. F. F. 911. G. G. G. 912. H. H. H. 913. I. I. I. 914. J. J. J. 915. K. K. K. 916. L. L. L. 917. M. M. M. 918. N. N. N. 919. O. O. O. 920. P. P. P. 921. Q. Q. Q. 922. R. R. R. 923. S. S. S. 924. T. T. T. 925. U. U. U. 926. V. V. V. 927. W. W. W. 928. X. X. X. 929. Y. Y. Y. 930. Z. Z. Z. 931. A. A. 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T. 1003. U. U. U. 1004. V. V. V. 1005. W. W. W. 1006. X. X. X. 1007. Y. Y. Y. 1008. Z. Z. Z. 1009. A. A. A. 1010. B. B. B. 1011. C. C. C. 1012. D. D. D. 1013. E. E. E. 1014. F. F. F. 1015. G. G. G. 1016. H. H. H. 1017. I. I. I. 1018. J. J. J. 1019. K. K. K. 1020. L. L. L. 1021. M. M. M. 1022. N. N. N. 1023. O. O. O. 1024. P. P. P. 1025. Q. Q. Q. 1026. R. R. R. 1027. S. S. S. 1028. T. T. T. 1029. U. U. U. 1030. V. V. V. 1031. W. W. W. 1032. X. X. X. 1033. Y. Y. Y. 1034. Z. Z. Z. 1035. A. A. A. 1036. B. B. B. 1037. C. C. C. 1038. D. D. D. 1039. E. E. E. 1040. F. F. F. 1041. G. G. G. 1042. H. H. H. 1043. I. I. I. 1044. J. J. J. 1045. K. K. K. 1046. L. L. L. 1047. M. M. M. 1048. N. N. N. 1049. O. O. O. 1050. P. P. P. 1051. Q. Q. Q. 1052. R. R. R. 1053. S. S. S. 1054. T. T. T. 1055. U. U. U. 1056. V. V. V. 1057. W. W. W. 1058. X. X. X. 1059. Y. Y. Y. 1060. Z. Z. Z. 1061. A. A. A. 1062. B. B. B. 1063. C. C. C. 1064. D. D. D. 1065. E. E. E. 1066. F. F. F. 1067. G. G. G. 1068. H. H. H. 1069. I. I. I. 1070. J. J. J. 1071. K. K. K. 1072. L. L. L. 1073. M. M. M. 1074. N. N. N. 1075. O. O. O. 1076. P. P. P. 1077. Q. Q. Q. 1078. R. R. R. 1079. S. S. S. 1080. T. T. T. 1081. U. U. U. 1082. V. V. V. 1083. W. W. W. 1084. X. X. X. 1085. Y. Y. Y. 1086. Z. Z. Z. 1087. A. A. A. 1088. B. B. B. 1089. C. C. C. 1090. D. D. D. 1091. E. E. E. 1092. F. F. F. 1093. G. G. G. 1094. H. H. H. 1095. I. I. I. 1096. J. J. J. 1097. K. K. K. 1098. L. L. L. 1099. M. M. M. 1100. N. N. N. 1101. O. O. O. 1102. P. P. P. 1103. Q. Q. Q. 1104. R. R. R. 1105. S. S. S. 1106. T. T. T. 1107. U. U. U. 1108. V. V. V. 1109. W



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this puzzle the key-words are pictured. The answer, containing twenty-one letters, will form a little couplet that was popular in 1840. It commemorates a battle fought in November, 1811.

NOVEL ZIGZAG

*	24	10	.	.	.	23
2	*	7
*	12	19
.	*	6	21	.	.	13
*	9	22	16	3	.	11
5	*	17	.	.	.	8
*	1	20	.	.	.	14
15	*	.	4	.	.	18

WHEN the words described have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag of stars (shown in the diagram) will spell the surname of a famous writer who was born in November, 1759; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 7 spell the name of his native land; from 8 to 18, his best known work; and from 19 to 24, a friend who was also a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Illiberal. 2. Excessive joy. 3. A Spanish nobleman. 4. A substance neither animal nor vegetable. 5. According to the letter. 6. Permitted. 7. Conceit. 8. To tread under foot.

P. ERNEST ISBELL (age 14).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in darling, but not in dear;
My *second* in month, but not in year;
My *third* is in verb, but not in noun;
My *fourth* is in dress, but not in gown;
My *fifth* is in minute, but not in day;
My *sixth* is in robin, but not in jay;
My *seventh* in eel, but not in fish;
My *eighth* is in platter, but not in dish.
My *whole* is a chilly month of the year,
Though it could n't be spared without loss, I fear.

FLORENCE ROGERS (age 13), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of seventy-four letters, and form a Thanksgiving quotation from the Earl of Clarendon.

My 68-26-56-9 is to chop into small pieces. My 32-37-72-7 is caloric. My 28-23-53-20 is a popular roast. My 70-50-13-4-17 is a rich repast. My 35-63-66-48-

43 is speed. My 58-40-45-64-18 is hoarse. My 30-57-1-54-15 is to weave. My 74-61-3-42-10 is a pronoun. My 11-52-25-33-5 is a woman sovereign. My 73-12-24-62-59-8 is the highest point. My 60-6-47-39-65-36 is a widely popular beverage. My 67-19-14-51-29-69 is language. My 44-21-16-2-34-49 is to sew. My 27-22-38-46-55-31-41-71 is to choke.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

HERE are two groups of letters:

I. 3, 8, 7, 4, 100, 14, 4, 9.

II. 14, 24, 34, 6, 19, 11, 10, 12, 20.

Write the first row of letters one below another, and beside each letter write out the number in letters. From each of these eight written words select one letter, and you will have a masculine name.

Treat the second row of letters in the same way, and you will have a surname. These two names form the whole name of a President of the United States.

MURIEL W. CLARKE (age 13).

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS AND SQUARES

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I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In distance. 2. A small barrel. 3. Lukewarm. 4. A two-wheeled carriage. 5. In distance.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In distance. 2. A rodent. 3. A water-nymph. 4. A sailor. 5. In distance.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In distance. 2. A fabulous bird. 3. A feminine name. 4. A Spanish epic poem. 5. In distance.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In distance. 2. A beverage. 3. A proof of absence. 4. To decrease. 5. In distance.

V. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A convulsive motion. 2. One of a line of English kings. 3. Sun-dried clay. 4. A bird. 5. Tendency.

VI. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Deals out scantily. 2. A musical drama. 3. Lawful. 4. To obliterate. 5. A city of Massachusetts.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 16), *Honor Member*.



'HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!'

PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

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Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags,
And some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



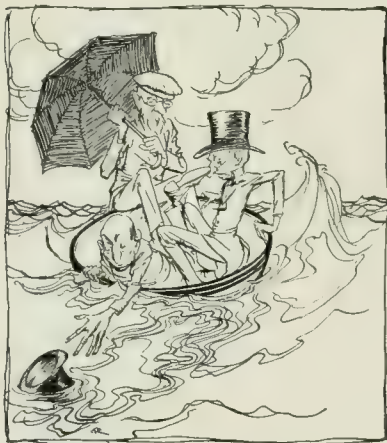
Hickory, dickory,
dock,
The mouse ran up
the clock;
The clock struck
one,
The mouse ran
down,
Hickory, dickory,
dock.



Rackham



Diddle-ty—diddle-ty—dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum-tree,
Half a crown
To fetch her down,
Diddle-ty—diddle-ty—dumpty.



Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
With rings on her fingers, and bells
on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she
goes.



Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What shall little Betty do?
Buy her another
To match the other,
And then she 'll walk in two.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little (Arthur) wants to play.



"RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY!"

PAINTED AND STENOGRAPHS BY ALBERT TUCKERMAN.

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MISS SANTA CLAUS OF THE PULLMAN

BY ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE COLONEL" BOOKS, AND OTHER STORIES

CHAPTER V

MISS SANTA CLAUS COMES ABOARD

A HALF-GROWN boy, a suitcase in one hand and a pile of packages in his arms, dashed toward the car, leaving a furry old gentleman in the sleigh to hold the horses. The old gentleman's coat was fur, and his cap was fur, and so was the great rug which covered him. Under the fur cap was thick white hair, and all over the lower part of his face was a bushy white beard. And his cheeks were red, and his eyes were laughing, and if he was n't Santa Claus's own self, he certainly looked enough like the nicest pictures of him to be his own brother.

On the seat beside him was a young girl, who, waiting only long enough to plant a kiss on one of those rosy cheeks above the snowy beard, sprang out of the sleigh and ran after the boy as hard as she could go. She was not more than sixteen, but she looked like a full-grown young lady to Libby, for her hair was tucked up under her little fur cap with its scarlet quill, and the long, fur-bordered red coat she wore reached her ankles. One hand was thrust through a row of holly wreaths, and she was carrying all the bundles both arms could hold.

By the time the boy had deposited his load in the section opposite the children's and dashed back down the aisle, there was a call of "All aboard!" They met at the door, he and the pretty girl, she laughing and nodding her thanks over her pile of bundles. He raised his hat and bolted past, but stopped an instant, just before jumping off the train, to run back and thrust his head in the door and call out laughingly, "Good-by, Miss Santa Claus!"

Everybody in the car looked up and smiled, and turned and looked again as she went up the aisle, for a lovelier Christmas picture could not be imagined than the one she made in her long red coat, her arms full of packages and wreaths of

holly. The little fur cap with its scarlet feather was powdered with snow, and the frosty wind had brought such a glow to her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, that she looked the living embodiment of Christmas cheer. Her entrance



"THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S COAT WAS FUR, AND HIS CAP WAS FUR."

seemed to bring with it the sense of all holiday joy, just as the cardinal's first note holds in it the sweetness of a whole spring. Will'm edged along the seat until he was close beside Libby, and the two sat and stared at her with wide-eyed interest.

That boy had called her Miss Santa Claus!

If the sleigh which brought her had been drawn by reindeer, and she had carried her pack on her back instead of in her arms, they could not have been more spellbound. They scarcely breathed for a few moments. The radiant, glowing creature took off the long red coat and gave it to the porter to hang up, then she sat down and began sorting her packages into three piles. It took some time to do this, as she had to refer constantly to a list of names on a long strip of paper, and compare them with the names on the bundles. While she was doing this, the conductor came for her ticket, and she asked several questions.

Yes, he assured her, they were due at Eastbrook in fifteen minutes, and would stop there long enough to take water.

"Then I'll have plenty of time to step off with these things," she said. "And I'm to leave some at Centerville, and some at Ridgely."

When the conductor said something about helping Santa Claus, she answered laughingly, "Yes, Uncle thought it would be better for me to bring these breakable things instead of trusting them to the chimney route." Then, in answer to a question which Libby did not hear, "Oh, that will be all right. Uncle telephoned all down the line and arranged to have some one meet me at each place."

When the train stopped at Eastbrook, both the porter and conductor came to help her gather up her first pile of parcels, and people in the car stood up and craned their necks to see what she did with them. Libby and Will'm could see. They were on the side next to the station. She gave them to several people who seemed to be waiting for her. Almost immediately she was surrounded by a crowd of young men and girls, all shaking hands with her and talking at once. From the remarks which floated in through the open vestibule, it seemed that they all must have been at some party with her the night before. A chorus of good-bys and Merry Christmases followed her into the car when she had to leave them and hurry aboard. This time she came in empty-handed, and this time people looked up and smiled openly into her face, and she smiled back as if they were all friends, sharing their good times together.

At Centerville, she darted out with the second lot. Farther down, a number of people were leaving the day coaches, but no one was getting off the Pullman. She did not leave the steps, but leaned over and called to an old colored man who stood with a market-basket on his arm, "This way, Mose. Quick!"

Then Will'm and Libby heard her say: "Tell

'Old Miss' that Uncle Norse sent this holly. He wanted her to have it because it grew on his own place and is the finest in the country. Don't knock the berries off, and do be careful of this biggest bundle. I would n't have it broken for anything. And—oh, yes, Mose" (this in a lower tone), "this is for you."

What it was that passed from the little white hand into the worn brown one of the old servitor was not discovered by the interested audience inside the car, but they heard a chuckle so full of pleasure that some of them echoed it unconsciously.

"Lawd bless you, li'l miss, you sho' is de flowah of de Santa Claus fambly!"

When she came in this time, a motherly old lady near the door stopped her, and smiling up at her through friendly spectacles, asked if she was going home for Christmas.

"Yes!" was the enthusiastic answer. "And you know what that means to a freshman—her first home-coming after her first term away at school. I should have been there four days ago. Our vacation began last Friday, but I stopped over for a house-party at my cousin's. I was wild to get home, but I could n't miss this visit, for she's my dearest chum as well as my cousin, and last night was her birthday. Maybe you noticed all those people who met me at Eastbrook. They were at the party."

"That was nice," answered the little old lady, bobbing her head. "Very nice, my dear. And now you'll be getting home at the most beautiful time in all the year."

"Yes, I think so," was the happy answer. "Christmas eve to me always means going around with Father to take presents, and I would n't miss it for anything in the world. I'm glad there's enough snow this year for us to use the sleigh. We had to take the auto last year, and it was n't half as much fun."

Libby and Will'm scarcely moved after that, all the way to Ridgely. Nor did they take their eyes off of her. Mile after mile they rode, barely batting an eyelash, staring at her with unabated interest. At Ridgely, she handed off all the rest of the packages and all of the holly wreaths but two. These she hung up out of the way over her windows, then, taking out a magazine, settled herself comfortably in the end of the seat to read.

On her last trip up the aisle she had noticed the wistful, unsmiling faces of her little neighbors across the way, and she wondered why it was that the only children in the coach should be the only ones who seemed to have no share in the general joyousness. Something was wrong, she felt sure, and while she was cutting the leaves

of the magazine, she stole several glances in their direction. The little girl had an anxious pucker of the brows sadly out of place in a face that had not yet outgrown its baby innocence of expression. She looked so little and lorn, and troubled

breath and stretched himself. There was no use watching now when it was evident that she was n't going to do anything for a while, and sitting still so long had made him fidgety. He squirmed off the seat and up onto the next one, unintentionally wiping his feet on Libby's dress as he did so. It brought a sharp reproof from the overwrought Libby, and he answered back in the same spirit.

Neither was conscious that their voices could be heard across the aisle above the noise of the train. The little fur cap with the scarlet feather bent over the magazine without the slightest change in posture, but there was no more turning of pages. The piping, childish voices were revealing a far more interesting story than the printed one the girl was scanning. She heard her own name mentioned. They were disputing about her.

Too restless to sit still, and with no way in which to give vent to his all-consuming energy, Will'm was ripe for a squabble. It came very soon, and out of many allusions to past and present, and dire threats as to what might happen to him at the end of the journey if he did n't mend his ways, the interested listener gathered the principal facts in their history. The fuss ended in a shower of tears on Will'm's part, and the consequent smudging of his face with his grimy little hands which wiped them away, so that he had to be escorted once more behind the curtain to the shining faucets and the basin with the chained-up hole at the bottom.

When they came back, Miss Santa Claus had put away her magazine and taken out some fancy-work. All she seemed to be doing was winding some red yarn over a pencil, around and around and around. But presently she stopped and tied two ends with a jerk, and went snip,



"EVERYBODY LOOKED AGAIN AS SHE WENT UP THE AISLE."

about something, that Miss Santa Claus made up her mind to comfort her as soon as she had an opportunity. She knew better than to ask for her confidence, as the well-meaning lady had done earlier in the day.

When she began to read, Will'm drew a long

snip with her scissors, and there in her fingers was a soft fuzzy ball. When she had snipped some more, and trimmed it all over, smooth and even, it looked like a little red cherry. In almost no time she had two wool cherries lying in her lap. She was just beginning the third when the big ball of yarn slipped out of her fingers, and rolled across the aisle right under Libby's feet. She sprang to pick it up and take it back.

"Thank you, dear," was all that Miss Santa Claus said; but such a smile went with it that Libby, smoothing her skirts over her knees as she primly took her seat again, felt happier than she had since leaving the Junction. It was n't two minutes till the ball slipped and rolled away again. This time Will'm picked it up, and she thanked him in the same way. But very soon, when both scissors and ball spilled out of her lap and Libby politely brought her one and Will'm the other, she did not take them.

"I wonder," she said, "if you children could n't climb up here on the seat with me and hold this old Jack and Jill of a ball and scissors. Every time one falls down and almost breaks its crown, the other goes tumbling after. I'm in such a hurry to get through. Could n't you stay and help me a few minutes?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Libby, primly and timidly, sitting down on the edge of the opposite seat with the ball in her hands. Miss Santa Claus put an arm around Will'm and drew him up on the seat beside her. "There," she said. "You hold the scissors, Will'm, and when I'm through winding the ball that Libby holds, I'll ask you to cut the yarn for me. Did you ever see such scissors, Libby? They're made in the shape of a witch. See! she sits upon the handles, and when the blades are closed, they make the peak of her long, pointed cap. They came from the old witch town of Salem."

Libby darted a half-frightened look at her. She had called them both by name! Had *she* been listening down the chimney, too? And those witch scissors! They looked as if they might be a charm to open all sorts of secrets. Maybe she knew some charm to keep stepmothers from being cruel. Oh, if she only dared to ask! Of course Libby knew that one must n't "pick up" with strangers and tell them things. Miss Sally had warned her against that. But this was different. Miss Santa Claus was *more* than just a person.

If Pan were to come piping out of the woods, who, with any music in him, would not respond with all his heart to the magic call? If Titania were to beckon with her gracious wand, who would not be drawn into her charmed circle

gladly? So it was these two little wayfarers heard the call and swayed to the summons of one who not only shed the influence, but shared the name of the wonderful Spirit of Yule.

CHAPTER VI

THE STAR-FLOWER CHARM

WITH Libby to hold the ball and unwind the yarn as fast as it was needed, and Will'm to cut it with the witch scissors every time Miss Santa Claus said "snip!" it was not long before half a dozen little wool cherries lay in her lap. Then they helped twist the yarn into cords on which to tie the balls, and watched with eyes that never lost a movement of her deft fingers, while she fastened the cords to the front of a red crocheted jacket, which she took from her suitcase.

"There!" she exclaimed, holding it up for them to admire. "That is to go in the stocking of a poor little fellow no larger than Will'm. He's lame, and has to stay in bed all the time, and he asked Santa Claus to bring him something soft and warm to put on when he is propped up in bed to look at his toys."

Out of a dry throat Libby at last brought up the question she had been trying to find courage for:

"Is Santa Claus your father?"

"No, but Father and Uncle Norse are so much like him that people often get them all mixed up, just as they do twins, and since Uncle Santa has grown so busy, he gets Father to attend to a great deal of his business. In fact, our whole family has to help. He could n't possibly get around to everybody as he used to when the cities were smaller and fewer. Lately, he has been leaving more and more of his work to us. He's even taken to adopting people into his family so that they can help him. In almost every city in the world now, he has an adopted brother or sister or relative of some sort, and sometimes children not much bigger than you ask to be counted as members of his family. It's so much fun to help."

Libby pondered over this news a moment before she asked another question: "Then does he come to see them and tell them what to do?"

"No, indeed! Nobody ever *sees* him. He just sends messages, something like wireless telegrams. You know what they are?"

Libby shook her head. She had never heard of them. Miss Santa Claus explained. "And his messages pop into your head just that way," she added. "I was as busy as I could be one day, studying my algebra lesson, when all of a sudden, pop came the thought into my head that lit-

tle Jamie Fitch wanted a warm red jacket to wear when he sat up in bed, and that Uncle Santa wanted me to make it. I went down-town that very afternoon and bought the wool, and I knew that I was not mistaken by the way I felt afterward, so glad, and warm, and Christmasy. That's why all his family love to help him. He gives them such a happy feeling while they are doing it.

It was Will'm's turn now for a question. He asked it abruptly, with a complete change of base:

"Did you ever see a stepmother?"

"Yes, indeed! And Cousin Rosalie has one. She's Uncle Norse's wife. I've just been visiting them."

"Has she got a tush?"

"A *what?*" was the astonished answer.

"He means tusk," explained Libby. "All the cruel ones have 'em, Susie Peters says."

"It's a tooth that sticks away out," Will'm added eagerly, at the same time pulling his lip down at one side to show a little white tooth in the place where the dreadful fang would have grown, had he been the cruel creature in question.

"Mercy, *no!*" was the horrified exclamation. "That kind live only in fairy tales along with ogres and giants. Did n't you know that?"

Will'm shook his head. "Me an' Libby was afraid ours would be that way, and if she is, we're going to do something to her. We're going to shut her up in a nawful dark cellar, or—*or something.*"

Miss Santa Claus looked grave. Here was a dreadful misunderstanding. Somebody had poisoned these baby minds with suspicions and doubts which might embitter their whole lives. If she had been only an ordinary fellow passenger, she might not have felt it her duty to set them straight. But no descendant of the family of which she was a member, could come face to face with such a wrong without the impulse to make it right. It was an impulse straight from the sky road. In the carol service in the chapel, the night before she left school, the dean had spoken so beautifully of the way they might all follow the star, this Christmas-tide, with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh, even if they had no gold. Here was her opportunity, she thought, if she were only wise enough to say the right thing!

Before she could think of a way to begin, a waiter came through the car, sounding the first call for dinner. Time was flying. She'd have to hurry, and make the most of it before the journey came to an end. Putting the little crocheted jacket back into her suitcase and snapping the clasps, she stood up.

"Come on," she said, holding out a hand to each. "We'll go into the dining-car and get something to eat."

Libby thought of the generous supper in the pasteboard box which they had been told to eat as soon as it was dark, but she allowed herself to be led down the aisle without a word. A higher power was in authority now. She was as one drawn into a fairy ring.

Now, at last, the ride on the Pullman blossomed into all that Will'm had pictured it to be. There was the gleam of glass, the shine of silver, the glow of shaded candles, and himself at one of the little tables, while the train went flying through the night like a mighty winged dragon, breathing smoke and fire as it flew.

Miss Santa Claus studied the printed card beside her plate a moment, and then looked into her pocket-book before she wrote the order. She smiled a little while she was writing it. She wanted to make this meal one that they would always remember, and was sure that children who lived at such a place as the Junction had never before eaten strawberries on Christmas eve; a snow-covered Christmas eve at that. She had been afraid for just a moment, when she first peeped into her purse, that there was n't enough left for her to get them.

No one had anything to say while the order was being filled. Will'm and Libby were too busy looking at the people and things around them, and their companion was too busy thinking about something she wanted to tell them after a while. Presently, the steward passed their table, and Will'm gave a little start of recognition, but he said nothing. It was the same man whose locket he had found, and who had promised to tell Santa Claus about him. Evidently he had told, for here was Will'm in full enjoyment of what he had longed for. The man did not look at Will'm, however. He was too busy attending to the wants of impatient grown people to notice a quiet little boy who sat next the wall and made no demands.

Then the waiter came, balancing an enormous tray on one hand, high above his head, and the children watched him with the breathless fascination with which they would have watched a juggler play his tricks. It was a simple supper, for Miss Santa Claus was still young enough to remember what had been served to her in her nursery days, but it was crowned by a dish of enormous strawberries, such as Will'm had seen in the refrigerator of the car kitchen, but nowhere else. They never grew that royal size at the Junction.

But what made the meal one of more than

mortal enjoyment, and transformed the earthly food into ambrosia of the gods, was that, while they sifted the powdered sugar over their berries, Miss Santa Claus began to tell them a story. It was about the Princess Ina, who had six brothers whom a wicked witch changed into swans. It was a very interesting story, the way she told it, and more than once both Libby and Will'm paused with their spoons half-way from berries to mouth, the better to listen. It was quite sad, too, for only once in twenty-four hours, and then just for a few moments, could the princes shed their swanskins and be real brothers again. At these times they would fly back to their sister Ina, and with tears in their eyes, beg her to help them break the cruel charm.

At last she found a way, but it would be a hard way for her. She must go alone, and in the fearsome murk of the gloaming, to a spot where wild asters grew. The other name for them is star-flower. If she could pick enough of these star-flowers to weave into a mantle for each brother, which would cover him from wing-tip to wing-tip, then they would be free from the spell as soon as it was thrown over them. But the flowers must be gathered in silence. A single word spoken aloud would undo all her work. And it would be a hard task, for the star-flowers grew only among briers and weeds, and her hands would be scratched with thorns and stung by nettles. Yet, no matter how badly she was torn or blistered, she must not break her silence by one word of complaint.

Now the way Miss Santa told that story made you feel that it was *you* and not the Princess Ina who was groping through the fearsome gloaming after the magic flowers. Once Libby felt the scratch of the thorns so plainly that she said "O-o-oh" in a whisper, and looked down at her own hands, half expecting to see blood on them. And Will'm forgot to eat entirely, when it came to the time of weaving the last mantle and there was n't quite enough material to piece it out to the last wing-tip. Still, there was enough to change the last swan back into a real brother again, even if one arm never was quite as it should be; and when all six brothers stood around their dear sister, weeping tears of joy at their deliverance, Will'm's face shone as if he had just been delivered from the same fate himself.

"Now," said Miss Santa Claus, when the waiter had brought the bill and gone back for some change, "you must never, never forget that story as long as you live. I've told it to you because it's a true charm that can be used for many things. Aunt Ruth told it to me. She used it long ago, when she wanted to change Rosalie into

a real daughter, and I used it once when I wanted to change a girl who was just a pretend friend into a real one. *And you are to use it to change your stepmother into a real mother!* I'll tell you how when we go back to our seats."

On the way back, they stopped in the vestibule between the cars for a breath of fresh air, and to look out on the snow-covered country, lying white in the moonlight. The flakes were no longer falling.

"I see the sky road!" sang out Will'm, in a happy sort of chant, pointing up at the glittering milky way. "Pretty soon the drate big reindeer 'll come running down that road!"

"And the Christmas angels," added Libby, reverently, in a half-whisper.

"And there's where the star-flowers grow," Miss Santa Claus chimed in, as if she were singing. "Once there was a dear poet who called the stars 'the forget-me-nots of the angels.' I believe I'll tell you about them right now, while we're out here where we can look up at them. Oh, I wonder if I can make it plain enough for you to understand me!"

With an arm around each child's shoulder to steady them while they stood there, rocking and swaying with the motion of the lurching train, she began:

"It's this way: when you go home, probably there'll be lots of things that you won't like, and that you won't want to do. Things that will seem as disagreeable as Ina's task was to her. They won't scratch and blister your hands, but they'll make you *feel* all scratchy, and hot, and cross. But if you go ahead as Ina did, without opening your lips to complain, *it will be like picking a little white star-flower whose name is obedience.* The more you pick of them the more you will have to weave into your mantle. And sometimes you will see a chance to do something to help her or to please her, without waiting to be asked. You may have to stop playing to do it, and give up your own pleasure. That will scratch your feelings some, *but doing it will be like picking a big, golden star-flower whose name is kindness.* And if you keep on doing this, day after day as Ina did, with never a word of complaint, the time will come when you have woven a big, beautiful mantle whose name is love. And when it is big enough to reach from 'wing-tip to wing-tip,' you'll find that she has grown to be just like a real mother. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Libby, solemnly. Will'm did not answer, but the far-off look in his eyes showed that he was pondering over what she had just told them.

"Now we must run along in," she said briskly.

"It's cold out here." Inside, she looked at her watch. It was after seven. Only a little more than an hour, and the children would be at the end of their journey. Not much longer than that, and she would reach hers. It had been a tire-

must remember forever: *you must always get the right kind of start.* It's like hooking up a dress, you know. If you start crooked, it will keep on being crooked all the way down to the bottom, unless you undo it and begin over. So if I were

you, I'd begin to work that star-flower charm the first thing in the morning. Remember you can work it on anybody if you try hard enough. And remember that it is *true*, just as true as it is that you're each going to have a Christmas stocking!"

She stooped over each in turn and kissed their eyelids down with a soft touch of her smiling lips that made Libby thrill for days afterward, whenever she thought of it. It seemed as if some royal spell had been laid upon them with these kisses; some spell to close their eyes to nettles and briers, and help them to see only the star-flowers.

In less than five minutes, both Libby and Will'm were sound asleep, and the porter was carrying the holly wreaths and the red coat and the suitcase back to the state-room which had been vacated at the last stopping-place. In two minutes more, Miss Santa Claus had emptied her suitcase out on the seat beside her, and was scrabbling over the contents in wild haste. For no sooner had she mentioned stockings to the children, than pop had come one of those messages straight from the sky road, which could not be disregarded. Knowing that she would be on the train with the two children from the Junction, Santa Claus was leaving it to her to provide stockings for them.

It worried her at first, for she could n't see her way clear to doing it on such short notice and in such limited quarters. But she had never failed him since he had first allowed



"MISS SANTA CLAUS BEGAN TO TELL THEM A STORY."

some day for both Libby and Will'm. Although their eyes shone with the excitement of it, the sandman was not far away. It was their regular bedtime, and they were yawning. At a word from Miss Santa Claus, the porter brought pillows and blankets. She made up a bed for each on opposite seats, and tucked them snugly in.

"Now," she said, bending over them, "you'll have time for a nice long nap before your father comes to take you off. But before you go to sleep, I want to tell you one more thing that you

her the pleasure of helping him, and she did n't intend to now. Her mind had to work as fast as her fingers. There was n't a single thing among her belongings that she could make stockings of, unless—she sighed as she picked it up and shook out the folds of the prettiest kimono she had ever owned. It was the softest possible shade of gray with white cherry blossoms scattered over it, and it was bordered in wide bands of satin the exact color of a shining ripe red cherry. There was nothing else for it, the lovely kimono must be

shorn of its glory, at least on one side. Maybe she could split what was left on the other side, and reborder it all with narrower bands. But even if she could n't, she must take it. The train was leaping on through the night. There was no time to spare.

Snip! snip! went the witch scissors, and the long strip of cherry satin was loose in her hands. Twenty minutes later two bright red stockings lay on the seat in front of her, bordered with silver tinsel. She had run the seams hastily with white thread, all she had with her, but the stitches did not show, being on the inside. Even if they had pulled themselves into view in places, all defects in sewing were hidden by the tinsel with which the stockings were bordered. She had unwound it from a wand which she was carrying home with several other favors from the german of the night before. The wand was so long that it went into her suitcase only by laying it in diagonally. It had been wrapped around and around with yards of tinsel, tipped with a silver-gauze butterfly.

While she stitched, she tried to think of something to put into the stockings. Her only hope was in the train-boy, and she sent the porter to bring him. But when he came, he had little to offer. As it was Christmas eve, everybody had wanted his wares, and he was nearly sold out. Not a nut, not an apple, not even a package of chewing-gum could he produce. But he did have, somewhere among his things, he said, two little toy lanterns, with red glass sides, filled with small mixed candies, and he had several oranges left. Earlier in the day he had had small glass pistols filled with candy. He departed to get the stock still on hand.

When the lanterns proved to be miniature conductor's lanterns, Miss Santa Claus could have clapped her hands with satisfaction. Children who played train so much would be delighted with them. She thrust one into each stocking with an orange on top. They just filled the legs, but there was a dismal limpness of foot which sadly betrayed its emptiness. With another glance at her watch, Miss Santa Claus hurried back to the dining-car. The tables were nearly empty, and she found the steward by the door. She showed him the stockings and implored him to think of something to help fill them. Had n't he nuts, raisins, *anything*, even little cakes, that she could get in a hurry?

He suggested salted almonds and after-dinner mints, and sent a waiter flying down the aisle to get some. While she waited, she explained that they were for two children who had come by themselves all the way from the Junction. It was

little Will'm's first ride on a Pullman. The words "Junction" and "Will'm" seemed to recall something to the steward.

"I wonder if it could be the same little chap who found my locket," he said. "I took his name, intending to send him something Christmas, but was so busy I never thought of it again."

The waiter was back with the nuts and mints. Miss Santa Claus paid for them, and hurriedly returned to the state-room. She had to search through her things again to find some tissue-paper to wrap the salted almonds in. They'd spoil the red satin if put in without covering. While she was doing it the steward came to the door.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said, "but would you mind showing me the little fellow? If it is the same one, I'd like to leave him a small trick I've got here."

She pointed down the aisle to the seat where Will'm lay sound asleep, one dimpled fist cuddled under his soft chin. After a moment's smiling survey, the man came back.

"That's the kid, all right," he told her. "And he seemed to be so powerful fond of anything that has to do with a train, I thought it would please him to find this in his stocking."

He handed her a small-sized conductor's punch. "I use it to keep tally on the order cards," he explained, "but I won't need it on the rest of this run."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Miss Santa Claus. "I know he'll be delighted, and I'm much obliged to you myself, for helping me make his stocking fuller and nicer."

She opened the magazine after he had gone, and, just to try the punch, closed it down on one of the leaves. Clip it went, and the next instant she uttered a soft little cry of pleasure. The clean-cut hole that the punch had made in the margin was star-shaped, and on her lap, where it had fallen from the punch, was a tiny white paper star.

"Oh, it will help him to remember the charm!" she whispered, her eyes shining with the happy thought. "If I only had some kind of a reminder for Libby, too!"

Then, all of a sudden came another message, straight from the sky road! She could give Libby the little gold ring which had fallen to her lot the night before in her slice of the birthday cake. There had been a ring, a thimble, and a dime in the cake, and she had drawn the ring. It was so small, just a child's size, that she could n't wear it, but she was taking it home to put in her memory book. It had been such a beautiful evening that she wanted to mark it with that little

golden circlet, although, of course, it was n't possible for her to forget such a lovely time, even in centuries. And Libby *might* forget about the star-flowers unless she had a daily reminder.

She held it in her hand a moment, hesitating, till the message came again, "*Send it!*" Then there was no longer any indecision. When she shut it in its little box, and stuffed the box down past the lantern and the orange and the nuts and the peppermints into the very toe, such a warm, glad Christmasy feeling sent its glow through her, that she knew past all doubting she had interpreted the sky road message aright.

Many of the passengers had left the car by this time, and the greater number of those who remained were nodding uncomfortably in their seats. But those who happened to be awake and

alert, saw a picture they never forgot, when a lovely young girl, her face alight with the joy of Christmas love and giving, stole down the aisle and silently fastened something on the back of the seat above each little sleeper. It was a stocking, red and shining as a cherry, and silver-bordered with glistening fairy fringe.

When they looked again, she had disappeared, but the stockings still hung there, tokens which were to prove to those same little sleepers on their awakening that the star-flower charm is true.

For love indeed works miracles, and every message from the sky road is but an echo of the one the Christmas angels sang when first they came along that shining highway, the heralds of goodwill and peace to all the earth.

THE END.



We 've dipped the pen into the ink;
Now hold your hand just so.
And first we 'll make a big round "S,"
To start the word, you know.

And then a little "a" comes next,
An "n," a "t," and "a"—
Perhaps, if we try very hard,
We 'll finish it to-day.

A RESOLVE

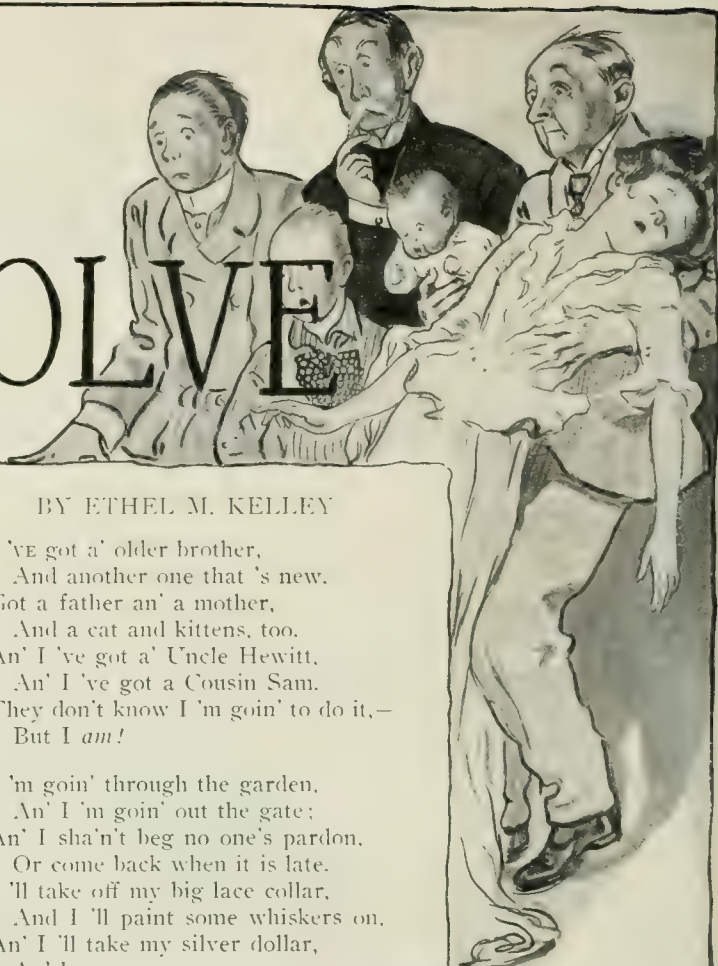
BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I 've got a' older brother,
And another one that 's new.
Got a father an' a mother,
And a cat and kittens, too.
An' I 've got a' Uncle Hewitt,
An' I 've got a Cousin Sam.
They don't know I 'm goin' to do it,—
But I *am*!

I 'm goin' through the garden,
An' I 'm goin' out the gate;
An' I sha'n't beg no one's pardon,
Or come back when it is late.
I 'll take off my big lace collar,
And I 'll paint some whiskers on,
An' I 'll take my silver dollar,
An' be *gone*.

I guess I 'll be a cow-boy,
Or a sailor, or a cop;
And no one can tell me, "Now, boy,
It is time that you should stop!"
An' I 'll earn a lot of money,
And be famous where I go;
An' I guess they 'll all feel funny
When they *know*.

I don't mind when they "correct" me
For a lot of things I say,
For, of course, they can't expect me
To remember, every day.
I don't mind it when they scold me
'Cause I 'm naughty, or I 'm "soiled!"
But they had n't oughter told me
I was *spoiled*!



A CORRECTION

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a Mouse;

Now, whoever wrote that, surely made a mistake,
For really, on Christmas Eve I'm wide awake,
And I'm always astir, for on that night, you see,
Old Santa is sure to have something for me!
So with all due respect to the old Christmas
rhyme,
That ref'erence to Mice has been
wrong all the time



GEORGE O. BUTLER



"HE DROPPED HIS HEAD INTO HIS HAND, AND FELL TO SURVEYING THE GRAVEL WALK." (SEE PAGE 116.)

LARRY GOES TO THE ANT

BY EFFIE RAVENSCROFT

LARRY had come to a decision! The joy of it was in the brightness of his eye; but the awe of it was in the pallor of his cheek. With a hand that trembled he took out his watch. The hands stood at five minutes to ten. In five minutes, his father's morning office hours would be over. Dr. McCleary would then be free from interruption for a period, unless he had a hurry call; and it was this possible interim that Larry intended to make use of for the delivering of what, he acknowledged to himself with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach, was going to be a shock.

The thought of the approaching ordeal brought drops of sweat about his mouth; and to enable himself to bear those five minutes, he took from his innermost pocket an envelop and held it in his hand. It was the contents of that envelop that had led to the decision which, he felt, was going to shake to its very foundations the McCleary household.

At the end of those awful five minutes, he drew a gasping breath of relief, put the envelop carefully back into his pocket, and arose. Larry was a stalwart youth, and one of the coolest-headed

of the athletes that the local college had graduated at its last term. But as he started down the stairs, his trained and prize-winning legs trembled so that, for the first time since his infancy, he had to grasp the banisters for support.

The outer office was without waiting patients, and the inner one was likewise without occupants, so Larry went to the library. A wave of affection so great that it momentarily choked him swept over him as he stood in the door for a moment and looked remorsefully at his father's stately head, crowned by its waves of iron-gray hair, the best-beloved head in the town.

Dr. McCleary looked up from the pile of pamphlets on the table.

"Hello, son!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "I was just going to call you. I've decided, after many mental throes," he went on, with a merry twinkle in his fine eyes, "which college is going to have the honor of conferring another 'Dr. Lawrence S. McCleary' on the world. I've selected the one in Baltimore. It's some way from home, to be sure," and the doctor's face shadowed, "but you'll take a three-years' course at this one"—he handed Larry a prospectus—"and a postgraduate

at Johns Hopkins. You 'll thereby do the whole thing in the same city, which I, being old-fashioned, consider an advantage, especially as this particular city contains one of the most famous hospitals in the world. You see, I believe in roots. There 's been a Dr. McCleary for six generations, and will be one for six more, I trust. And I intend that the one I contribute shall be the best that money can provide. Does that plan meet with your august approval, son?"

There was an odd undercurrent of wistfulness in the doctor's tone, in spite of its jocularly. And Larry, between whom and his father there had always been a bond of sympathetic, silent understanding, caught the undertone and choked up again.

"Dad," he commenced, almost inarticulately, "there 's something—something—" He gathered himself together and finally blurted out: "Dad, I don't want to be a doctor—I can't be a doctor, Dad! I want to be a newspaper man!"

It might have been a full minute before Dr. McCleary found his voice and replied; but to Larry it seemed an eternity.

"Sit down, son," the doctor said, in the gentle tone of one who is dazed. "Now what is this that you just said? You don't want to be a doctor? There never was an eldest McCleary who did n't want to be a doctor, son. Let 's have the whole story. Perhaps it 's just a delusion."

Larry shook his head vehemently at the closing remark, for he felt his courage returning under the strengthening influence of the doctor's presence. He leaned forward and looked with the eloquent brown eyes of his mother into the steady gray ones of his father.

"Dad," he said, "this is a crisis, and it 's not a time for keeping anything back. I 've never wanted to study medicine, never! And I believe that somehow you knew it before I did; you felt it. I 've never admitted it to myself until a couple of weeks ago, when all those things from the medical schools began to come in. And, Dad, I 've always loved newspapers instinctively; and I did n't realize that until—well, recently. You know I 've always tried to read 'em, Dad, ever since I could sit up to one. Every time I hear a newsboy call an 'extra,' or even the regular edition for that matter, an electric shock runs up my spine. Oh, I can't tell you all, Dad! But I 'm mad about 'em, just properly mad, that 's all; not books, you understand, but papers, the things that represent life right up to the last minute ticked off by the clock!"

"And I did n't tell you, Dad, but when you and I went to Washington to that convention, I spent nearly all my time among the papers at the Con-

gressional Library while you were sitting at the feet of the scientists, you know. The library has papers from all over the world, Dad, and files that go back to the year one, I guess. You know," he went on, with shining eyes, "it 's said to be the greatest newspaper collection in the world. From my way of looking at things, Dad, the newspaper man is the man who touches life in its broadest sense."

Dr. McCleary's ruddy face had become the color of cold ashes. He looked at his son curiously, and then smiled somewhat wanly.

"So does a doctor, son; so does a doctor," he said slowly.

He brushed a hand across his forehead.

"This is an awful blow, Lawrence,—we will be frank, as you said. The eldest McCleary has always been a doctor, you know. There 's never been any question about it for generations; somehow we 've come to think that the world expects it of us, and that the rule is as fixed as the other vital laws of the universe. For several years I 've been planning finances so that you could have the best and broadest advantages. And lately,—well, I get tired sometimes. The practice is heavy and the responsibility great; and I realize at this moment how I have been looking forward to the support of my boy, the next Dr. McCleary.

"But you 're right, son. I 've felt rather than known all along that your heart was n't in it. But a newspaper man, son; why a newspaper man? I wonder how it happened! No McCleary was ever remotely connected with a paper. I must say," he continued, as if to himself, "that the average reporter does n't impress me. In yesterday's paper, for instance, one of them announced that pellagra is the medical name for hook-worm! Being the editor of the school paper has n't gone to your head, has it, Larry?" he concluded, with a hopeful note in his tone.

"Not a bit of it, Dad!" Larry replied emphatically. "Maybe this has, though."

He took from his pocket the envelop and laid it, superscription side up, upon the table. In conservative and impressive lettering in the upper left-hand corner was the inscription "The Morning Tribune." Dr. McCleary extracted the contents, and the latter proved, to his amazement, to be a narrow slip of blue paper which said: "Pay to the order of Lawrence McCleary fifteen dollars."

"That 's for an idea I sent to 'The Tribune,' Dad," Larry explained; "just the bare idea, you understand. And it was my first attempt to break in; and at the time I meant that it should be my last attempt, too, but— I felt like a traitor to you, Dad. But I had the idea, and I just could n't

keep it in; so I thought I 'd have one try, just one. Honest, I thought 'The Tribune' would squelch me, and I 'd be glad to quit."

Dr. McCleary stared down at that fatal blue slip for fully three minutes. Then he cleared his throat.

"Lawrence," he said, "suppose you go out and prow around the garden till I call you. I 'll be ready to talk business to you then."

Larry went out, and with his cap pulled down over his face, sat down in front of the old sundial that for generations had served the McClearys as a focus for their attention when they had weighty problems to solve. Fully a half-hour elapsed before his father called him; and by that time, Larry himself had made up his mind to something. When he arose and started slowly toward the house, there was a perceptible droop in his stalwart shoulders.

He did not wait for his father to speak.

"Father," he said (and Dr. McCleary started, for it was the first time in his experience that one of his motherless sons had addressed him as "Father"), "it 's all over. Why, I would n't grieve you that way for anything in the world! Nothing that I might do in life would compensate me for it. I 'll be a doctor, Father, and I 'll be a good one, too!"

"Not so fast, son; not so fast!" the doctor exclaimed cheerfully. "You 'll be what you were cut out to be; I have n't any right to deny you that privilege, even if I am your dad. But we 'll make a sporting proposition of it, son. In other words, I shall require you to *prove* to me that you were cut out to break all the McCleary traditions and be a newspaper man instead of a doctor. I 'll put it to you this way: if you can get on 'The Tribune,' I 'll not only accept the situation, but I 'll give you my blessing, and it 'll be from the bottom of my heart; but understand, I stipulate that it must be 'The Tribune.'"

Larry's shoulders straightened magically; a smile crossed his face, and he started to speak. But his father raised his hand.

"Wait a minute! This is a crisis with both of us, and we 're going to play fair. I know what you are up against, and you don't. 'The Tribune' is and always has been my ideal paper; it is, in fact, one of the very few papers for which I have respect. I would consider any connection with it an honor. But I happen to know something of its innermost workings. Because, my son, you are not the only young gentleman in this town who aspires—or has aspired—to the excitement of newspaper life. The sons of three of my patients and friends have done likewise in the last five years. All of them aspired to 'The Tribune,' and

none of them met with success. They were able to get on other papers, but they have n't made 'The Tribune' yet, and probably never will.

"That paper uses the utmost discrimination in the selection of its men. Nothing ordinary will do, for when a man is put on 'The Tribune,' he is there for life, if he cares to stay; and he is pensioned after a certain number of years' service. It has made some of our most prominent writers. It has an application file that reaches nearly to the ceiling, I suspect, and it fills its rare vacancies from that. You may think that you have an open sesame in that check, but you have n't. I will admit, though, that you may have in it a wedge that will open the way for a personal interview. I want to warn you, though, that Colonel Larrabee has the reputation of being a sort of man-eating tiger unless—well, unless."

The eager light of battle had come into Larry's eye. He unconsciously took a grip on his belt, and went through a series of motions like a knight girding himself for a fray in which he meant to conquer. His father observed it all, and smiled quietly and in a way which suggested a lurking opinion that the seventh Dr. Lawrence McCleary was not yet lost to the family.

"When shall I start, Dad; you are master of ceremonies now?" Larry asked.

"'The Tribune' is a morning paper," the doctor replied thoughtfully; "if you leave to-morrow on the seven o'clock train, you will be in the city in an hour and a quarter. That will give you time to freshen up before your interview, supposing that you get an interview," he concluded, with a smile that was half mischievous, half sad.

"COLONEL LARRABEE will see you now, Mr. McCleary. Will you step this way?" said a composed voice at Larry's elbow. Had Larry been familiar with that voice, he would have detected in it a note of respect and admiration. For the very capable young woman who guarded from intrusion Colonel Willard Larrabee, owner and publisher of the powerful "Tribune," felt both admiration and respect for any one who was going to be granted an interview with that grand vizir at ten o'clock in the morning.

When Larry arose, his heart began to pound with such enthusiasm that he was sure its beats were quite audible to the young woman and every one else in the vicinity. For he was hearing again his father's parting words: "Remember, son, it 's a gentlemen's bargain; 'The Tribune' or the medical school." And he would have been vastly relieved could he have seen himself as he was seen at that moment, a perfectly composed young man, unmistakably both a gentleman and

ST. NICHOLAS

1914

CALENDAR

1914

JANUARY						
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I don't object to 'Santa Claus.'
 "Kris Kringle" and the rest.
 But, looking into it, I find
 St. Nicholas suits me best!

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The dates in the red circles will be the **Red Letter Days** of 1914,—the days when ST. NICHOLAS will come to you. The magazine for each month will be issued on the 1st of the month, except when that falls upon Sunday. Then ST. NICHOLAS will appear a day earlier.



"YOU GO OUT AND HUNT ME UP A NICE STORY ABOUT THE CITY'S FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

an athlete, a combination which is bound to be attractive to any one.

A large person swung around in a revolving chair and glanced at Larry for possibly the fraction of a minute; whereupon Larry felt as though he had been subjected to an application of the X-ray. But the large person spoke; and the quality of the voice that proceeded from the grim mouth was such that Larry felt as if the X-ray had been followed by a soothing narcotic.

"Good morning, Mr. McCleary," Colonel Willard Larrabee said. "And what can I do for you, sir?"

"You can put me on 'The Tribune,' sir," Larry promptly replied. And the sound of his own voice amazed him; entirely respectful, it was yet entirely natural, and, moreover, entirely confident. No one could have suspected from its sound that Larry felt himself to be facing his life's crisis; that he was, figuratively speaking, standing be-

fore the door whose closing upon him meant condemnation to a life's work with which he had no sympathy, to express it mildly.

Again Colonel Larrabee looked at him. Another expression had replaced the gimlet quality of his eyes, an expression that was half quizzical, half something else, and in its entirety gave the impression that the colonel was going to indulge in something amusing at somebody's expense. That look had a peculiar effect upon Larry. He experienced the same sensations that he always had on the days when it became necessary for him to prove once more to his friends and fellow citizens that he was their star runner. His heart magically quieted, and he sat tight.

"Is that all?" the colonel asked quietly. "Would you believe it, Mr. McCleary, we quite frequently have requests like that here on 'The Tribune'? Usually, though, we get them in writing; the applicants don't get past the city-editor to me.

Your card, however, rather interested me; it had a weight of its own, you know. By the way, here it is." He handed Larry the "card," the envelop containing "The Tribune's" check. "The Tribune," he went on, "is not in the habit of purchasing ideas recklessly; and it can always use an exceptionally good man; an exceptionally good one, understand."

He suddenly took out his watch and looked at it.

"Now, Mr. McCleary," he continued briskly, "what paper are you from? How much and what kind of experience have you had? Of course you are sure that you can write, so I won't ask you about that. Can you get the news? You've got the physique, have you got the rest?"

Larry swallowed hard.

"I have had no experience, Colonel Larrabee," he said. And again his voice sounded perfectly natural. "My sole recommendation is that you thought one of my ideas worth buying, and that I believe that I was cut out for the work."

The colonel's eyebrows suddenly threatened to disappear into his hair.

"Ah?" he exclaimed; and for a moment said nothing more. And for many a year thereafter, "Ah" spoken as an interrogation was to Lawrence S. McCleary the most expressive, most cutting word in the English language.

"Who told you, Mr. McCleary, that 'The Tribune' is a kindergarten? Nobody, of course. You did n't need to be told,—you knew it! Now, the city-editor has n't any patience with cubs; won't have 'em around him, in fact. But personally I don't object to an occasional cub if he's got a good physique. In newspaper work, it's not all how well you can write, not by any means! It's how long and how hard you can hustle for news, how long you can go without your dinner before your stomach caves in, etc. As I said before, your physique and your 'card' recommend you for a try-out, anyway. So we'll see what you can do. You go out and hunt me up a nice story about the city's first public school; where it was, and who ran it; who attended it, and what became of all of 'em, the master included. Arrange for some pictures, too. You make me a nice story out of that, and we'll see what we'll see."

Larry arose. It seemed to him that a thousand joy-bells were ringing in his ears. Poor dad! The door had n't shut, after all! For the first time his composure almost deserted him.

"Colonel Larrabee, I appreciate—" he began.

"So you do," the colonel interrupted blandly, and shot his chair half-way around.

Larry, accepting this unmistakable dismissal, started for the door. With his hand on the knob, he stopped and turned.

"How soon must the copy be in, sir?" he asked.

The colonel looked over his shoulder; and now there was no mistaking his expression; it was one of almost impish amusement.

"Oh, in two or three days," he replied. And the revolving chair shot all the way around.

Larry was smiling to himself when, a few minutes later, he entered the nearest drug-store and opened the directory.

"Two or three days for a story like that!" he thought. "I must have looked like a dub! Why, it's easy, easy! Poor dad!"

Presently, he emerged from the drug-store and boarded a car. Twelve minutes later, he swung briskly from the platform at a certain corner, and ascended the steps of a glistening white building which, long and low, was set in the midst of much trim greenery. Within, a short young man and then a tall young woman were encountered in turn; and by them "The Tribune's" latest acquisition was passed on into a pleasant, peaceful apartment where a pleasant and peaceful-looking man occupied a substantial chair at one end of a table upon which was a clutter of papers. He smiled approvingly if inquiringly as the very good-looking young man advanced upon him; whereupon the said young man responsively glowed.

"Is this Mr. Van Deusen?" Larry inquired.

"It is," replied the superintendent of public schools; and he extended his hand, but did not arise.

"I am from 'The Tribune,' Mr. Van Deusen," Larry commenced (and a thrill ran through him as he heard his own words). "And I wanted to see if you would oblige me with some information about the city's first public—"

"There's the door, young man,—use it!" And Van Deusen, on his feet now and his face white with anger, pointed to the petrified Larry the way out. There was menace in the gesture; it indicated a restrained desire to force the issue of the door upon the startled young man.

This sudden metamorphosis of an urbane gentleman into a would-be (and obviously capable!) pugilist, rendered Larry, after the first start of surprise, incapable of movement, of inquiry, of protest. Van Deusen surveyed his helpless amazement with an eye glassy from emotion, and then suddenly choked out:

"First assignment?" Larry merely nodded.

"Well," Van Deusen went on, "you are the twenty-third person 'The Tribune' has sent here on that fool's errand. The joke may be on you, but the outrage is on me!"

Larry felt himself turn pale; he did not know, however, that his mouth fell open and so re-

mained; this mortifying fact was thrust upon his consciousness later.

Van Deusen continued to survey him in silent rage; but presently a softening glimmer came into his eyes, doubtless compelled there by the edifying spectacle of utter dejection presented by Lawrence S. McCleary, Jr.

tory of these United States of America. It raged for two days and two nights; engaged the attention of the whole civilized world; destroyed almost one third of the city; left more than seventy thousand persons homeless. In consideration of these rather unusual details, you may have condescended to make a note of it along with the famous base-ball scores. Also it destroyed nearly eighteen thousand buildings and—here we reach our issue—with them all school records whatsoever. Therefore, young man, nobody knows anything about the first public school. Nobody ever can know anything about the first public school. I myself would give a pretty penny to know something about it.

"You 're the butt of a joke, young man. That 's 'The Tribune's' stock 'decoy' for all the cubs who think they are 'called' to journalism and 'The Tribune.' And this is the last time I am going to explain that fact, positively the last! I don't know what 'The Tribune's' idea is, I 'm sure. Perhaps it wants to see how far each one will go on a blind trail. Well, the farthest any one of the twenty-two went was this office. They all began here and ended here, just as you 'll do. But the joke 's ceased to be a joke at this end; and if you don't tell your editor so, I shall. In fact, I did tell him at the eighteenth man; but this time I 'll make a warning of it."

He ceased speaking, probably because of the evident circumstance that his audience had wilted to the last possible degree. But he continued to flap his coat-tails and glare at the offending one. And it was here that Larry, essaying speech, discovered to his further humiliation that his mouth was open.

"Twenty-three?" he managed to blurt out.

"Twenty-three!" the superintendent acidly agreed. Then suddenly one hand moved itself to his vest pocket and came out filled.

"Have a cigar, boy," he said kindly; "and walk a few squares to the park and sit there and commune with nature until you recover. You seem to be harder hit than the others; anyway, they laughed it off. Perhaps you 're not a bluffer; you 're showing that you care. Some men would n't like that, but it happens that I do. If you really need a position, come to see me in a week; I 'm busy now. And remember this, my boy, journalism has no reward except itself."



HERE 'S THE DOOR, YOUNG MAN (SEE IT)

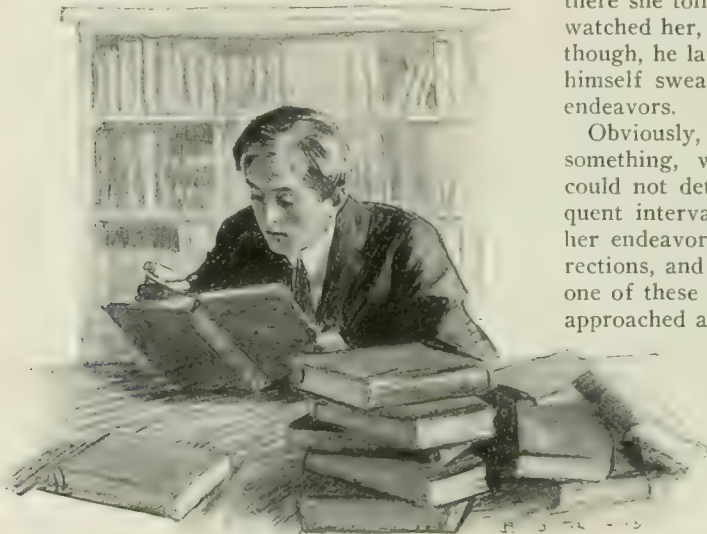
"Sit down, young man, sit down!" he exclaimed.

Larry sat down. Mr. Van Deusen, however, did not sit down. He continued to stand, and Larry was bitterly sure that he did this that he might glower the more forcefully upon the object of his displeasure. Larry was relieved to observe, though, that he put his muscular-looking hands beneath his coat-tails and played a flapping accompaniment to the caustic speech that he proceeded to deliver.

"Young man," said the superintendent, "if you possess such a thing as a memory, kindly exert it for the purpose of recalling that some forty years ago this fair city was devastated by fire. Now I, of course, would n't expect you or your illustrious predecessors on this assignment to have your valuable mind-space cluttered up with a mere incident of this kind. But it so happens that this was the most destructive fire in the his-

Larry did not smoke, had never smoked, intended never to smoke; but Larry did not know this at that moment. The world was a blank, the rosy, smiling, promising world of a few minutes ago. So he mechanically took the cigar, choked out a "Thank you, sir," and made his exit. In the same dazed way he made for the nearest park, selected the first bench that impressed itself upon him because of its isolation, and dropped upon it.

The colonel's "joke" had doubtless not appeared as a joke exactly to any of Larry's "illustrious predecessors"; but to Larry it was an ac-



"LARRY SUDDENLY STOOPED CLOSER (SEE PAGE 116.)

tual tragedy. "The Tribune" or the medical school! And now it must be the latter. Anyway, his failure would bring joy at home; and his dad would n't guy him about it, because his dad was n't that sort. How he wished that he could see him.

He put his elbow upon his knee, dropped his disconsolate head into his hand, and fell to surveying the gravel walk. And presently he became aware that he was not the only agitated creature in that vicinity; for the small space encompassed by his vision was the scene of great excitement to a denizen of another world. Within it, a small black ant ran wildly about, stopping ever and anon at one spot, only to rush off to another from which she would depart in undiminished haste after having inspected it from every possible angle.

"If I did n't know," Larry observed, "that the ant's high order of intelligence prohibits insanity (according to Messrs. Spencer and Hearn), I'd

say that little beast down there had slipped a mental cog."

Just then the "little beast" arrived at a small mass of something resembling dried lime, subjected it to the usual detailed inspection, and then began to remove it atom by atom. Apparently she believed that the treasure she sought was within the mass, and was to be gotten at only by the painstaking removal of the outward debris. So insignificant was the deposit that no human eye would have observed it under ordinary circumstances; but to the small black worker it was obviously a mountain of difficulty. All alone there she toiled on the path, and how long Larry watched her, fascinated, he did not know. Once, though, he laughed, shamefacedly enough, to find himself sweating in sympathy with her gigantic endeavors.

Obviously, too, she expected the approach of something, whether hostile or friendly Larry could not determine by her actions; for at frequent intervals she left the immediate scene of her endeavors, reconnoitered carefully in all directions, and then returned to her task. At last, one of these quests was successful. Another ant approached and was met by the first one; an excited consultation ensued, and the pair started off toward the lime,

the first one hurriedly and the second one slowly and reluctantly. The latter inspected the "find," another consultation followed, and the second insect departed in a manner ludicrously resembling "flouncing." The first little worker followed for some distance, hesi-

tated, and then returned to her lonely and, as Larry believed, scorned and flouted task.

Finally, after human minutes that were perhaps ant years, she reached what she sought—a tiny bit of the deposit presenting, to Larry's eyes, no point of difference from the discarded debris. The excavator evidenced great excitement at her success, executing about the "find" what looked to Larry strangely like a war-dance. She then took firm hold of the treasure, which was three times larger than herself, and began a toilsome journey toward some unseen and distant Mecca. Her method of progress consisted of a sixteenth-inch pull, a halt to regain energy, another pull, and so on.

During one of her reconnoitering trips, which for some reason she continued, Larry (who was now observing for a definite reason) moved her burden backward upon the path of its toilsome passage. The insect's distress was pathetic. Frantically she ran about, seeking the lost; and,

finding it, she recommenced its transportation with a determination unshaken by the incalculable (to her) distance that had been lost.

Larry whistled in admiration.

"What a game little brute! Absolutely can't discourage her!" he exclaimed.

Having thus delivered himself aloud, he became aware that his face was hot; an instant later, he realized that he had blushed.

"Lawrence S. McCleary, would-be newspaper man," he said bitterly (yes, he was talking to himself), "you take off your hat to that ant, and then get up and follow her example! She's a better man than you are any day in the week! The scrap she wanted was under a mountain of debris; nobody knew whether it was actually there or not. But did she let any one come along and rage at her and say, 'Impossible! it's not there! you can't do it! it can't be done!?' She went on the supposition not that it could n't be done, but that it could. And she hustled and kept on hustling even when you threw her back; and she'll keep right on hustling, too!

"And so will you, Lawrence S. McCleary! You get off this bench and hustle on that assignment! No wonder you've an 'S' in your name! It ought to stand for sluggard,—anybody that can be influenced to crawl off and sit down as easily as you can before you've even had a try at it! You can't be a road-maker or a bridge-builder, or a timber-cutter, or an agriculturist, or anything else that Spencer says the ant is; but maybe you'll turn out to be a passable reporter, if you keep your mind on that ant!"

"When you're talkin' to yourself, you're keepin' bad company, sonny," drawled a voice in close proximity.

Larry looked around, and then raised his cap in respectful salute to the many years that had seated themselves beside him.

"I believe I was talking to myself," he admitted ruefully; "but I don't do it often. I was discoursing on ants."

"Ants?" the new-comer repeated, quite without surprise. "Well, ants is wonderful creeters. Seems to me they've always got themselves in trainin'. Whyfore do they always be buildin' their houses right in people's paths where they're sure to be knocked down every other minnit? Why, just to make themselves strong 'gainst setbacks! I'm a great hand for readin', and I've

read how an ant always comes out on top, no matter what she's run up against. They do say she can run a tunnel through solid rock. But what gets me is she knows all about raisin' mushrooms, which is more 'n I do. I tried raisin' 'em in my cellar, but I come out at the little end o' the horn; which shows I ain't as much sense as a despised little ant."

Larry had turned, and was surveying his com-



NO, SHE DID NOT KNOW EITHER HIS FIRST NAME OR HIS FIRST-NAME ADDRESS. (SEE PAGE 12)

panion with frank interest; for in the last few minutes Larry had become a person with one idea—if he could but get on a faint scent on that public-school business, just a scent! Nothing ever just "happens"; might n't this chance acquaintance who was "a great hand for reading" be a kindly trick of fate?

"I wonder, sir," he inquired eagerly, "if you could n't tell me something about the city's first public school?"

But the old man unhesitatingly shook his head. "I ain't been in these parts but about sixteen years," he said. "Come up here to live with my daughter. An' I don't remember readin' nothin' about that." Then he asked somewhat wistfully, "Got any tobacker, sonny? I 'm clean out."

Larry smiled in spite of his disappointment. He withdrew the superintendent's cigar from his pocket and proffered it.

"Will this do?" he asked.

The old man's eyes glistened as he smelled the offering.

"I don't often git a cigar, 'specially a good one like this," he said. "I 'm mighty sorry I can't tell you what you want to know." He looked up at Larry regretfully, observed him shrewdly for a moment, and then added, with a droll expression: "You seem all worked up about it, sonny. Now it does appear to me that if a common, underfoot ant can tunnel through rock, a likely lad like you ought to be able to find out about that school. I 'm a mighty old man, sonny, an' I ain't made what you 'd call a howlin' success out o' life. An' I can look back now an' see how, in tight places, I might have got a hunch from some mighty low-to-the-ground things if I 'd been a mind to."

At this bracer Larry arose, and there was termination in the act.

"That 's it exactly,—just what I was telling myself when you came along," he agreed.

He raised his cap in farewell, and started off in a hurry.

"Sonny, come back! I just thought o' somethin'!" the old man shouted. And Larry promptly retraced his steps.

"I beat up my mind, 'count o' you givin' me this cigar," the old man commenced excitedly, "an' I remember readin' sometime in somethin' or other that somethin' called The Old Settlers' 'Sociation had been broke' up; an' somebody was give' a medal testifyin' that he was the oldest livin' man born in this city. I took notice because he was older 'n me. Now, if you could find one o' them old settlers, sonny!"

Larry gripped the gnarled old hand hard and shook it. "Thank you! I 'm off!" he exclaimed.

Twenty minutes later, Larry was seated at a table in the public library, rapidly scanning and turning the leaves of the most recent edition of The Daily News Almanac.

"Not there!" he murmured, when the last page had been thus scanned. He sat back for a moment, his face tense and pale. "I 'll have to get the back numbers," he thought; "and that 'll take time, time, endless, precious time! I never realized before what an important thing time is, not even on field-days!"

After he had assured himself many times over that the attendant was in reality a snail though she looked like a human, he found himself in possession of twelve red-bound volumes. Minute after minute he bent over this unaccustomed task, feverish with excitement one moment, cold with discouragement the next. A dozen times he caught himself thinking, "All this trouble for nothing! Did n't Van Deusen and twenty-two others tell you that you could n't do it? Get on the next train, and go home and forget it." But he answered himself with the admonition: "Keep your mind on the ant, sluggard,—keep your mind on the ant, and move the debris! What you want is here somewhere, even if you can't see it!"

In the middle of the volume of the twelfth year back, he suddenly stooped closer. There before him, inconspicuously yet unmistakably there, was a notice of a meeting of The Old Settlers' Association, and it included the name of the secretary! Larry copied it with a shaking hand, and with all possible speed made for the outside and a directory. By all the laws of nature and habit, he should have been hungry; but the thought of food never entered his mind.

"Pierre Dubreuil! What great luck that it was n't William Jones and a needle in a haystack!" he congratulated himself.

But the directory blandly declined to produce a Pierre Dubreuil. It surrendered only one Dubreuil—Alonzo; and according to its testimony, this gentleman conducted a detective agency in a neighborhood necessitating a fifteen-minutes' ride! Only that one chance, and that the slimmest kind of a one! Larry stifled a groan as he faced this fact. Then he boosted himself with the reminder, "It might be a whole lot worse, sluggard! This Dubreuil 's a detective, and will know everybody in the city."

Alonzo Dubreuil, Esq., weighed all of two hundred pounds, and evidently had n't a minute to spare in the businesslike-looking office at which Larry arrived in due time.

Mr. Pierre Dubreuil? No, he was not a relative. In fact, Alonzo had never heard of Pierre. Wait a minute, though. If memory served him correctly, there had been a Dubreuil on the police force, whether Larry's quarry or not he could not say. And unless he was mistaken, this Dubreuil had been retired about, well, say seven years before. A moment's further cudgeling of memory produced the belief that Policeman Dubreuil had lived on Eastern Avenue; but about this fact Alonzo was by no means certain.

"You 're just moving the debris, Larry," remarked the fagged-looking youth who boarded a car marked Eastern Avenue; at which mut-

tering the conductor not unnaturally observed him with speculation in his eye. For many weary minutes, Eastern Avenue's stores and drug-stores yielded up no information of a Dubreuil of any

he so informed himself as a clanging gong announced his entrance.

Mr. Dubreuil? Yes, indeed! She (the proprietress) and he had "lived neighbors" for two



"THE DISCOMFORT OF GLOVING WITH PLEASURE, AT HIS OWN PERFORMANCE." (SEE PAGE 123.)

name or calling whatsoever. And Larry halted at last in front of a small notion-store and looked with unjust animosity at its creditable display of gingham aprons and sweeping-caps.

"I'm on a fool's errand, just as Van Deusen said. But I'll quit here. This is my last try!"

years, otherwise she would not have known of his existence; he was a very quiet man, and never talked about himself or his business. But he had moved away three years before, and she did not know his address. Was his name "Pierre"? Alas, she did not know; she had never heard.

"What do I want now, I wonder?" Larry, outside, interrogated himself. "For a good guess, I'll say an expressman."

Back into the little shop he went, and elicited the cheering information that the nearest expressman was "down street one block and to the right one block." Where the expressman was concerned, fortune smiled upon Larry at last. He had indeed moved Policeman Dubreuil's folks. No, he did n't know his first name, but he could get his address from his old books. When forthcoming, the new address proved to be within walking distance; but Larry's knees and empty stomach and excitement forbade walking.

"I almost wish I'd never seen an ant," he informed the atmosphere, as he impatiently waited for his car. "It's a plain case of ignorance bliss. If there'd been anything in what I'm doing, would n't some other fellow have done it long ago?"

The woman who opened the door to him at the given address shook her head. Mr. Dubreuil had not lived there for a year. No, she did not know either his first name or his present address; she could not even say that he was still living, as he was very old, and had been ill. The door closed unceremoniously upon a very dejected youth.

"Now, I wonder what that ant would do in the face of this set-back?" Larry inquired of himself. "Dubreuil may not be living; if he is living, he may not be Pierre; if he is Pierre, he may not know a blessed thing about the first public school. Well, the ant would just hang on like grim death," he answered himself. "I'm wound up now, and could n't stop if I wanted to. Now the woman said Dubreuil had been ill; therefore me for the nearest drug-store!"

Larry had guessed—or, rather, reasoned—correctly. The clerk remembered having filled the Dubreuil prescriptions, which had been numerous. The files yielded the name of the attending physician, and the 'phone yielded the information that the said doctor was out; he would be in in ten minutes, however, as he had an office appointment, and the patient was waiting even then. Then for an eternity of suspense, Larry sat still and champed the bit. When he again took down the receiver, his hand was icy cold.

Yes, the doctor would certainly give him Mr. Dubreuil's present address. But who required it? Ah, a representative of "The Tribune"? Just a moment. The address came across the wire clearly; and then Larry, his heart in his throat, inquired:

"Is Mr. Dubreuil's name 'Pierre'?"

"Pierre, certainly," was the crisp retort; and Larry actually fell away from the 'phone.

Twenty minutes later, a rosy-cheeked matron was proudly informing a trembling representative of the press (for Larry so considered himself) that her father had indeed been secretary of The Old Settlers' Association. When it had disbanded, he had been given a medal testifying that he was the oldest living man who had been born in the city.

Then Larry braced himself; for the answer to his next question meant either glorious success or crushing defeat,—meant, he believed, journalism or the medical school. Did—did she suppose her father could know anything about the city's first public school? The matron laughed.

"I think," she said, "that he could tell you even the exact number of nails it took to build that school. It is the subject nearest his heart, his dearest memory of the old days." He could be found at the Walnut Street Police Station, doubtless.

Larry could never give a clear account of the next few minutes. He always maintained that he neither rode nor walked to that police station; he floated. He must have entered in a conventional manner, however, for his advent excited no commotion whatsoever. He still could not grasp the fact of a success in the face of the seemingly impossible, success for him where twenty-two others had failed!

In such a mental and physical condition was he that he was again surprised at the normal sound of his voice when he inquired for Mr. Dubreuil. He was directed to the sergeant's desk; and when he beheld the manner of man who was occupying the chair, the cap he had removed was crammed into his pocket; instinctive homage to a well-spent life. That Pierre Dubreuil's years were many, he of course knew; that these years were all on the credit side of his life's account was proved by the compact strength of the proudly erect frame, the ruddy glow beneath the dark skin, the clearness of the keen but kindly dark eyes.

Would Mr. Dubreuil perhaps talk to a representative of "The Tribune" about the city's first public school? *Would* he! His sparkling eyes attested to the pleasure it would be to so talk. Just wait until he had had a chair brought. And when the chair had been brought, he did not talk, he discoursed, glowing with pleasure at his own performance. He told exactly where the school had been; he gave unhesitatingly the names of the teacher and all his fellow pupils—alas, that he should be the sole survivor of that little band! With all sorts of quaint touches—for he was of French-Indian descent—he described the primitive furniture that had been made from packing-cases, etc. He agreed, with obvious pride, to the

publication of his photograph, and one of The Old Settlers' medal, and of his children and grandchildren. And if the young man would come out to his house that evening, he could give him more details and some old daguerreotypes.

Surely no cub reporter ever had so satisfactory a subject. And when Larry was at last ready for departure, he was outfitted with notes that were complete in themselves, and with a sketch of the school-house which he had made under Dubreuil's direction. With the old settler's eloquence thus verbatim, Larry had no misgivings as to the creditable writing of his story.

Outside the station, he consulted his watch. Four forty-five! One last favor this disciple of an ant now prayed. It was that Colonel Larrabee would be at "The Tribune" office when he arrived. And it was granted him. Colonel Larrabee was still there, and he would see Mr. McCleary.

The colonel had turned his chair until he faced the door when Larry entered, and his expression indicated that his thoughts were highly amusing. But somehow the twinkle in his eyes became less evident after a second's inspection of "The Tribune's" latest aspirant. For the expected air of dejection and injury was not apparent about this cub. He looked fagged, but he bore himself very erectly, and there was a refreshing briskness about him; and in his frank eyes there was—yes—a twinkle that out-twinkled the colonel's own twinkle. But his tone was quietly respectful, with no faintest tinge of anything else.

"I just wanted to ask you, sir," he said, "how much you require about the city's first public school? I have all the details and a sketch of the school, and have arranged for a number of pictures."

"What's that, McCleary? You say you have that story? Impossible!" The colonel's tone was sharp.

The triumphant cub handed him the sketch and his notes. The colonel looked at them, looked at them again, and then looked at Larry.

"Tell me—all," he said simply.

And Larry told him—all except the ant's part in his success. At the end, the colonel lay back and laughed until he was almost beyond the power of articulation.

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"McCleary," he said, "you've blown up 'The Tribune's' stock decoy, and made me a lot of trouble. I invented it myself years ago, and it has never failed. I'll never find another like it."

He held out his hand and smiled; and it was a very human, very winning, smile.

"You're hired, my boy," he said; "and at eighteen per. That's an unheard-of salary for a cub on 'The Tribune'; the few that we've had have



LARRY SPREAD OPEN "THE TRIBUNE" AND POINTED OUT TO THE DOCTOR HIS DOUBLE FLAG. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

never started on over ten, and most were glad to start on nothing. But I'm going to take you under my personal charge; I have plans for you. By the way, McCleary, how badly do you need this job? Be frank. What made you hang on after that wet blanket Van Deusen handed you? He 'phoned me how near he came to punching your head, and made dire threats into the bargain. But you look hungry, my boy; is it economy or enthusiasm?"

Larry looked startled, and then suddenly blurted out:

"Why, I have n't had anything to eat since supper last night! Was too excited to eat breakfast. Drank a cup of coffee, thinking I'd have some breakfast after I saw you, sir. I believe—in fact, I must be hungry. As to how badly I need the job—well, just let me explain, sir."

When the tale had been told, the colonel

walked over and laid his hand on his new reporter's shoulder.

"We 'll make it twenty per," he said quietly. "You 're the kind we want. You 've proved it. And—" he exploded with mirth again—"we 'll send a copy of your 'special' to Van Deusen by a special messenger, as a peace-offering and promise of future immunity from annoyance. I 'm going to let you sign it, too."

Larry sent a telegram that night—"On Tribune; home Monday."

But there was nothing of his achievement in his air when, having arrived by the earliest train, he walked up the path with a bundle of papers under his arm. There were two reasons for this. One was the sobering thought of what his success would mean to his father; the other had developed on his homeward journey. He had been reviewing his experiences a bit complacently, it must be confessed, when he suddenly brought his fist down upon his knee. "You chump!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Will you tell me where your wits were, that, when you found Dubreuil was a policeman, you did n't go straight to the police department to find him instead of chasing yourself all over town?" It was a wholesomely humiliating and steadying reflection.

As soon as Larry's foot struck the porch, Dr. McCleary himself threw open the screen-door. They clasped hands without a word, and then, arm in arm, went to the library. Larry spread open "The Tribune" and pointed out to the doctor his double page, illustrated, signed "special." And the doctor read every word of it, and looked at the pictures from every point of view. When he turned to Larry, his eyes were bright.

"I 'm proud of you, son," he said.

"But thereby hangs a tale, Dad," Larry replied eagerly. And he told him as he had told the colonel. But he told his father what he had not told his editor, that is, how he might have done it better, and about the ant; about how the little insect's indomitable faith and energy and pluck had been his shame and his inspiration.

"But, Father," he ended (and again the doctor looked startled at the unfamiliar title), "now that I 've got what I wanted, I find that I can't keep it. I love it with all my heart. But since I 've been away under such circumstances, I find that I must love you with a whole lot more than my heart. So I 'm going to explain to the colonel, and resign at the end of my first

week. Maybe when I 've taken my degree, he 'll let me write an occasional article, and that 'll do."

It was because of Dr. McCleary's emotion that he choked twice before he spoke; and that, when speech did come, it came in the terse slang of the times.

"Forget it!" he blurted out. "Why, you 've proved your case beyond all doubt; proved it beyond any point I expected of you! And, son, that little ant has averted a double tragedy in the McCleary household. I 'm an old man, son, and have seen much of life, and to me a human being in the wrong place is a tragedy. I was so upset by the turn things had taken that I telegraphed your brother Ted (could n't wait to write): 'Would you like to be a doctor?' The scamp telegraphed back: 'Hurrah! Homeward bound!'"

"He came home on the next train, galloped up the street, and actually wept on my shoulder. If we are to believe him—and I certainly do—he was born with the desire to study medicine. Kept it to himself, because the honor was destined for you. When your telegram came, he almost collapsed before my eyes. Certainly, I am a rich man in my two fine sons, a doctor, and, I believe, an eventual editor, both the sort that the country needs."

"Why, Dad!" Larry exclaimed. "I 'd have seen it if I had n't been blind! I 've thrown Ted out from among your books time without number. Could n't think what a coming lawyer wanted to be reading medicine for. Why, Dad—" he faltered and grew white under his tan. He realized suddenly that all of them had been under a mighty tension. His father saw.

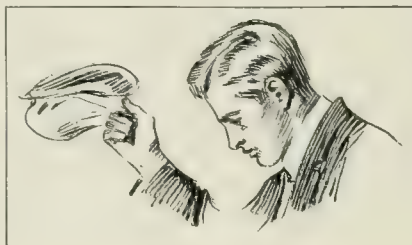
"Ted 's across the hall," he said.


Ted was, indeed, across the hall, sitting joyfully in the midst of the medical-school literature that had struck such despair to the heart of an aspiring journalist. And his freckled face became engulfed by a grin when Larry entered.

He waved a pamphlet hilariously.

"Hello, reporter!" he greeted condescendingly. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"Hello, Dr. McCleary!" he was answered promptly, whereupon he threw back his shoulders and snorted with pride. At the end of this demonstration, his brother continued: "I just came in to tell you that, in the light of recent events, the proper thing for you to do the next time you meet an ant in the garden, is to side-step and take your cap off to it."





BIRTHDAY TREASURE

By Elsie Hill

LITTLE Kirsten is weary,
She has made the pewter bright,
She has left the bread well-kneaded,
And molded the candles white,
And buttered the house elf's porridge,
As she does for him every night.

"Little Kirsten is sleeping,"
Whispered her brothers three;
"But to-morrow brings her birthday,
And birthday gifts have we:
Here on the sill we 'll lay them
For her waking eyes to see."



And one had a golden florin
 To buy her a crimson gown;
 And one had a florin of silver,
 Proudly he tossed it down;
 And the youngest one he loved her well—
 And he had never a crown!

And he has carved her a spindle
 So slender and smooth to see;
 Patiently has he carved it
 From wood o' the gray ash-tree,
 With a rose like the rose on St. Hilda's door,
 He has carved it curiously.

Now when twelve of the clock chimed softly,
 And all in the house were still,
 Out crept the little brown hillman,
 Out from his shadowy hill—
 The little, old, wrinkled hillman—
 To ply his household skill.

He stirred the bread, well-kneaded,
 Till it rose up firm and light;
 He blew on all the candles
 To bid them burn aright;
 He touched each bowl and basin
 Till it shone like silver bright.

Then down he dropped on the hearthstone,
For a tired troll was he.
"Now," he cried, "for my payment!
"Ho-ho!" he cried, "for my fee,—
The bowl of well-buttered porridge
Nightly she sets for me.

"But what is this?" he muttered;
"What pay is this for a troll?
She has left it all unbuttered,
Her grudgingly given dole:
No task I shirk, no honest work,
And I win a butterless bowl!"

Then his small brown face grew twisted
With a malice ill to see;
"Evil for evil," he whispered,
"Gift for a gift," quoth he.
"Here by the open casement
What mischief waits for me?"

Flash! 'T is a golden florin—
Into the dark it flies!
Plash! 'T is a florin of silver—
Lost in a pool it lies!
"And now to shatter the spindle!"
With naughty glee he cries.





"But first I'll swallow my porridge—
Hungry I am, and cold."
He seized the bowl, he drained it,
And deep in the dish, behold
A wonderful lump of butter,
Sweet butter, yellow as gold!

Loud laughed the little old hillman.
"By my cap of elfin red,
Now, by my cap, 't was a lucky hap
That I stopped in time!" he said;
"That I meddled not with the spindle,
But stole the gold instead!

"For gold I can fetch in plenty,
And silver from my till;
But where should I find her a spindle
Fashioned with patient skill,
All carven fair with a loving care,
In caverns under the hill?"

Little Kirsten lies sleeping,
And dawn is in the skies.
And see where, bright in the morning light,
Her birthday treasure lies:
Silver, and gold,—and a carven rose.
To gladden her waking eyes!



ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

THE BELOVED WRITER OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK

BY MARGARET W. VANDERCOOK

SHUT your eyes and dream of the most beautiful southern home you can imagine. Because in such a house, called "The Beeches," in Pewee Valley, Kentucky, lives Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, the author of "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," "The Little Colonel" stories, "Mary Ware," and other books you know equally well.

Mrs. Johnston has not always lived in Kentucky. She was born in Evansville, Indiana, and spent her childhood and girlhood eight miles out from there, in another big house, white, with green shutters, built on her grandfather's place and facing Cherry Lane.

Those were the days when she used to read *ST. NICHOLAS* to tatters, and afterward go to bed early just to plan having a story of her own published in it sometime. Of course she never confided this ambition to any one then, except to her mother and two sisters. To the ten boy and girl cousins living in the same neighborhood the idea would have appeared preposterous. They understood that Annie intended to write books, but that she should actually expect to have one printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* would have been too much! Yet the subscribers to this magazine know how delightfully one girl's dream has been fulfilled.

It really does not seem exactly fair that fate should oblige so many of us to be city children. For have you not often noticed, in reading of famous men and women, that the large majority of them have spent their youth in the country?

Why, it would almost seem as though Annie Fellows Johnston was preordained from the first for this business of writing delightful books for girls. She had exactly the right background and training; she learned precisely the things that a girl ought to know; and she had such ideal home duties and amusements.

In the first place, she had the inspiration and the aid of a wonderful mother, whose name before her marriage was Mary Erskine. In those pioneer days in rural Indiana, education was not so easy to obtain as it is now. But when Mary was only eighteen, she inspired her brothers and a boy cousin with a determination to go to college. In due time she convinced their parents that she was capable of leading such an expedition, and with various household comforts, such as feather-beds and a cow, they started on their

long, slow journey. Part of it was by canal-boat. As the college did not admit women in those early days, she attended the adjoining seminary, keeping pace with the boys, for whom she was a capa-



ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON.

ble home-maker. For they kept house together in the most satisfactory and ideal way.

With such a mother, it is small wonder that Mrs. Johnston has had the talent and character for making the best of her opportunities.

Can you picture a small, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl perched up in a cherry-tree? For if you can, you have formed a pretty good image of your favorite author. Mrs. Johnston has not changed half so much as other persons do in growing up. She is still small enough to be a girl (shop people would be sure to offer her

"misses' size," should she ever attempt to purchase ready-made clothes), and the brownness of her eyes remains so unusual that you have a fashion of remembering their color and the humorous light behind their outward seriousness long after she has gone away.

The cherry-tree was Annie Fellows' library, her study, her palace of dreams; and, at certain times of the summer, her refreshment room. In it she used to learn to parse Milton, to be recited later at the country school-house, and to memorize bits of literature from the old McGuffey readers. For it was a piece of rare good fortune for a girl, who was afterward to become a writer herself, that in her part of the State of Indiana, the precept "Thou shalt not speak ungrammatically," was almost as sacred as one of the Commandments.

In almost all cases, it is true that the makers of books have been great readers. Yet think upon what different literature from that of the modern girl the author of "The Little Colonel" was brought up! She had the theological library of

rowed, or smuggled in from the neighbors; "The Wide, Wide World," "St. Elmo," Andersen's Fairy Tales, and the Godey's Lady's Book of the early seventies, the one magazine of fashion and fiction that seemed to be found in every household of that day.

Mrs. Johnston says that in her home and in her part of the country the word "duty" was spelled with a big "D." Yet she had a privilege which, you will agree with me, was most unusual, and rather dangerous to mention in St. NICHOLAS: no member of her family was ever obliged to lay down a story until it was finished—lessons and tasks could be postponed, meal-times and even bedtime ignored.

So, you see, one grown-up person understood just how girls and boys feel when they are so possessed by a story that it is almost impossible to put it aside before its conclusion and come back to this workaday world.

Yet, from Mrs. Johnston's own description, it sounds as though the workaday world used to be a pleasanter place than it is at present.

"Mine was a happy childhood," she declares, "for my wise mother thought a girl should know everything that goes toward the making of a comfortable home." So being literary did not excuse little Annie from having a hand in all the old-fashioned country industries, learning to make preserves, patchwork, and pickles, even to "bread and buttonholes," that *Rose* complained of in "Eight Cousins."

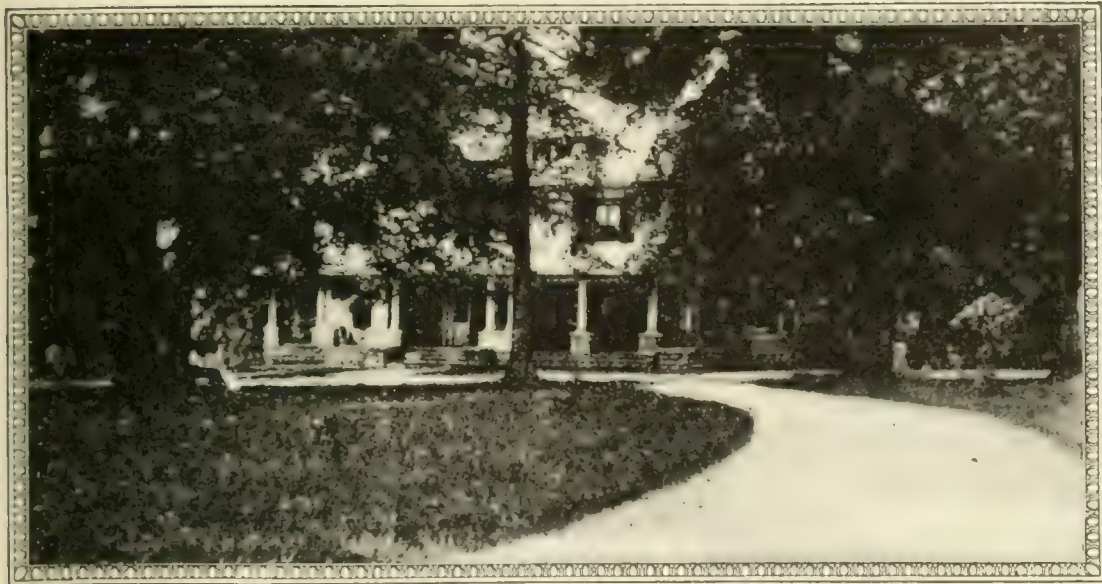
Still, business and pleasure seemed to make a closer combination when people used to go to old-fashioned quilting-bees and apple-paring parties, and had singing schools, and literary societies, and oratorical debates with the neighbors for audience.

There were no moving-picture shows, no matinees, and no soda-water fountains; there was not even a cross-roads store where one could buy peppermint candy, in the neighborhood where Annie Fellows lived as a little girl. Yet she herself declares that she never missed these delights because she never knew them. "We had instead the panorama of the seasons, sorghum-making time, when the boiling molasses made all outdoors smell like a delicious world-wide candy-pull; cider-making time, when the piles of red, golden, and russet apples poured into the hopper of the mill and, as if by some magic, came out a beautiful amber liquid. Then there were the hay-harvest, with the rides home on top of the gigantic loads, nutting, and coasting, and sleighing." One becomes quite breathless with the thought of all these delightful, old-time pleasures that comparatively few girls have the chance to enjoy to-day.



MRS. JOHNSTON AND MILDRED.

her father, a Methodist minister (who had died when she was a child of two). It included "Pilgrim's Progress," but also such works as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and others even more depressing. The lighter literature was bought, bor-



"THE BEECHES," MRS. JOHNSTON'S HOME IN KENTUCKY.

And yet in learning of such a girlhood, it grows quite easy to understand why Mrs. Johnston has become the most popular modern writer of girls' books in the United States. Has any one else ever known how to make young people have such good times, how to give such delightful house-parties, and how to make things turn out in just the way that her young readers wish?

There was a little girl living not far from the present home of Mrs. Johnston who came, one day, from a visit to her mother's intimate friend, wearing a very aggrieved expression. "Mother," she demanded, "why did Mrs. Hewitt say that she hoped my grandmother's mantelpiece might fall upon me?" It was not the mantelpiece but the *mantle* of the distinguished woman that the friend had desired to descend like a fairy god-mother's cloak upon the little granddaughter's shoulders. So has it never occurred to you that perhaps the "mantle" of Louisa M. Alcott has fallen upon Annie Fellows Johnston? Of course the two authors are unlike in many ways, but they both seem to have had the same healthy, old-fashioned home-training; they both seem to have written about girls and a kind of living that was real and not make-believe, and they both have succeeded in attaining the first place among their readers. Miss Alcott belonged to those of us who were young twenty years ago; Mrs. Johnston belongs to those of us who are young now.

And yet neither of these two authors started out with any idea of finally writing girls' books.

Mrs. Johnston declares that, as she was born

in Indiana, it was her birthright to expect some day to write "the great American novel." And that making her debut as an author in a story for children called "Big Brother," was like firing away with your eyes shut and then being surprised to find out that you had hit a mark. So, too, Louisa M. Alcott, having spent most of her life in Concord, Massachusetts, with famous friends, also conceived of herself at the beginning of her career as a future novelist for grown-ups.

But, living always in the same neighborhood, Miss Alcott felt obliged to write chiefly of the little New England corner of the world which she knew so well and intimately; while Mrs. Johnston, having traveled half over the world, has been able to take her heroines and heroes along with her. One of the best of all her stories, "The Giant Scissors," owed its inspiration to her stay in the old walled town of Saint-Symphorien, in France.

A friend tells of a Christmas luncheon at "The Beeches" when the maid brought on, with the dessert, pecan-nuts from Texas and lichee-nuts from China, apples from Oregon, sweetmeats from Japan and Germany, maple-sugar from the Catskill Mountains—all gifts sent by friends who truly cared for the writer of the best girls' books.

Although known as a southern author, Annie Fellows came to live in the South only after her marriage to her second cousin, Mr. Will Johnston. It was perhaps this "cousinness" that made the three children of her husband's first wife her devoted friends from the beginning. But it was

probably her "understandingness" of girls and boys, which we appreciate from her stories, that made the word "stepmother" never even thought of in her family.

John was the youngest child and the only son. To him is dedicated "The Quilt that Jack Built," for he was "The Boy Who Made All Boyhood Dear to Me." And to him also is dedicated "The Jester's Sword," for it was his brave and dauntless spirit through years of illness which suggested the allegory. It was in quest of health for him that Mrs. Johnston went to the Arizona desert. They lived there awhile in tents, then went to the hills of Texas, where they made a home on their place called "Penacres," until his death, three years ago.

The oldest daughter, Mary, is the artist who designed and painted the dolls and costumes for "The Little Colonel's Paper Doll Book," and who made some of the illustrations for "Ole Mammy's Torment."

In one of our photographs of Mrs. Johnston, she appears to be holding an ordinary home-grown kitten; but she is in reality clasping the tiny wildcat known as *Matilda* in "Mary Ware in Texas." Among other choice members of the family at "Penacres" were "Joseph," the wolf,—whose chief delight was eating watermelon,—a number of foxes, badgers, chaparral-cocks, and at one time two mountain-lions. For in the years in Texas, John had a veritable zoo.

So, you see, Mrs. Johnston has lived a full and varied life. And always she has seemed to care most about people and places.

In her books she has created a world that holds all girl ideals. *Lloyd* is not just "The Little Colonel"; she is the type of a beautiful, high-spirited, generous character toward which thousands of other girls aspire. *Mary Ware* is n't the one plain, clever maiden who wins by wit and a good heart; she is the representative of many others like her.

Into the weaving of her plots Annie Fellows Johnston brings beautiful old legends, poems, and allegories of her own creation, which her readers will remember for long years. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, how many girls belong to "The Little Colonel's Order

of Hildegard"! And quite as many are now stringing a rosary of pearls, each pearl to mark some duty done, because of the example of *Edryn*, the little page who became a knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

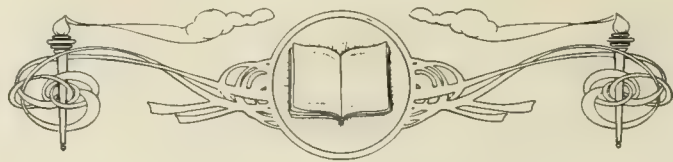
For the really worth-while books must not only amuse us; they must give us something to think about, and something to help us. We know that Mrs. Johnston can make us laugh and cry almost in the same minute; and that she teaches us to dream big dreams, and then to do the littlest task in the cheerfulest spirit.

Of course most of her characters are imaginary; they only seem real because she makes them so. The places in her stories that are real have had many pilgrimages made to them—"The Locusts," *Lloyd's* grandfather's home; "The Beeches," now Mrs. Johnston's own place; "Clovercroft," and "The Haunted House of Hartwell Hollow."

If long ago this most popular of young people's writers had not confessed that she found more rewards in writing books for girls and boys than for an older audience, the readers of *St. Nicholas* could very easily have convinced her. But Mrs. Johnston needs no such conviction. Years ago, she declared that she would rather stick to her present friends than turn to any others.

Mrs. Johnston probably receives more letters from appreciative readers than any other author in the United States. And the letters come from other countries as well as this, since some of her stories have been translated into foreign languages. Sometimes there are as many as twenty or thirty missives in one mail from unknown friends who have learned to care for her through her books.

In one of "The Little Colonel" tales, Annie Fellows Johnston retells the beautiful story of Robert Louis Stevenson,—how the Indian chiefs in a far-off Samoan island built with their own hands a road in honor of their friend, the white chief, whom they had named "Tusitala," the Teller of Tales. And this road was called "The Road of Loving Hearts." One wonders if Mrs. Johnston knows that her ardent young readers have been building just such a road for her; only its foundations are laid in the loving hearts of children.



Back to Nature

Quoth Santa: "The old Aëroplane, dear,
And the Auto at home shall remain, dear,
For the Rain, as you know,
Having turned into Snow,
We have plenty of Snow for the Reindeer"





At the Sign of the Christmas Tree



Ho, for the ancient hostelry,
Whose generous doors swing wide and free!
Whose guests, when the first snow crystals fall,
Gather within its spacious hall
From north and from south, and from west to east,
Big folks down to the very least,
Thronging, far as the eye can see,
To lodge at The Sign of the Christmas Tree.

The guests are known by their curious wiles,
Mysterious nods, and becks, and smiles;
There are secrets flying about by scores,
Smothered laughs behind fast-closed doors;
There 's a noise of hammers, and tink of bells,
And whispered "Hushes," and soft "Don't tells."
Oh, a wonderful place for mystery
Is the ancient Inn of the Christmas Tree!

There guests sit apart, and stitch and sew
On woven linen as white as snow;
Flowers bloom bright on silken fields;
And fresh surprises each moment yields.
And the room where they sit is like a dream,
Where scarlet berries of holly gleam;



By Pauline Frances Clamps

And over the lintel, in gold, is wrought
Its beautiful name of "Loving Thought."

And Peggy, and Polly, and Pete, and Prue,
With a dear little girl that looks like you,
A red-haired lass, and a blue-eyed lad,
Grandmother dear, and Mother, and Dad,
And hundreds of others all over the land,
Are working away with heart and hand,
Snipping and clipping, where none may see,
At the Merry Sign of the Christmas Tree.

But oh, dear people who long have been
Guests 'neath the roof of this pleasant inn,
Bethink, there are those who do not belong
To the work and fun, to the cheer and song!
Empty-handed and wistful-eyed,
They are out in the cold this Christmas-tide.
Tie up your parcels with ribbon gay;
Sprig them with green in the good old way;
Then, from your riches, where need is seen
Fill up the lives that are bare and lean.
So shall a gracious blessing be
Called down on The Sign of the Christmas Tree!



THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER III

A HIDING-PLACE

"WHY does n't one of you say something?" demanded Harriet, impatiently.

Reaching home before the dinner-hour, she had told her story to all the family. As she dwelt on its details, her enthusiasm mounted. She described the sound of the fall, the boy's cry, his injury, Nate's helpfulness. Two things, indeed, she did suppress: her own important actions and the wallet. But she expected some comment at the end, some praise perhaps, but certainly much wonderment. Instead, the others all looked at each other, and let her finish in silence.

"What is wrong with you?" cried Harriet.

Pelham leaned toward her. "Harriet, you've told your story. Now will you listen to ours?"

She stared at him in surprise. He turned to Brian. "Will you tell it, or shall I?"

"I suppose it's got to be told," answered Brian. "You tell it."

Harriet listened while Pelham told the story of his own adventure. She had come back from Nate's with a warm sympathy for the unlucky boy, but at Pelham's description of the lad whom he and Brian had met, she slowly grew cold with dismay. It was surely the same boy. Then the wallet!

Bob, her oldest brother, nodded cheerfully. "He got pretty well come up with, the young criminal."

In spite of her dismay, Harriet started indignantly. There rose before her eyes the face of the stranger, strangely appealing in its half wildness. "Oh!" she cried, "he's not a criminal!"

Bob smiled at her as older brothers do. "Then what about Brian's money?"

Doubt crept over her. After all, the others must be right. Tears started to her eyes.

Her mother drew her down beside her on the window-seat. "Sometimes, dear," she said, "we have to believe such things."

Harriet's face burned. Within her skirt she felt an unaccustomed lump which she recognized as the wallet. What was she to do?

Brian cleared his throat. "I think, Uncle Robert," he began, "that I—that we— That is, I think the wallet had better be forgotten. I came upon the boy suddenly. He may not have realized that the wallet—that I was asking him to

give it to me. It was my fault. I'd just like to drop the whole matter."

"But we can get it from him now," said Mr. Dodd.

Harriet had clutched at her dress. Ought she to give the wallet up?

Brian spoke again, still hesitatingly. "I—I'd like to have nothing said about it. Perhaps the boy was poor."

Mr. Dodd smiled. "That gives him no claim to your money."

"I feel," Brian explained, "as if I somehow had something to do with this accident of his. As if he thought we were still following him, and so slipped and fell. I'd like to make him a present of the money."

Mr. Dodd considered. "Well," he said presently, "he can't get away from us. When I telephoned the doctor just now, he said that among other injuries the lad seems to have a sprained ankle. He must stay here for a while, then. If he's treated well, it may be that his conscience will work."

"You know, sir," still persisted Brian, "some fellows think they may keep anything they find."

"Well," said Mr. Dodd, "for the present I will say nothing to him about it. But in the meantime—" He drew out his own pocket-book and took from it a five-dollar bill.

Brian flushed scarlet. "Oh, no, sir!"

"Nonsense," said his uncle. "Brian, I want you to take it. Five dollars is a whole month's allowance. Besides, I feel responsible for the loss, in a way."

Harriet's heart had been warming toward Brian. His forgiveness pleased her, especially when it enabled her to think better of the stranger. Brian's willingness to lose the money seemed very generous. Further, although she knew that when a boy objects to receiving money from an older relative he is seldom really unwilling, she now saw Brian, red to the ears, take the money with genuine reluctance. She nodded her approval.

Bob, who had subsided into a newspaper, now came suddenly out of it. "Are you people through with this question of ethics, so that I may throw some more light on this matter?"

"Go ahead," said his father.

"Have you considered," inquired Bob, "how this young highwayman—excuse me, Harriet,

this knight-errant—happens to be traveling across wild country in this casual manner?"

They all looked at each other. None of them had yet thought of this. Bob took up his paper again. "Listen," he said. "This is to-day's paper, and I find an account of what happened yesterday on the railroad about ten miles north of us, on the stretch between Winton and Farnham." He began to read from the newspaper.

"Boy disappears from train, and is not recovered.—Yesterday afternoon disappeared from train number 12, on the Worcester and North Adams branch of the B. & M. R. R., between Winton and Farnham, a boy of fifteen years. He was traveling with an older brother, W. L. Wilson, a New York business man, who was greatly agitated at the disappearance. It seems that on the long stretch between these towns, the older brother was playing whist in the smoking-car, when the boy, complaining of the air, got permission to go to the next car. Since then he has not been seen. It was at first supposed that, being dizzy from the close atmosphere of the smoking-car, he had fallen from the platform of the train. Wilson, together with a foreman and three men of a section gang, traveled the whole distance back to Winton on a hand-car, keeping a most careful watch for the boy; but no trace of him was found. No other train had passed over the road, a single-track division, in the interval, and at first it seemed impossible to account for his disappearance. Wilson then acknowledged that he and his brother had recently quarreled, and that the lad might have run away in a fit of temper. The conductor states that about seven miles out of Winton the train slowed up sufficiently for an active boy to jump from the step without danger. Had he walked back to Winton, a junction, he might have taken the train for New York, which left shortly before the older brother's return. No one recollected seeing a boy of the description, but Wilson, acting upon the theory, and declaring that he knew where his brother would naturally go, took the first train to New York. There is another theory: that the boy fell into one of the three ponds over which the railroad passes."

Bob looked up. "Perhaps," he said, "we can now form a third theory of our own. There is a spiteful young brother for you, to do so much to make trouble for an honest and well-meaning, though perhaps unduly strict, older brother."

"How do you know so much about him?" demanded Harriet.

"Because," answered Bob, "though you yourself have not yet discovered it, all older brothers are honest and well-meaning. Even their strictness arises from the kindly desire to save unfortunate youngsters from mistakes which the elder has already committed and repented of. Now, shall we wire to this Mr. Wilson of New York?"

"But," cried Harriet, "we can't be sure that this is the same boy?"

Mr. Dodd rose. "The boy himself shall decide that. My dear," he said to his wife, "we'd better drive to Nate's after dinner and see the lad. Meanwhile, dinner is waiting."

Through the meal, the wallet weighed like lead in Harriet's pocket. It seemed to her as if every one must know that she had it. Her mother remarked on her lack of appetite, and noticed, without speaking of it, her absent-mindedness. But both of these characteristics were natural after such an experience as Harriet's, and Mrs. Dodd, careful mother though she was, did not suspect that there was anything more on the girl's mind.

Harriet was trying to decide what she ought to do. On the one hand, she had promised to tell no one of the wallet; but on the other, there was the fact, which she could not deny, that the wallet had been—no, not stolen from Brian, but found and kept. While her father had been giving Brian the money, Harriet had been obstinately silent, trying to find some way in which to keep her promise; but the longer she thought of the matter the more firmly she became convinced that she must tell.

"I will tell Mother about it immediately after dinner," she decided.

But the meal was no sooner finished, with Harriet watching for a chance of a talk with her mother, than Mr. Dodd said to his wife, "Come, dear. The horse is waiting."

"Where are you going?" cried Harriet.

"To Nate's," answered her mother. "We want to see how the boy is."

In spite of her disappointment, Harriet looked at her mother gratefully. Mrs. Dodd, a very handsome woman for all her forty-five years, had more than her good looks wherewith to claim her daughter's admiration. She was quick to do good; Nate had judged her well when he foresaw this visit. Harriet gave her Nate's message: she might see the boy, but was not to expect to take him away.

"Very well," laughed Mrs. Dodd. With her husband she departed.

Bob had gone to the mill. Harriet, left alone with Brian and Pelham, thanked her cousin for giving up his claim to the money. "It was very good of you," she said.

"Good of him," echoed Pelham. "I tell you, Harriet, that's what I call 'going some.'"

Brian sprang to his feet. "Confound you, Pelham," he cried. "Cut that out!" He went quickly out of the room.

"Snappy, is n't he?" asked Pelham.

But with her mind still full of Brian's generosity, Harriet saw nothing unnatural in his temper. "He does n't like to be praised," she said. And Pelham returning no answer, she sat thinking.

It seemed to her that her course was clear.

The wallet was not, perhaps, stolen—that is, not in the ordinary sense of the word. Yet in another sense stolen it was, and the injured boy, in making her promise to keep it secret, was really making her aid him in keeping it from its rightful owner. The act was unfair. No promise could hold which was made under such circumstances. Of course, now that she knew that Brian really owned the wallet, she was free to return it to him.

Impulsively she sprang to her feet to follow him. One moment's regret she had, as she thought of the appealing gaze of the fainting boy; but she dismissed it. One more thing she had learned: she must be careful where she trusted. Then she began to hunt for Brian.

He had not gone up-stairs, and a look out of the window showed her that he was not in the front garden. Probably he was in the big garden behind the house, and as the shortest way was through the kitchen, that way she took.

To her surprise, in the kitchen she found Brian standing alone. He was by the stove, with one hand in his pocket, and with the other gingerly endeavoring to manage the lid-lifter. Amused, Harriet thought of a line from an old saga, and she quoted it:

"What, lad, are you taking to cooking?"

Brian started, dropped the lifter with a clatter, snatched his hand from his pocket, and turned from her. His face reddened deeply, and Harriet was surprised.

"I did n't mean to startle you," she said. She added mischievously: "The cookies are in the pantry."

"Oh, come now, Harriet," protested Brian. "You know I 'm too old to go hunting for cookies."

It occurred to her to wonder what he was doing there, but she put the question aside. "Come into the garden," she said, "before Bridget finds us and drives us out. She won't allow any one here unless she 's in a good temper."

The flush slowly faded from Brian's cheeks. "Come on, then," he said. Into the garden the two went together, and there she thought to find a chance to give the wallet to him.

It was a large garden, with paths wandering here and there among shrubs and flower clumps. Harriet's mother had taught her to love the work of gardening, and this place was to her a resort of peace and friendliness. It was very natural, therefore, to expect soon to be speaking confidentially with Brian.

But he talked so that she could find no chance. Though his blush was gone, his embarrassment seemed to remain. Harriet thought that he was

talking to cover it. He rattled on about unimportant matters; and though Harriet waited for him to speak of the most natural subject of all, their adventures with the stranger, he did not mention it.

Harriet tried to bring him to it. "Was n't it odd," she asked, "that that boy should come out of the woods just where I was?"

"Perfectly natural," answered Brian. He stooped to examine a flower. "What do you call this thing?"

"Why," exclaimed Harriet, "I thought that even city boys knew roses!"

"Of course," he answered with a little irritation. "I meant what kind."

"A tea-rose," she answered. "Those just beyond are the hybrid-perpetuals, and over that arch are the Dorothy Perkins."

"Great garden this," remarked Brian. "Do you know, the land you have in this garden, if placed on Fifth Avenue, would probably be worth a million?"

"If you 'd take it and put it there, I 'd let you have it for half a million."

Brian looked at her, surprised. Younger girls did not usually poke fun at him. Then he laughed. "Good!" he exclaimed, but half-heartedly. "You country folk come back at a fellow sometimes."

Harriet tried to break into his train of thought. "Brian."

"H-m, great garden," mused Brian, moving along as he spoke, so that she was forced to follow. "All kinds of things you 've got."

"Everything we want," she replied. Then she made her effort. "Brian, that wallet—"

He turned to her quickly, and his face was red again. "Now don't *you* begin on that," he said roughly. "Did n't you hear me tell Pelham to let it alone?"

"Why, Brian!" she cried, surprised and hurt.

He turned. "Just cut that out entirely," he said curtly, over his shoulder, as he walked away.

Now Harriet, being no saint, felt her cheeks grow hot. No one before had ever spoken to her like that. Harriet usually pleased people, for most of them recognized her good sense and her good intentions. In the town she was well liked; at home her brothers did nothing worse than tease her. Not even cousinship, she felt, entitled Brian to speak so to her. Quite indignant, she turned and hastened toward the house.

Then she began to reflect. Perhaps she had spoken unkindly. She could not see why he should be sensitive on the subject—yet boys were so queer! And if he were sensitive, then, perhaps, she had hurt his feelings. She slackened her pace. Ought she to apologize? Perhaps she

ought. With a generous impulse she turned back, and hastened after Brian.

She could not find him at first among the windings of the paths, where here and there shrubs grew large. But presently she turned a corner

She was too indignant to notice that he started quite violently, and flushed to his very hair. "Just weeding," he exclaimed confusedly.

"Oh, please don't touch anything in the garden," she cried. "You can't be sure that you

have n't pulled up a flowering plant. What was it you took out?"

"I don't know," mumbled Brian. "I threw it behind me. Here, I'll help you find it."

But though for a minute they looked carefully, nothing resembling a plant was found on the smooth walk or the carefully raked beds.

"I hope it was n't important," said Brian.

She looked again at the seed-bed. "I suppose it was n't," she admitted. "Now I think of it, I don't see why there should be either a weed or a plant there. John sowed aster seed there yesterday, and he does n't usually leave weeds where he has been working."

"Well, he did this time," retorted Brian, abruptly.

"Why, Brian," she cried, "I did n't mean to doubt you."

He lowered at her. "And if your old seeds have n't sprouted, then I could n't hurt them anyway. You need n't have been so huffy about it."

Harriet felt that she had been rude. "I'm afraid we're rather fussy about the garden," she murmured weakly.

"Well," declared Brian, "you need n't fret any more. I'll never touch a thing in your garden again." He turned and left her.

Greatly depressed, Harriet went slowly back to the house. Once she thought of the wallet. "I'll give it to Father or Mother," she thought. Pelham had disappeared from the living-room, the piano was no solace in her present mood, and she sat and read fitfully among the magazines until the sound of wheels on the driveway told her that her father and mother had returned. She met



PRESIDENTY SHE THREW A CORNELL AND CAME UPON HIM

and came upon him. To her surprise he was just rising from a stooping position, and was dusting off his hands as if he had been gardening. The earth before him, well in from the border, had just been disturbed. She remembered that this was the place where her mother had ordered a late seeding of asters. Now, to Harriet a seed-bed was as sacred as Bridget's kitchen.

them at the door just as Pelham and Brian, appearing from different quarters, joined them also.

"What did you learn?" demanded Pelham.

"Nothing," answered Mr. Dodd, briefly.

"Did you ask about the wallet?" inquired Brian.

Mr. Dodd shook his head. "Mary, you tell them," he said to his wife. "I am going to telephone." He went to the library and shut himself in. The three looked their inquiries at Mrs. Dodd.

"The boy is ill," she explained. "He is lying in a fever, and is not able to talk."

"Sick!" exclaimed Brian, scornfully. "Just from a fall!"

Harriet checked her retort. Her mother reproved Brian gently. "A blow on the head, a deep cut in the arm, a sprained ankle, and much loss of blood are enough for most people. Besides, we all think, from the look of his clothes, that he got wet in the woods yesterday, perhaps by blundering into a swamp. And he slept out without any covering. The doctor says it may mean pneumonia."

Harriet sat down. The news made her feel weak. Before he fell, had he already been feeling faint and sick? If he should die, what then would be her duty concerning the wallet? For as the face of the boy rose before her, and she saw his very eyes, earnest and appealing, she felt again that he must be honest.

She heard the boys and her mother talking, but could not listen to what they said. Her problem absorbed her. Was her promise binding? She sat thinking until her father joined them again.

"It's puzzling," he said. "I've been telephoning the station-master at Winton. He says that the matter of the disappearance yesterday is very clear to him. The older brother was in the greatest distress so long as he believed that the boy had fallen from the train; but when it was clear that no body was to be found, then he seemed certain that his brother had run away. All he wanted then was to follow him quickly to New York. He refused to give any address, and they have n't heard from him since."

"How about dragging the ponds?" asked Pelham.

"There are n't any ponds along the route," answered Mr. Dodd. "That was some reporter's foolishness. Until he heard from me, the station-master supposed that the man had found his brother. And really, when you think of it, that is the natural conclusion. There is nothing to prove that *this* boy is *that* boy."

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife.

"Nothing at all," answered Mr. Dodd. "The station-master at Winton knows all there is to

know, and if Wilson comes back, will send him over here. Meanwhile, the boy can't get away." He turned to the door.

"Father," said Harriet, rising.

"Not now, dear," he said. "I am driving your mother down to the store, and must hurry to the mill. We'll be back before supper."

Harriet, after watching her father and mother drive away, went slowly to her room. The wallet still weighed heavily in her pocket, and she wanted to be rid of it, at least until she could talk the matter over with her parents. She shut herself carefully into her chamber. In her part of the house she knew that there was no one. Yet it was with caution that she took the wallet from her pocket, listened for a while, and then, going nearer to the light, looked at the cause of her troubles.

Then, with a start, she studied it eagerly, turning it over and over. It was a large wallet, and a long one too, made of good leather that had withstood much wear. It was stuffed with something, but she did not open it. On one side, she saw faint impressions where once gilt letters had been stamped; a few tiny glittering spots were still adhering. Though she carefully turned the wallet to and from the light, Harriet could read nothing.

Yet she began to smile. "Now," she asked aloud, "where shall I put it?" As she looked around the room, she realized how little real privacy she had there. Not only she herself, but also her mother and an old family servant constantly went to her bureau, bringing her clothes from the laundry or the sewing-room. Harriet saw no place in her chamber where she could hide the wallet.

A glance out of the window showed her Pelham and Brian on the tennis-court. Feeling safe from interruption by them, she went to the upstairs writing-room, which was nothing else than the old nursery. Here stood her and Pelham's desks, where in school-time they studied in the evening. To her desk she went.

It was a fine old one. Harriet was very proud of its swell front, its claw feet, its brass handles, and the beautiful dark wood. But now she was thinking of something else. In the center of its row of pigeonholes was a wide space for her ink-stand, and flanking this space were two little columns, looking like decorations set against wide partitions. Grasping one of these by its square capital, Harriet pulled at it. Pillar and partition both drew out, and Harriet had what she wanted. The partition was nothing else than a long and tall and very thin box, open at the back. Into it Harriet pushed the wallet, which fitted tightly.



A GLANCE OUT OF THE WINDOW SHOWED PELHAM AND BRIAN
ON THE TENNIS-COURT."

She thrust the whole back into its place in the desk.

As she turned away, she had one doubt. Ought she not to tie up the wallet in paper? But no. No one would find it, for no one but herself went to her desk. Even supposing it were to be found, no one would look at it. Satisfied, Harriet went away.

When her father returned, he called for her. "Was n't there something, Harriet, that you wanted to ask me?"

"Nothing now, Father," she answered. "I've settled it myself."

CHAPTER IV

SIGNS AND WONDERS

SLOWLY the haze was clearing from his mind. He was lying—surely he was lying upon a bed. To his weak vision appeared near by, now almost clear, and again perplexingly shadowy, the walls of a room. A dim light seemed to suggest a curtained window, or perhaps evening. From outdoors he heard the note of a bird, and there was wafted to him a faint odor of earthy things. Gathering a little resolution, he knitted his brows and looked about him. It was hard to turn his head. As he swept his gaze slowly about, he saw a room almost bare, simply furnished, and very clean. A chair and a bureau teetered in a strange manner; yet when he frowned a little harder, they stood still.

What was that odd white thing in the air not far above the bed? A square, white thing it seemed, wavering sidewise and then back again. He frowned at it. Was it hanging from the ceiling? Ah, he saw! A stick, thrust into the bed at the foot, was holding it toward him. Yes, and there were letters on it. But frown as he would, they wavered and faded away. And so did he; he felt himself slipping away in sleep, and was very glad to go.

Later, he could not say how long, he came out of his doze, and again began to fix his attention upon the square, white thing. A kind of sign, was it? He saw it better now. Why should it be above his bed? What did it say? He looked and puzzled, and finally the letters took form:

"DON'T TRY TO GET UP."

There were more words, but his attention wandered. The room seemed brighter now, as if the

sun shone on the window, wherever the window might be. Probably at his back. That was best for sick folks.

Was he a sick folk? Why, else, was he lying on his back, with some heavy thing, doubtless a bandage, on his head? Why else was that ridiculous sign hanging over his head? What more did it say? Again he knitted his brows, and this time he read:

"IF YOU WANT ME, RING."

If he wanted whom? Why ring? Oh, yes, if he wanted him, ring. But how?

Again he faded away into sleep, and again, after an interval, he came to himself. Once more the light was different in the room; the sun lay along the floor. It must be late afternoon. And that absurd sign was still there—"If you want me, ring." But how could he ring? And who was this mysterious Me?

As he wondered, he became aware of a sound, which he somehow knew had been continuing from the first. It was like the noise of machinery, and yet was unlike. At any rate, it was an irregular, creaky, jumpy kind of machinery. It continued monotonously on and on; it was, he reflected, a pretty soothing kind of noise to sleep to. And then a new sound came to his ears: a cheerful and yet a thoughtful whistle. A man's whistle—a boy would not whistle so thoughtfully.

He lay and listened for a while. Now the whistle sounded, now it ceased, now it began again. Though it was a thoughtful whistle, it was a contented one; it had, moreover, something to do with the machinery. Was Me working over the machine?

Slowly there grew a desire to see this whistling person. "If you want me, ring." But again, how ring? Around the room was nothing to be seen, no button and no bell handle. But what was that blurred thing close overhead? A good frown now, a close squint! The blurred thing took shape. It was a hanging rope.

He tried to raise a hand. It would not come. Something held it down; a weight, not a bandage. He tried to wiggle the fingers, and found that they also were held. And lift the hand he could not. Was the other hand in the same fix? He tried. Slowly the hand came up, groped, found the rope, and gripped it. He pulled. From a distance came a tinkle. The whistling ceased. Something jarred, and the machinery stopped its thudding. A voice called: "Jest a jiffy!"

(To be continued.)



THE FIELD-GOAL ART

BY PARKE H. DAVIS



Author of "The American Football" and
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee

Of all the individual performances in foot-ball involving a highly perfected degree of technical skill, none exceeds the art of kicking a goal from the field. Nature equips a player to run,

to dodge, to tackle, to break through, and to block, although, of course, a player improves in each by practice. Nature, however, does not equip a player to kick a goal. This is an art, and, like all art, it must be acquired by practice,—by practice long, persistent, patient, and exact.

Old foot-ball men, like old soldiers, find as keen a delight in the reminiscences of the past as they do in the performances of the present. Hence when they come together and narrate the stories of the famous goals from the field, they tell the tales of the most thrilling scenes in the history of the game, for no other scoring play has

performed so spectacular a part in foot-ball, suddenly and unexpectedly wresting victory out of defeat, and converting the victors into vanquished. And, indeed, it is the most ancient of our three scoring plays. The touch-down and the safety are American inventions of thirty-five years ago. The field goal is an English inheritance, and has been famed in song and story for over a century.

Who holds the honor of having kicked the longest goal from the field? Was it a drop-kick, or was it a goal from placement? And was it achieved in scrimmage, or was it delivered by a

free-kick following a fair catch? Who holds the record for the longest goal from a drop-kick, and who from a place-kick? Who has kicked the largest number of field goals in a single game? And who by a supreme effort has sent a long, difficult shot across the bar for a goal and thus won back a lost game?

For the longest goal from the field we must go back to the Princeton-Yale game of 1882. How, pray, can this be? How could a player in that primitive day kick a goal from the field at a distance that would defy the attempts of a host of brilliant full-backs for three decades?

In the first place, in that early day each and every player kicked the ball. Drops were used for distance equally with punts, the ball was kicked while rolling and bounding along the ground, and many a run, when the runner saw himself about to be tackled, terminated in a running drop-kick for goal. In fact, O. D. Thompson, of Yale, one of the earliest and best drop-kickers the game ever has known, actually defeated Harvard in 1878 by a running drop-kick from the forty-yard line. Then again, fair catches and free-kicks were far more abundant in the games of thirty-five years ago than they are to-day. Consequently tries for goals from the field came far more frequently in play, and at greater distances and wider angles than one sees in the modern game. Finally, the ball was not of such a pronouncedly oval shape in 1882 as it is in 1913. In the pictures of that period



J. HERBERT HAXALL
(PRINCETON)



F. J. O'BRIEN
(WISCONSIN.)

one usually finds the captain, an individual with a mustache and side-whiskers, clad in skin-tight flannels, holding a foot-ball whose ends are much flatter than those of the ball of to-day. Nevertheless, it was a Rugby ball, and the players of that period stoutly assert that they enjoyed no special advantage by reason of the slightly less spheroidal shape of the ball.



B. W. TRAUTMAN
(YALE.)

In each one of the distance records for goals from the field, in fact for any goal from the field kicked from a distance of at least fifty yards, the wind invariably is and must be a factor. Thus, on the thirtieth day of November, 1882, a lusty, young winter's gale was blowing at Princeton's back, squarely into the face of Yale. It was the closing minutes of the first half, and Yale had just scored a touch-down and kicked

the ensuing goal. Moffat now kicks off for Princeton, and Terry, of Yale, returns. Poe, of Princeton, the first of Princeton's six foot-ball Poes, all brothers, makes a fair catch sixty-five yards from the Blue's cross-bar. J. T. Haxall, who is playing the position of "next-to-center" in Princeton's line, now known as "guard," is called back to try for a goal from placement. Away goes the ball, but falling short, settles into the arms of



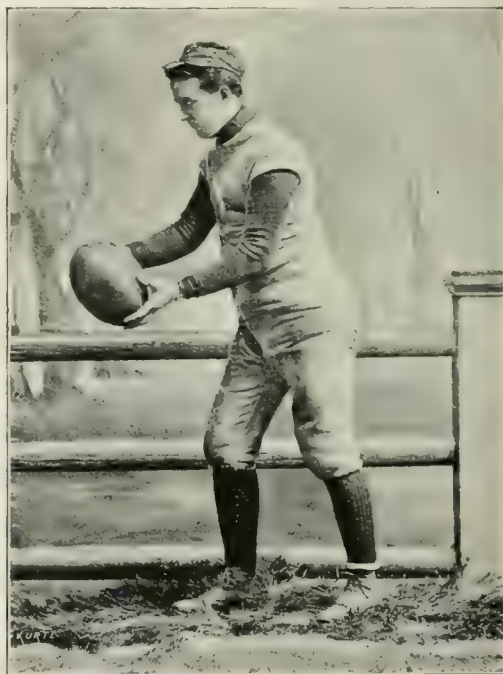
O. D. THOMPSON
(YALE.)

Bacon, of Yale, who instantly leaps into flight up the field. As he nears the first Princeton player, without slacking his speed, he kicks the ball while on the run far down the field, where it is caught and heeled by Moffat, seventy yards from Yale's goal. Again Haxall is sent back to bombard the goal, but again the ball strikes the ground in front of the bar. A

short run by Bacon, followed by a punt, terminates in another fair catch by Baker, of Princeton. This player, Baker, by the way, was destined to be the father of another great player, H. A. H. Baker, Princeton's present captain.

The ball is now put down sixty-five yards from Yale's goal and fifteen yards to the side of center. For the third time, Haxall draws back to deliver the kick. Tossing a wisp of grass in the air, he finds the exact slant of the wind, and turns the seam of the ball to allow for its deflection. The ball at last is carefully pointed, and Haxall steps backward four paces. Locating the distant cross-bar with his eye, he signals for the ball to settle the final finger's width upon the ground, and the play is on. Yale charges forward, and Haxall leaps for the ball, catching it with a mighty thud which shoots it above the outstretched hands of the Yale forwards, safely off on its long flight. The players turn and watch the spinning ball. At the thirty-yard line it appears to be settling. With mysterious momentum, however, it clings in the air, and in another second sails between the posts a full yard above the cross-bar, scoring the longest goal from the field in the history of the American game, full sixty-five yards from placement.

Some may say that the distance was incorrectly



WILLIAM T. BULL
(YALE.)

measured, or that the feat has been exaggerated by college-mates of that day, contemporary and later historians. And yet, the longest drop-kick, achieved by P. J. O'Dea, of Wisconsin, against Northwestern, November 28, 1898, accurately ob-

served and carefully measured, is only three yards less than Haxall's place-kick. The drop-kick unquestionably is a more difficult performance than the place-kick. To accomplish the former, the player must drop the ball upon the ground and kick it after it has wholly risen on the rebound. Practice begets such precision in executing this difficult kick, so closely timing the rebound and the blow, that the eye cannot detect the actual rebound



of the ball, but a trained ear instantly recognizes the rebound in advance of the kick by a wholly different sound in the impact of the kicker's foot against the ball. The skill of a successful drop-kick is further augmented by the fact that it must be delivered in the face of a veritable avalanche of charging players who come crashing through the line and hurl themselves against the kicker in a fierce attempt to block the ball.

Like the place-kick of J. T. Haxall, the drop-kick of P. J. O'Dea was aided by a strong wind, but as a handicap this wind was accompanied by a swirling snow-storm which iced the ball, benumbed the fin-

gers of the kicker, and partly obscured the goal-posts. This famous goal was scored in the beginning of the game. In possession of the ball and the superb O'Dea, Wisconsin adopted at the outset an exclusively kicking attack. Two exchanges of the ball had taken place when O'Dea, a third time, was sent back to punt. From his place behind the line the goal-posts were faintly visible through the snow, full sixty-two yards away. Enticed by the magnitude of the feat, O'Dea suddenly determined to try a drop-kick for goal. The ball was passed and caught by O'Dea. But Northwestern's giant forwards are upon him, and the kick apparently is blocked. O'Dea leaps quickly to the left and, in the same stride, drops the ball. With a swinging kick he lifts it into the air through the very fingers of the Northwestern players. The officials, recognizing the sound of a drop-kick, leap into position to judge the accuracy of the attempt. The ball, soaring high above the players, floats upon the wind to-

ward Northwestern's goal. The players, quickly perceiving the possibility of an extraordinary achievement, cease their play and, transfixed with amazement, watch the tumbling ball. With great rapidity the ball settles as it nears the goal, but the power is behind it, and, keeping up, it grazes the bar, but goes over, thus scoring the longest field goal from a drop-kick in the annals of the game.

The debate as to the comparative merits and disadvantages of these two methods of the field-goal art, the drop-kick versus the place-kick, is endless. While the drop-kick from scrimmage, or from a fair catch, has been in use from earliest times, the latter

rarely, it is true, in recent years, the place-kick in scrimmage was not thought of until the middle nineties. At first it was believed that this form of field-goal work would wholly displace the drop-kick, but the drop-kickers still continued to appear and to startle great throngs by their dazzling shots across the bar.

The honor of having scored the largest number of field goals in a single game rests with B. W. Trafford, of Harvard, and was achieved against Cornell, November 1, 1890. Five times in this game did Trafford send a clever drop-kick across the bar. Three of these goals were kicked from the thirty-yard line, and two from the thirty-five-yard line.

This record never has been equaled, and there are only two instances which approach it with one goal less. Alexander Moffat, of Princeton, in 1883 scored four drop-kicks against Harvard in a single half, and in 1911 Charles E. Brickley, of Harvard, in the freshman game with Princeton, duplicated the performance. Indeed, only five instances can be found in which a player has kicked three goals from the field in a single game. Walter H. Eckersall, of Chicago, achieved the feat against Wisconsin in 1903; George Capron,



JOHN DE WITT

of Minnesota, did it also against Wisconsin in 1907; W. E. Sprackling, of Brown, has the signal honor of having thus defeated Yale in 1910, and James Thorpe, the celebrated Carlisle Indian, in 1911 kicked three beautiful goals from the field at difficult distances and angles against Harvard. The latest example of triple scoring by field goals was given in 1912, by Charles E. Brickley, who thus overcame Princeton, one of his goals being a magnificent place-kick from the forty-eight-yard line. The above seven

bar. Let us enjoy the feat of Thompson in 1878, the manner of which never has occurred since. Harvard is playing Yale at Boston, and the game is close and scoreless. A random kick sends the ball into a pond of water near the field, but Walter Camp, to the huge merriment of the spectators, plunges in and gets the ball. By an agreement touch-downs are not to count in this game, so both goals are continually bombarded with long drop- and place-kicks. Just as the half is closing, Camp kicks a goal for



From photograph by The Pictorial News Co.
VICTOR P. KINNARD, OF HARVARD, DEFEATING YALE BY A GOAL FROM THE FIELD, NOVEMBER 21, 1908

achievements, as stated, read coldly indeed as mere statements of fact, but beneath each one is the rush and swirl of a great game, of crisis following crisis, and the crash and roar of intense action.

While we are back in the early days of the game, let us contemplate at close distances some of the heroes of that period, whose names are fresh after the lapse of thirty and thirty-five years. First and foremost was O. D. Thompson, of Yale. All are familiar with the sensational exploits two years ago of Sanford B. White, of Princeton, who alone defeated both Harvard and Yale. But in O. D. Thompson, Yale has a man who, in 1876, defeated both Harvard and Princeton, and in 1878 again defeated Harvard, and achieved each victory by a drop-kick across the

Yale, but time having expired while the ball is in flight, the goal does not count. The second half opens, wages, and wanes without a score. Camp tries a long drop, but misses the post. Winsor and Wetherbee, of Harvard, rush the ball back to Yale's side of the field. Thompson now gets the ball, and races brilliantly to Harvard's forty-yard line, where, about to be tackled, he deliberately drops the ball while on the run, catches it cleverly on the bound, and drives it between two Harvard players onward between the posts and over the bar, for a field goal and the game.

All are familiar also with the sensation caused in 1912 by the great field goal of H. A. Pumpelly, of Yale, kicked against Princeton from the forty-nine-yard line. But what would occur in this modern day if a player should score on Prince-

ton some Saturday afternoon by a drop-kick from the forty-yard line, the next Saturday afternoon score upon Yale by another drop-kick from the forty-five-yard line, and then finish the season one week later by sending another drop-kick over Harvard's cross-bar from the forty-eight-yard line? This precisely is what F. W. W. Graham, of Pennsylvania, did in 1885. Another famous goal-kicker of the middle eighties, long since deceased, was G. A. Watkinson, of Yale, whose lamentably brief career was distinguished by many a beautiful goal from the field. A full-back who shares with these men the honors of that decade is William T. Bull, of Yale. This memorable back had the honor to achieve goals against both Harvard and Princeton, and to defeat the latter in 1888 by two brilliant drop-kicks. This celebrated battle was waged upon the old Polo Grounds in New York. Each university produced that year an exceptionally strong eleven. As a result, their annual game from the very beginning became a stubborn deadlock. Time and again, each crashed into the other without a gain, and at no time did either become dangerous through rushing the ball. Just as the scoreless first half was closing, Bull on the last down sent a drop-kick across the bar from the thirty-eight-yard line. The second half was a repetition of the first, a succession of fierce, brilliant dashes into stone walls. Again the half was closing, the final minute being in actual flight. Yale had the ball on Princeton's twenty-yard line, far to the side of the field. The signal sounded for a drop-kick, and Bull fell back until one foot almost touched the side-line. Only a few seconds now remained to play. In such a difficult position few there were, if any, who believed that a field goal was possible. With a bound, the old-fashioned way, the ball was snapped into the hands of Wurttemberg, Yale's quarter-back, who, in turn, made the long, low, underhand pass back to Bull. The latter deftly dropped the ball to the ground, swung his foot against it with a resounding whack, and down the narrow air groove shot the ball, true as a rifle bullet, splitting the goal space exactly in twain.

And now, two years later, occurred a mighty drive. Cornell and Michigan were waging their first game, at Detroit. The contest was grossly unequal, Cornell scoring often and alone. Michigan's full-back, J. E. Duffy, a natural and practised drop-kicker, was continually bombarding Cornell's goal with drop-kicks at long distances, but in vain. Eventually, he essayed a goal from the fifty-five-yard line, then the center of the field. This time the ball rose high into the air, and with tremendous speed shot directly for the

goal, crossing the bar well above the posts, and striking the ground a full twenty-five yards behind the bar, one of the best drop-kicks for accuracy and for distance ever executed.

But now came and went a dreary period for the field goal. Good kickers were not wanting. At Yale was Vance McCormick, at Pennsylvania George H. Brooke and John H. Minds, at Harvard Charles Brewer, and at Princeton Shepard Homans and John Baird, all capable of kicking stupendous goals, but the play itself unfortunately was out of fashion. The value of the performance was five points, but the greater ease of scoring a touch-down was too great a handicap to invite a try for a field goal. The yardage at this time, it will be recalled, was only five in three downs, or four downs, as popularly counted. But most important of all, these were the years of the powerful momentum mass plays. Under these two propitious conditions the superior eleven, obtaining the ball, marched in a series of unbroken downs, however slowly, straight down the field, unless stopped by a fumble, a penalty, or a voluntary kick. Tries for a field goal, therefore, became in attractive except by the weaker eleven or by the superior eleven in the face of a hopeless first down, two situations which rarely occurred within striking distance of the cross-bar. An occasional field goal, it is true, now and then was kicked by some one of the above men, but the long, spectacular goals of the eighties, excepting a forty-five-yard goal by George H. Brooke against Cornell in 1895, were not among them.

In 1898 unexpectedly arrived a change. In the east, F. L. Burnett, of Harvard, scored upon Pennsylvania by a drive of fifty yards, and E. G. Bray, of Lafayette, defeated Lehigh by a marvelous drop-kick in the snow at a distance of forty yards. In the west, P. J. O'Dea executed his great record drop of sixty-two yards, and followed it with a brilliant series of other difficult goals. Instantly the field goal again came into fashion and popularity. As a result, the season of 1899 brought forth a veritable fusillade of field goals the country over, the most sensational of which was the drop-kick of Arthur Poe, of Princeton, which defeated Yale.

The sensational timeliness of this goal and its decisiveness rather than any extraordinariness of performance make this field goal one of the most famous in the history of American foot-ball. As a background, the game itself was marvelous, a grueling struggle from start to finish, with the fortunes of war ever shifting from one side to the other. Princeton, at the outset by ferocious assaults, drove Yale the length of the field, only to be piled at last in a thwarted heap, two downs in

succession on Yale's three-yard mark. Then with a single down remaining, Reiter, of Princeton, burst through for a touch-down, from which Wheeler kicked a goal. Within ten minutes, Yale forced Princeton back behind her own goal-line, and there blocked a kick which gave Yale a touch-down from which the ensuing try for goal was missed. Just as the half closed, A. H. Sharpe, of Yale, a powerful drop-kicker, was sent back into the angle of the thirty-yard line and the side-line, to try for a goal from the field, and from this extremely difficult position achieved the feat, thus bringing the half to a close with Yale 10 points and Princeton 6. The second half was even a tighter battle than the first. Rush followed rush and tackle followed tackle, with spirit, vim, hammer, and bang. Substitute after substitute went until, at last, of Princeton's original eleven only three players remained. The half waned without further scoring by either side. The final minute of play begins. Princeton has the ball on Yale's thirty-yard line. The score is ten to four against the Tigers. A straight-line plunge carries the ball to the twenty-five-yard line, but twenty precious seconds have gone. The Yale stands are emptying, the undergraduates are swarming over the fence eager to swoop in triumph upon the field. Suddenly Arthur Poe, of Princeton, leaves his place at end and falls back into kicking position. Yale's entire eleven mass to block the kick. In an instant the pass is made, but in that same instant Brown and Francis, of Yale, crash through Princeton's line and leap for Poe. The latter drops the ball for the kick, and as he does so, Brown blocks him from the side. A great shout goes up from the Yale stands as they see that the kick is blocked. But with a determined swing from the side, Poe kicks at the ball, catching it high on his instep. The ball rises into the air through the very arms of Francis, and, to the amazement of the spectators, in a big rainbow curve floats over the cross-bar and strikes the ground behind the posts. It is a goal. The score is Princeton 11 and Yale 10, and it is Princeton's undergraduates who swoop in upon the field.

Of the four decades of intercollegiate foot-ball, the most prolific in exceptional instances of the field-goal art unquestionably has been the period from 1900 to 1910. In the first year of this decade, Carl B. Marshall, of Harvard, drove a drop-kick forty-five yards over Yale's cross-bar, and Charles D. Daly, another Harvard captain, at that time a member of the Army eleven, in a game with Yale at West Point put a place-kick also across Yale's cross-bar from the fifty-yard line. The next year, 1902, that goal-kicker ex-

traordinary, John De Witt, of Princeton, appeared, and furnished a galaxy of goals in each season of his career. In addition to many goals against minor teams or at short distances, in 1902 he sent two kicks spinning through Cornell's up-rights, one from the forty-five-yard line, and the other from the fifty-yard line, and two weeks later sent another brilliant shot across Yale's cross-bar also from the fifty-yard line. In the succeeding season, 1902, De Witt achieved the unsurpassed record of kicking a total of eleven goals from the field during the season, and closed his great career in a blaze of glory in the final game by kicking a goal against Yale from the forty-eight-yard line, thereby defeating the Blue.

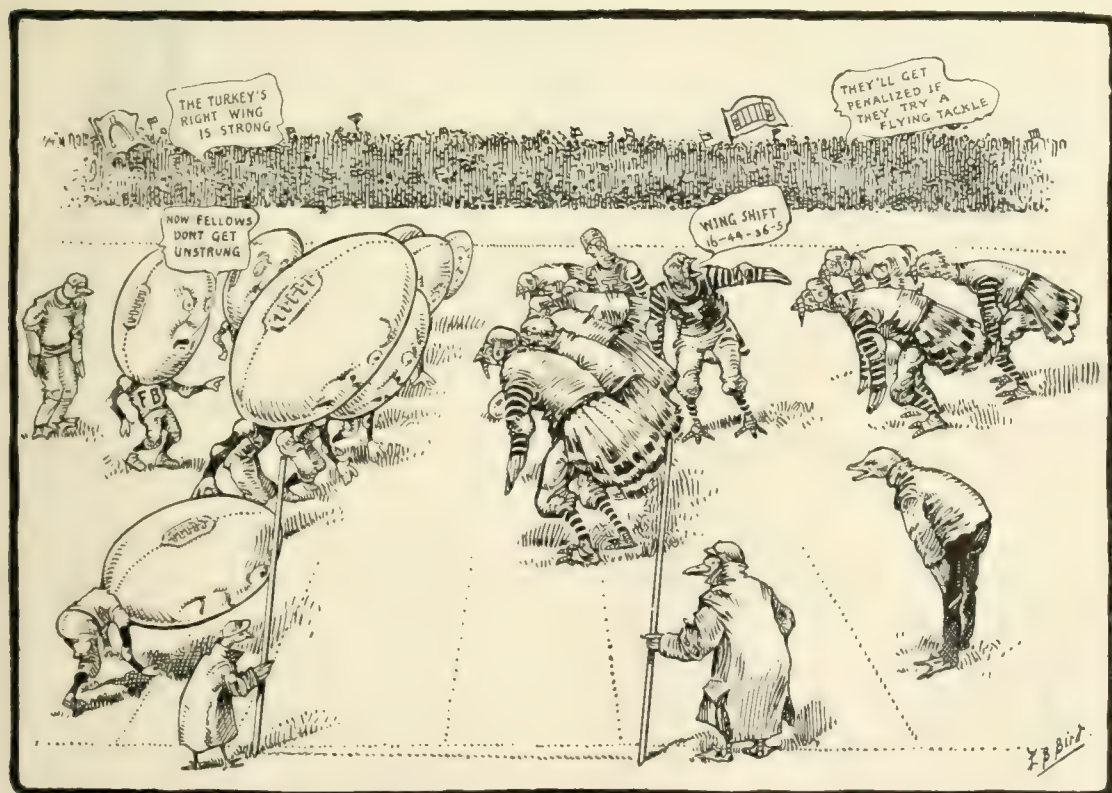
This also was the year that produced that other goal-kicker extraordinary, W. G. Crowell, of Swarthmore. Here was a player who was a whole scoring machine in himself, dropping goals continually from all possible distances and angles, including a fifty-five-yard goal against Franklin and Marshall, the second longest place-kick in the history of the game.

To the old foot-ball man who sits musing over these brilliant years comes in delightful reverie the picture of R. H. Davis, of the Army, sending his great goal of forty-eight yards over the heads of the Navy players; and P. W. Northcroft, of the Navy, later achieving identically the same performance against the Army; of N. B. Tooker's forty-eight-yard goal against Yale for Princeton, and H. H. Norton's forty-yard goal that won a memorable victory for the Navy from Princeton; of E. W. Butler, of Cornell, annually scoring against Pennsylvania and that brilliant band of goal-kicking Carlisle Indians, Peter Houser, Michael Balenti, and Frank Hudson.

It is dramatic setting, however, rather than mere statistical superiority, that gives indelible fame to a goal from the field. And so a goal of only thirty yards achieved by V. P. Kennard, of Harvard, against Yale, November 21, 1908, arrests our attention. Kennard was a field-goal specialist. For years he had practised this art over all others. The squad at Harvard contained better runners, better tacklers, and better punters, but no one could compare with Kennard at dropping a goal from the field. Thus he did not obtain a place in the first line-up against Yale that memorable Saturday afternoon, but occupied a very important post upon the bench, keenly watching the play, and alert for the moment when he should be called into action to strike. Throughout the first half, the struggle was a series of dashes and crashes of one team against the other without a score. The half drew to a close. Suddenly Harvard, by a brilliant burst of power,

carried the ball from their own forty-yard line to Yale's twenty-three-yard mark. Here occurred one of the famous rallies of the Blue, and three sledge-hammer blows by Harvard, left and right, went to naught. The assault was stemmed and a single down remained. At this juncture, Hamilton Fish, Harvard's captain, gave a sharp command. Instantly E. F. Ver Wiebe, the regular Crimson full-back, retired, and in his place from the side-line came Kennard. Cool, determined, and careful, he takes his place in drop-kicking formation, crouching easily forward, waiting for the ball, and calculating the angle and distance to the cross-bar. With a swish the ball leaves the ground and shoots into his outstretched hands. Yale charges; the stands arise en masse; Kennard kicks. Into the ball with that kick goes the power and accuracy of a thousand hours of practice, and in a single second is achieved the reward, as the ball cleaves the goal, giving Harvard the only score in that long, bitter battle.

But if the period from 1900 to 1910 has been brilliant in examples of the field-goal art, what are we to expect for the decade now upon us? Each year has glittered with field goals. Three seasons in succession has the Navy defeated the Army by a goal from the field after a rushing attack throughout an afternoon had been in vain, the kick twice being delivered by J. P. Dalton, and the last time by J. H. Brown. In this brief period, James Thorpe, of Carlisle, has beaten Harvard by his goals from the field, and Princeton and Yale have played a tie at 6 to 6, representing two field goals by H. A. H. Baker, of Princeton, one by M. B. Flynn, and the other the sensational goal of H. A. Pumpelly, both of Yale. At Harvard is Charles E. Brickley, and throughout the west a gallant host of long, clever kickers, waiting for the crisis that shall bring their educated feet into play. All of these field-goal feats here narrated, therefore, are only prophetic. The best of the field-goal art is yet to come.



THE GREAT GAME ON THANKSGIVING DAY—THE "FOOT-BALLS" AGAINST THE "TURKEYS."



Bunglers

(A Nonsense Rhyme)
by Ellen Manly *



THREE wise old men, one
summer's day,
For Bungletown set out.
Oh very wise indeed were they,
And one was short and stout.
They knew how all things should
be done—
There was no doubt of that;
From how the sun his course
should run,
To what to feed the cat!



THE King of Bungletown, 't was
plain,
Some good advice did need,
And they would teach him how
to reign
And be a king indeed.
His subjects' wants he soon
should know,
On what complaints to frown;
And what requests to grant, also
How best to wear his crown.

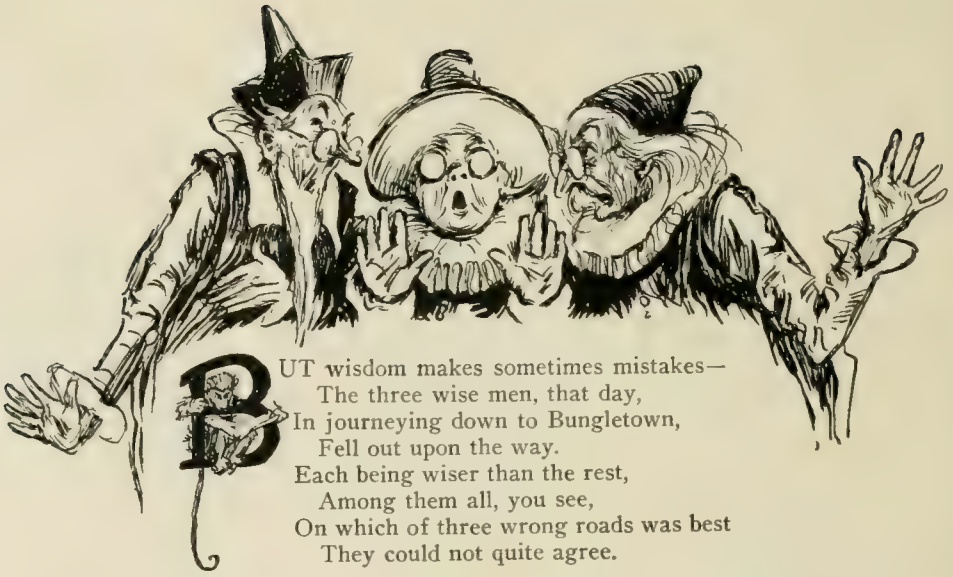


AND as for Mrs. Queen, poor thing!
 So far at fault was she,
 Her Majesty to time to bring
 No easy task would be.
 Her bread was simply a disgrace—
 She knew not how to spin,
 And as for dust in every place—
 She never cared a pin!



THEN they must regulate the court,
 Where much was going wrong;
 The ladies wore their hair too short,
 And wore their trains too long.
 The noble lords were not sedate
 As noble lords should be,
 The Prince's manners, sad to state,
 Were terrible to see.





BUT wisdom makes sometimes mistakes—
The three wise men, that day,
In journeying down to Bungletown,
Fell out upon the way.
Each being wiser than the rest,
Among them all, you see,
On which of three wrong roads was best
They could not quite agree.

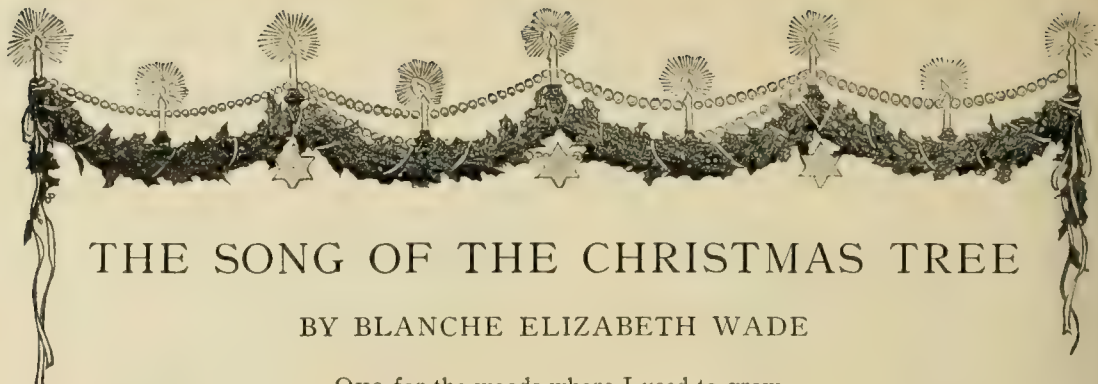




So one to seek the north set out ;
 One sped him to the west ;
 And one said always when in doubt
 To travel *east* was best.
 They went so far, they went so fast,
 They never met again.
 And so poor Bungletown, at last,
 Benighted did remain.

The manners of the court, we hear,
 Are still extremely poor—
 The Queen loves not to spin, poor dear !
 To *bake* she can't endure !
 The King all crooked wears his crown,
 And never knows he 's wrong,
 And every one in Bungletown
 Still bungles right along !





THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE



Oho for the woods where I used to grow,
The home of the lonely owl and crow!
I spread my arms to shelter all
The creatures shy, both large and small.
I sang for joy to the friends I knew:
The sunshine, rain, and the sky so blue.
Oho for the forest! Oho for the hills!
Oho for the ripple of murmuring rills!
Oho, sing I, oho!



Oho for the hall where I now hold sway,
The home of the happy children gay!
I spread my arms with gifts for all,
From father big to baby small.
I sing for joy to these hearts that glow—
Of manger bed, and the Child we know.
Oho for the holly! Oho for the light!
Oho for the mistletoe's berries so white!
Oho, sing I, oho!



Down the Wrong Chimney



A BRITISH SUBMARINE, WHICH WAS BELIEVED TO BE CONTROLLED BY WIRELESS.

WIRELESS WIZARDRY

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

A young American, John Hays Hammond, Jr., has recently been doing things down on the east coast of Massachusetts that would have been his death-warrant in the days of the Salem witches. From a hilltop overlooking Gloucester harbor, he was directing daily, by means of invisible waves, the maneuvering of a sinister-looking craft of high speed which may soon develop into a very formidable instrument for coast defense. Mark you, no one is on board; the boat performs all of its amazing evolutions guided by a curious combination of vibrations having their source in an apparatus at Mr. Hammond's hand, far up on the bluff! This sounds uncanny, does n't it? But it is one of the developments of a new branch of knowledge, the science of *telautomatics*, or the management *from afar* of mechanical operations. Telautomatics is going to do a large variety of astonishing things for us before long, and all of us should know something about this new wizardry.

Wireless telegraphy has become an old story now, and you know that its way of working is for the man at the sending station to set up waves in the atmosphere by means of an electrical discharge. These waves in the atmosphere, like the circling ripples we see spreading from a stone dropped in a pond, reach out invisibly through the air or ether until they awaken to action a delicate and very sensitive receiver.

This receiver is part of a local electric circuit, but the battery current cannot flow until the arriving waves cause the receiver to complete the path for the electricity. In making and breaking this current flow, the receiver actually repeats the signals despatched from a long way off, and in this fashion dots and dashes representing letters are produced.

Of course this is quite different from making a boat turn in any direction, or to halt it or start it at will; but you will see in a moment that the difference is largely in the way the ether waves



THE GARDNER TELLING SUBMARINE, CONTROLLED BY SOUND WAVES.

are put to service. In wireless telegraphy, all that is asked of the receiver is to repeat a message; in telautomatics, the wireless message de-

mands action upon the part of mechanisms capable of exerting a good deal of power. Let us call the receiver a child, or messenger, and the local battery, or "relay," the man that is strong enough to do what is desired. Keep this simple comparison in mind, and you will find it easy to understand all that is needful of Mr. Hammond's work.

Over in Europe, the French and the Germans have been busy for some time experimenting with torpedoes that could be guided by Hertzian waves, that is, vibrations produced in the ether by an electrical discharge, the kind of waves used in wireless telegraphy. When one, two, three, or four of these waves were despatched in proper order, the sensitive receiver would allow the vigorous "relay" to act so as to call into play any one of as many different mechanical movements. One would start the torpedo, two would stop it, three would turn it to the right, and four would swing its nose to the left, and, possibly, a fifth would explode the charge of guncotton. The wireless experts of these two countries have had a promising measure of success. The idea, you know, is to make the deadly torpedo more certain of hitting its intended mark.

Of course England could not remain idle when her fretful neighbors were busy at this kind of thing, so her wireless "sharps" got into the game. The British naval men went their continental

more novel character. They aimed to use a form of guiding wave that could not be disturbed or rendered ineffective by an enemy, as can be done



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, U. S. HOUSE-BOAT, DIRECTED BY WIRELESS, WHICH PRECEDED HIS WIRELESS TORPEDO-BOAT.

when Hertzian waves are employed, and they used under-water sound waves, which Mr. John Gardner was the first to so utilize, for their crewless submarine.

Sound, you know, travels four times as far below water as it will through the air, and, unlike the atmosphere, the power of water in forwarding these waves is not affected by the weather as are Hertzian impulses. Here was one advantage, but we shall see that there were others. The Gardner receiver was so made that its ear was deaf to all but a chosen group of sounds. It was a kind of sound-lock that could not be opened or worked except by a certain key-note or chord, and the desired operations could be set in motion then only by the repeating of this "open sesame" in a given way.

Before we come to Mr. Hammond's invention, which is the latest, let us go back a short span. A few years ago, Professor Ernst Ruchmer, of Germany, who died recently, produced a wireless telephone with which he experimented in the outskirts of Berlin. Instead of a wire he used the beam of a search-light for his conductor, and at the receiving end he had a little cell of selenium. Selenium is a curious metal inasmuch as its capacity to let electricity flow through it varies greatly when exposed to light of different intensities. The brighter the light the less resistance it offers to the passage of the current.



A FRENCH CRUISER PUTTING A WIRELESS TORPEDO THROUGH ITS PACES.

rivals one better—they took an old submarine, capable of carrying a number of torpedoes, and fitted her with a system of wireless control of a

Professor Ruehmer made use of this peculiarity in this way:

At the despatching point, the electricity for an ordinary telephone was drawn from the supply current feeding the search-light. Every time a word was spoken into the transmitter, the current to the light was sapped for an instant to an infinitesimal degree, and the glowing carbon blinked a wee bit. At the receiving station, that blink affected the selenium cell, and, to that extent, altered the flow of the operative current of a telephone there. Those variations reproduced the impulses originating at the sending station, and thus created the same sounds of speech at the listening end of the light beam. This, you see, was really carrying the *sounds* of speech by *light* waves. Professor Ruehmer has since found it possible to use a beam of light effectively in the daytime; in fact, a beam that is very hard to detect except when facing it directly. You will see the importance of this in a moment.

Mr. Hammond has cunningly combined the results of Ruehmer's and Gardner's inventions in a manner that makes his own work equally ingenious. To begin with, the sounds he uses are of so high a pitch that the human ear is incapable of hearing them, and this fact gives the advantage of secrecy. He first employs a beam of light, as did Ruehmer, and, by means of these high-pitched sounds which he can produce at will, he causes it to "shake" or quiver so

slightly as not to be perceived by the eye. With this twofold message-wave, of light and sound, he sends his orders by a special language, as it were, to the selenium cell and to a tuned receiver aboard his torpedo-boat. These message-waves call to their aid the reserve energy of the local "relay," which then carries out the biddings of the feeble aerial vibrations. Unlike Hertzian waves, those employed by Mr. Hammond can be sent along a fixed line, like a rifle-shot, and his craft goes speeding onward as though at the end of an unseen electrified wire.

Up to now, most of the studies in "far-off control by wireless" have had for their aim some wartime use; but you can see that this is just the beginning of a wonderful work. In the course of the next few years, telautomatics will find many other practical fields of service, and these will aid us in every-day life. A ship in a fog will thus be guided safely into a difficult harbor; commercial, crewless aircraft will be sent hither and thither aloft with their burdens of mail or express matter; dirigible balloons, without aëronauts, will be launched way, way up into the skies for the purpose of making important observations of the air currents, etc.; far-away lights will be turned on and off without connecting wires; and hundreds of other actions will be controlled in like manner.

The only really puzzling question is, Where will this wizardry of wireless end?



War and Peace

at the

Rose Alba

by
Eveline W. Brainerd



of blue sky looked down on the children. The subject of their talk was a lady living on the first floor.

"She looks cross," announced Mildred, and crossness was a mighty offense in the children's moral code.

"She scolded me once," volunteered Polly.

Mildred opened her eyes at this bit of news.

"When? What for?" she demanded.

Polly looked slightly confused.

"Albert and I were going through the hall," she explained hurriedly, "and she heard us and came out."

The sound of clambering steps and muffled voices came through the well of the four flights of stairs. "Here are the boys!" Mildred exclaimed. "Wait till they come, Polly."

Albert King and Paul Eaton were ahead, Albert, aged nine, with tumbled light hair like his sister Mildred's; Paul, three years older, with big, gray eyes and straight, brown locks. Behind climbed David King, just five, very determined, very sturdy, and quite untroubled at bringing up the rear of the procession.

"Boys, Polly is telling me what that cross Mrs. Frisbie said to her the other day."

Albert looked indignantly at his cousin.

"There, I knew you'd go and tell!"

"Why should n't she tell? What had you been doing?" demanded Mildred, her sisterly suspicions promptly awake.

"Nothing!" stubbornly retorted Albert. "We just hurried down-stairs, and when we got to her door, it opened all of a sudden."

"And she stood there right in our path," chimed in Polly, taking advantage of the dramatic style to divert Paul and Mildred, who, as the older

MILDRED and Polly were sitting on the stairs leading to the roof of the Rose Alba apartment-house. They were cousins. Polly Eaton's household had the right-hand door as you reached the last landing on the steep steel-and-stone staircase. Mildred King lived behind the left-hand door. On the farther side of the landing were two other doors, opening into similar flats. The Kings and Eatons were so occupied with their own affairs—for six children on the top floor of a New York apartment-house can have an amazing number of affairs in a very small space—that these near neighbors seemed hardly persons at all, only beings in whose behalf Mrs. Eaton or Mrs. King would now and again command quiet. The door was open at the top of the short flight of steps to the roof, and the square

members of the band, felt that more or less guard-duty devolved upon them.

"All of you and Aunt Ellen had gone, and we were to catch up with you before you crossed Broadway," pursued Albert.

"Well, well!" ordered Paul. "What did she do?"

"She told us our mother ought to be ashamed of letting her children disturb the whole house!" repeated Albert, fiercely.

"And Al told her we had two mothers, and we could n't have disturbed her much if she did n't know that about us," continued Polly, proudly.

"She said if we had two mothers, they ought to be twice as much ashamed," finished Albert.

"The idea!" said Mildred. "The idea! And all we ever do is to go by her door and get out the baby-carriage."

"Oh, she 's cross!" pronounced Paul. "Only you 'd better be quiet on those stairs next time. I bet you slid down the banister, Al."

Albert and Polly maintained a discreet silence, but Mildred intervened.

"I 'm glad if she was disturbed!" she said, throwing law and order to the winds. "What do you think she has done now? She 's complained because Aunt Griswold walks round her rooms evenings, and Aunt Griswold is going away."

The three boys stared aghast. Aunt Griswold going away! Why, what would the Rose Alba be without Aunt Griswold?

"What doth she walk around in the eveningth for?" lisped David, who stood wide-eyed during this conversation, swaying on the edge of the top step, his arm wound round the newel post. "Why doth n't she thit down?"

"She has to do her housework evenings because she sews all day," explained Mildred, who at thirteen had clear ideas as to housework.

"I don't see what Mrs. Frisbie expects. She does n't expect her not to do any housework, does she?" questioned the judicial Paul.

"Aunt Griswold could n't disturb anybody!" averred Albert, indignantly.

"I don't believe it," said Paul. "It 's too silly!"

"The janitor's little girl told me," retorted Mildred. "She always knows everything that happens in the house."

The others, silenced by this authority, stood oppressed by the sense of calamity.

"I 'th goin' to thee her," announced David, dropping from his perch on the upper step.

"That 's it," cried Albert, "come on!" and he followed the red worsted cap that had disappeared around the sharp angle of the stairway.

Outside Aunt Griswold's door the five gathered, and the friendly dressmaker looked out on a row of solemn little faces.

"All of you?" she cried. "Well, what is it?"

"Are you going away?" demanded Paul.

Aunt Griswold's face grew sober.

"Yes," she said, "I am. I 'm going to live in another house."

"But we don't want you to," burst in David.

Aunt Griswold smiled, but not merrily.

"If everybody felt as you do, I would n't be going," she said, and her kind eyes were uncommonly bright as she looked at her visitors.

"Please don't go," said Polly. "We don't care what she says," and Polly nodded her light curls significantly toward the stairway.

Aunt Griswold held up a finger in warning.

"But *I* care," she said, speaking quite low, so that none of the other three doors on the landing could possibly overhear. "I 've never been complained of before, and I can't bear it. I 'd rather go away."

"Huh!" sniffed Albert. "It don't hurt any when you get used to it. Why, she 's even complained of us!"

The corners of Aunt Griswold's mouth turned up and her eyes danced, so that you could hardly see the tears that had been in them a moment before.

"But I don't want to get used to it," she said. "I like to live where I 'm friends with people."

The children looked at the plump little person before them. A tape-measure was thrown round her shoulders, a cushion bristling with pins hung at her side. To her little white apron stuck some shreds of woolen stuff. As she did not ask them in, they knew she was busy with a customer; but customers were of small importance in the present crisis.

"You won't move to-night, will you?" pleaded Polly.

"Oh, no! not to-night," she answered.

"I would n't go anyhow," finished David, spunkily standing with his sturdy legs far apart.

The next morning David went down the stairs and stood out on the steps, the mail that Paul had taken for him from the high boxes in the entrance tightly clasped in his small hands. He waited longer than usual, watching the three older children till they reached the corner. Then he reëntered the house slowly, closing the door carefully after him instead of letting it swing back, as was the custom. When he reached Mrs. Frisbie's door, he stopped short, and earnestly, deliberately, thoroughly, kicked it. After which he walked calmly across the hall, and slowly mounted the four flights that led to his Aunt Ellen's door.

"Aunt Ellen," he inquired, "won't Uncle thtop Aunty Grithwold's going?"

"He can't stop her, dear. He would if he could."

"She don't want to go."

"But she won't stay where people are disagreeable. You would n't stay with me if I were disagreeable, you know."

"If Mrs. Frithbie wath n't croth, would she thtay?"

"Why, yes, I think she would."

David stood for a few moments in the doorway; behind him Ralph called lustily for a playmate, but he paid no heed. Then he trudged on, carrying his mother's mail. He did not wait, as was his wont, for the advertising pictures that were his booty from the larger envelops. Instead, he went to the window and stood looking out over the roofs of lower houses to the arches of the Cathedral of St. John. There was really nothing to see from that window. Sparrows seldom flew as high. Cats were scarce. It being Friday, few folk were hanging out washings. But David stood there so long that Mrs. King glanced several times inquiringly at him, and finally suggested that he come into the kitchen with her while she made ready the children's dinner.

When Mildred and Albert tumbled in with the usual clamor about the morning's happenings, David regarded them in disapproving silence. He devoted himself to his brown bread and soup with an earnestness that relieved the table of much of the confusion attendant on meals at which he took part.

"What 's the matter with you?" asked his brother, at length. "You 're awful quiet."

"I guess he 's afraid he 'll bother Mrs. Frisbie," suggested Mildred. But comments passed over the small boy unheeded.

"May I meet Milly and Albert at school thith afternoon?" he demanded.

This was a favor granted only on great occasions, and after the exhibition of much virtue. It meant going alone around the block and waiting at an entrance while hundreds of children hurried by.

"Oh, yes, we 'll look out for him," volunteered Albert, struggling into his coat. "Come to my side, 'cause I generally get out first."

The door banged after the two.

"May I, Muvver?" repeated David, not assured by his brother's orders.

"Aunt Ellen is taking Baby Ralph out, and she will expect you to go with her."

"We 'll all come back here," suggested David.

Mrs. King yielded, wondering what notion the funny little fellow had in his head as he trotted down the hall and in at Aunt Ellen's door.

"I mutht meet the children at school," he an-

nounced importantly. "I 'll carry down the blanketh for the carriage when I go."

"Oh, no you won't!" returned Aunt Ellen. "They might n't be there when I come down. We are going to Riverside to-day. Come directly back so that we can have a long afternoon there."

Mrs. King and Mrs. Eaton went out with the six children on alternate afternoons, an arrangement that gave each mother a few hours of freedom every other day. One person could act as outdoor nurse, since, as Aunt Margaret said, six were no more to handle than three.

"Nor three more than two," said Aunt Ellen.

It was David's duty to help carry down the four flights the many fittings needful to keep Ralph warm and happy in the brisk breezes of the Drive, and he was quite aware that to-day he was neglecting his task. But he had important matters to attend to, and there was no time to lose. Aunt Griswold might this minute be getting ready to move.

His eager little face peered up at Polly and Mildred as they came out in the throng of girls pouring from Public School No. 86. He had disregarded Albert's order, the avalanche of boys being somewhat overpowering to a five-year-old.

"We mutht get the otherth quick!" he lisped, as he caught Polly's hand.

"What for?" she asked, in some surprise.

"We 've got to do thomething," returned David, with assurance.

So Mildred and Polly, obedient to the matter-of-course air which so often won the small lad's battles, hurried toward the boys' door.

"There he ith! there he ith!" squealed David, and darting into the crowd, caught Paul, at the moment intent on vaulting over a hydrant before his rival should reach it.

Albert, too, disentangled himself from a bunch of younger lads, and David eyed his coterie with satisfaction.

"What 's this about?" asked Paul, a little impatiently, having seen his rival successful.

"Aunt Ellen thayth Aunt Grithwold would n't go if Mrs. Frithbie wath nithe," announced the small leader with an air of discovery.

"Nice! That 's just what she is n't!" interposed Mildred.

"There is n't anything to do. We asked Father last night," put in Albert, decisively.

"She 'd thtay if Mrs. Frithbie wath friendth," persisted David.

"If that 's all the trouble," said Polly, "I think something ought to be done. It 's easy enough to be friends."

"Humph," said Paul, "perhaps you have n't had anybody mean to you?"

"No, I never have," answered cordial little Polly. "Nobody but Mrs. Frisbie, and I could be friends with her if she 'd only be friendly. I guess if anybody 'd only explain it to her, she could be."

"We 'll tell her," announced David, calmly.

The children stared at one another.

"I don't know but we could," reflected Mildred.

"What could we say?"

"Paul would know things to say," promised the loyal Albert.

"We won't talk any more about it now," ordered Paul, sagely, as they turned their corner and saw Aunt Ellen with Ralph waiting on the sidewalk. "We 'll meet on the landing when we come back, and see if we can't get it done right away before dinner."

Aunt Ellen did not have an easy afternoon. For once she admitted that six were more than three and many more than two. No games amused them. They had no interest in any of the mates they met upon the Drive. They played with Ralph spasmodically, and either with such vigor or such indifference that he felt distinctly aggrieved. To add to her troubles they were strangely impatient to get home. Polly asked the time till she at last refused to take out her watch; and Albert talked continuously of the new book which he had had to leave at the end of the most exciting chapter. His aunt was firm, however. His mother was to have two free hours, and the children were to be out in the crisp air till five o'clock. David alone appeared careless as to their return. He sauntered up and down the Drive, a calm spectator of the passing show. At last the sunshine faded, and their escort was satisfied, but the walk to the Rose

Alba seemed uncommonly long. There was surprisingly little bustle in getting the carriage to its place beneath the stairs and gathering all the wraps and school-books that had been tucked in its corners. Aunt Ellen felt a surprised sense of relief that she had not once had to command

silence. With Ralph lying sleepily in her arms, she mounted slowly, the children with their burdens hurrying ahead. When she reached her living-room, the articles they had carried were all dumped in the middle of the lounge, and not a child was to be seen.

"They have run in to talk to Margaret," she



"ARE YOU GOING AWAY?" DEMANDED PAUL.

said to herself, and thought no more about it.

Paul and Polly, with Mildred and Albert and David, were safely ensconced meanwhile on the roof, where a neighborly chimney sheltered them from the wind. The landing was no safe place

for their present business, with the likelihood of the two fathers coming in a bit early.

"We 'll go right down, and then, Paul, you 'll have to speak first," said Milly.

"Yes, Paul, 'cause you 're biggest," prompted Polly, seeing a certain hesitation in her brother's usually bold mien.

one cheek. Now Mrs. Frisbie, when she appeared in public, always wore blue silk. No one had ever seen her in any of those washable garments that the other housekeepers in the Rose Alba wore in the mornings certainly, and sometimes afternoons as well. The apron made her seem like the rest of the human race. A bright smile spread over David's features.



"OH, HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY!" BREATHED POLLY."

"And you know how best," added the wise Albert.

"Then we 'll all thay thingth," put in David.

Mildred looked at him suspiciously.

"Remember, we must be very polite!" she warned.

"Oh, yeth," he agreed solemnly.

"One, two, three! Now start, Paul ahead," urged Polly.

So they started, down the short flight, around the turn, across another landing, around again, and so on until they reached the first floor. David pushed Mrs. Frisbie's bell.

That lady came to the door, a large gingham apron over her thin person, and a dab of flour on

"Are you makin' 'em now?" he inquired.

"Making what?" demanded Mrs. Frisbie, too surprised by her five callers to be as forbidding as they expected.

"Why, the Frithbie Caketh," returned David. "Muvver would n't buy any at the grother's. I never tathted 'em," he added reflectively.

"Frisbie Cakes?" repeated the lady, in a puzzled tone. "What are they?"

"Why, they 're in all the stores, in little square boxes. I 've had 'em. One girl brings some to school 'most every day," volunteered Polly.

One and another of the group pressed information upon their hostess, relieved to find this safe topic of conversation.

"And you thought I made them?" inquired Mrs. Frisbie, smiling.

"I hoped you did!" owned David.

Mrs. Frisbie laughed again. Her thin face

lighted when she laughed, and her keen eyes grew kindly.

"Was that what you came for? I do make cookies. Come in and see if they are as good as those at the grocer's."

The spicy odor of hot molasses came through the open door, and David followed his little nose with serene confidence. The others held back.

"Oh, no, no, we did n't come for that!" protested Mildred, in a shocked voice. "We did n't even know David thought you made Frisbie Cakes."

"Never mind; come in. I think mine are very good, and I'd like you to try them."

Albert yielded, and the others followed. They stared about them as they went along the narrow hallway. The open doors showed little rooms ranged along one side, as in all the flats of the Rose Alba. The walls were covered with a light paper over which ran green vines and little flowers. The furniture was white, too. The rugs were green-and-white, and the woodwork, that in their rooms were a serviceable cherry stain, was here as white as the chairs and tables. There were thin, short curtains at the windows, and everywhere in place of vases and ornaments were growing plants. Vines climbed over the window casings and around the few pictures. In the front room, whither David gravely led them, a little table was set for two, with a green dish of low-spreading fern in the center. This was evidently the dining-room and sitting-room in one, for though there was no sideboard full of fancy china and glass, such as almost every flat in the Rose Alba boasted, there was a piano with a pot of deep red geraniums standing at one end, and a case full of music beside it. It occurred to Mildred that Aunt Griswold's kettles and carpet-sweeper might be a bother if Mrs. Frisbie played; but that did not excuse crossness.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" breathed Polly.

A great, tawny cat, with long hair and wide, plume-like tail, rose from the window-seat and stretched luxuriously, eying the children sleepily.

"Oh," said Albert in his turn, "see its hair!" And he knelt on the floor by the soft bunch of yellow fur.

"Sit down," urged Mrs. Frisbie. "I don't know what your mother—"

"Mothers," corrected Albert, and then blushed and stroked the yellow cat so hard that he arose in displeasure, and, jumping down, walked over to Mildred with an imperious mew.

"Sunshine wants you to take him," explained his mistress. "If you sit in that rocker, you can hold him best."

Mildred sat down proudly, and Sunshine curled

himself in comfort with his head outstretched on feathery paws, his eyes sharply watchful.

"Yes, *mothers*," amended Mrs. Frisbie, cheerfully. "I don't know what they will say to cookies just before dinner. I think I'll give you only two apiece now, and then you can take some home."

She brought out a plate of spicy, crisp, brown cakes, still warm from the oven, with edges turned up unevenly, and browner on one side than the other. Paul and Mildred took theirs rather shamefacedly. Not only were they accepting favors from one they had come to reprove, but from the enemy of their friend. It was an awkward situation. But there was no resisting those cookies, nor, for that matter, Mrs. Frisbie's manner. When each of her visitors was busily munching, she looked about with an air of satisfaction.

"They 're awful good," volunteered Albert, wishing to wipe out unpleasant recollections. "Why do you make 'em at night?"

"Well, I 'm cooking my husband's dinner at night, anyway, and it 's easier to do all one's cooking at once. Then, too, I 'm busy almost all the daytime."

"Why, you 're just like Aunt Griswold!" exclaimed Polly. "She has to do hers at night, too, 'cause she 's busy daytimes. Only she 's busy later, so she has to cook later."

"And then she has n't any husband, you know," added Mildred, feeling that now the way was opened, she must step in.

"He 'th dead," remarked David, helping himself to another cookie with a dignified openness.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Frisbie, in a tone that suggested a lack of interest. "So Mrs. Griswold is your aunt, is she?"

"Oh, no," explained Paul. "We only call her aunt. We have n't any real aunts excepting one apiece. Our mother is Mildred's and Albert's and David's Aunt Ellen; and their mother is our Aunt Margaret."

"I see. Take another cake."

Conversation seemed about to languish, but Polly came to the rescue. She was gazing frankly about her.

"It 's lovely here," she said. "It 's like the country. It 's all just flowers and leaves and whiteness and greenness. If you only had a bird, it would be about as nice as Grandpa's."

Mrs. Frisbie's smile came back again.

"Is Grandpa's in the country?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" they all answered at once.

"It 's out on Long Island at Burnham Park," detailed Paul.

"And there is a lot of grass and trees, just like

Riverside, only you can pick the trees," hurried Albert.

"The flowers," corrected Polly.

"And there is n't any river," corrected Mildred.

"We go there sometimes Sundays and Saturdays," added Paul.

Mrs. Frisbie smiled more gaily than at any time during their visit.

"I 'm so glad you know about the country," she said. "I never lived in the city before."

The children gazed at her as at some wanderer from strange lands.

"Aunt Grithwold ith from the country," put in David, innocently. He was in the midst of his third cooky.

"So she is; it 's just like Aunt Griswold!" agreed Polly. "She 's so funny, she does n't like it here so well as where she came from."

"Neither do I," agreed Mrs. Frisbie.

"Were n't you lonesome in the country with nobody nearer than the next house?" demanded Paul.

"No, I liked it. I like a house all to myself," she began; but stopped in the middle of the sentence. It seemed curiously discourteous to these small strangers to say anything uncomplimentary of the Rose Alba.

"That 's just what Aunt Griswold says!" exclaimed Mildred. "She 's been here a year, and she thought she never could stand having people right close to her all the time."

"But she feels better now she knows us, and some of the other people. She 's so kind, everybody likes her," explained Albert, and then stopped short, remembering that Mrs. Frisbie, at least, did not like her.

"Well, I 've been here three months, and I don't like it at all," confessed Mrs. Frisbie.

"But you don't know anybody yet," objected Polly. "Aunt Griswold was real lonely till she knew us."

"You 'll like it," Paul assured her easily. "You 've got such a countryish sort of place here. And then your cookies taste just like the country, too. They are n't a bit like bakers'."

"Oh, yes!" sighed Mildred. "You can't help liking this," and she glanced about the little flower-decked room and squeezed Sunshine softly. "Aunt Griswold has n't anything like this. She 's just beginning, you know, so she has n't any money but just enough to live on, and she sews all day long in her rooms, so, of course, they can't be pretty like this."

"She hath n't any cat," remarked David, walking over to Mildred and laying his little hand experimentally on the yellow down.

"No, and not any husband," added Polly.

"But for those things, you 're lots like her," reflected Mildred. "You see, you both came from the country, and have to be busy all the daytime, and you don't like New York; and then you 've got the same kind of a smile."

"I guess you 've both got a sort of country look," ventured Paul.

Mrs. Frisbie reflected on the plump, short, plainly gowned dressmaker whom she had seen hurrying in and out, and compared the picture with her own slender, tall figure. Then she laughed merrily.

"You make me want to know Aunt Griswold," she said. "I think if I did that we would be friends."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Mildred, jumping up and spilling Sunshine into David's little arms, where he landed wrong side up and struggled about to the right position, much ruffled both in coat and feelings.

"That 's what we came for," announced Paul, with satisfaction. "You see, we felt sure if you only knew her, you 'd like her."

The little clock on the mantle, the only article there save another dark red geranium, struck six clear strokes.

"We must go right home," cried Polly, in consternation. "They 'll be frightened." And without waiting for farewells, she started down the hall.

"Nobody knew we were coming," explained Albert.

"I see," said Mrs. Frisbie, thoughtfully. "Well, I 'm glad you came. But you are forgetting your cookies."

David, the last of the line, and still lingering in the doorway, looked relieved.

"I 'll carry them," he offered.

Mrs. Frisbie handed him a fat bag, and then stood watching till the last rubbed shoe disappeared at the turn of the stairs.

THE next noon, Aunt Griswold's door opened as the four older children came from school. David looked out at them.

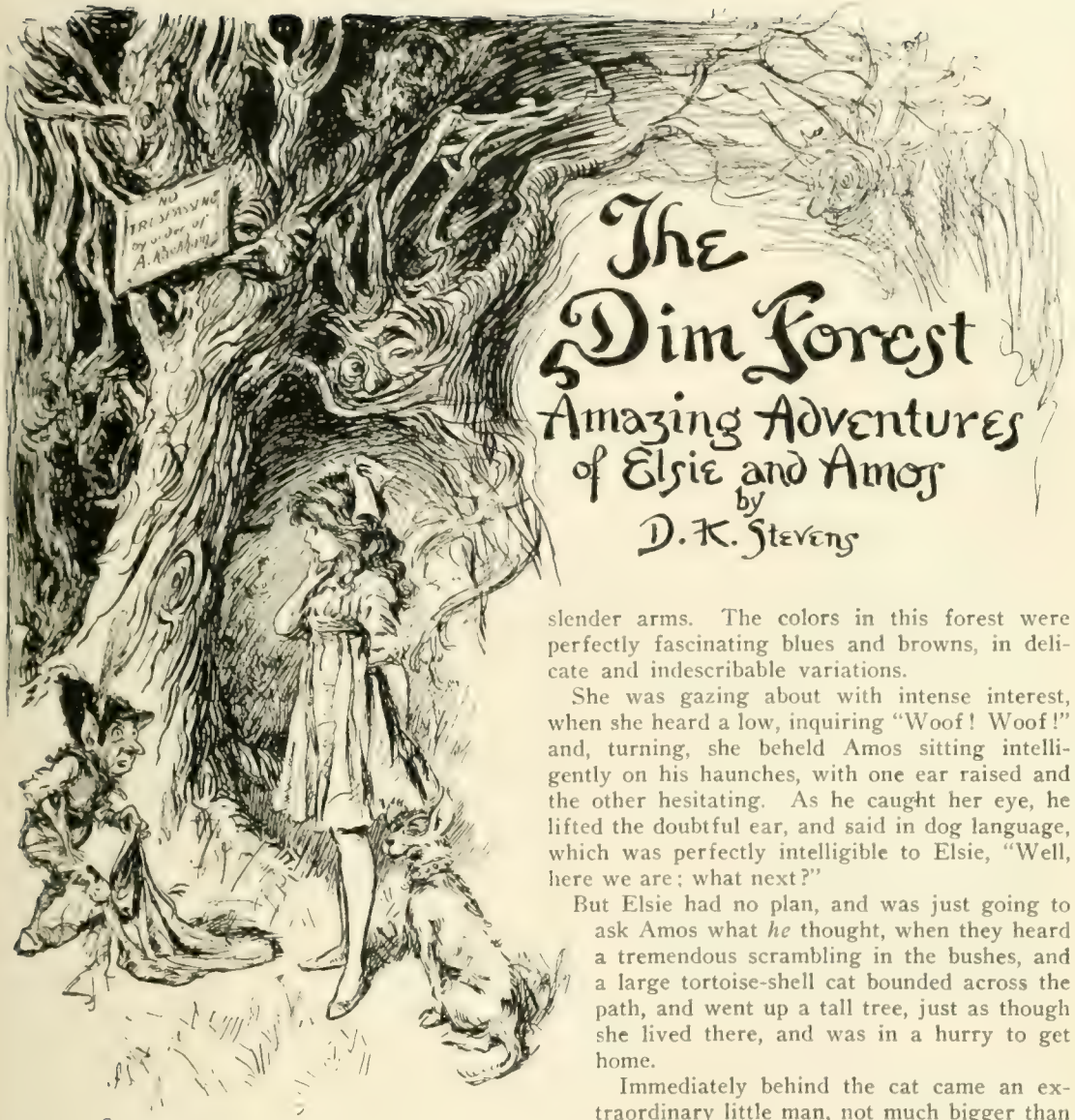
"Come!" he ordered mysteriously.

He led the way to the front room, where, in the sunny window, was a dark red geranium.

"Oh," exclaimed Polly, "it 's Mrs. Frisbie's best one!"

Aunt Griswold came out from her kitchen, where she was eating a hurried luncheon between customers.

"I should n't wonder," she said. "Mrs. Frisbie came to see me last night, and I 'm not going to move. She 's real nice. She comes from the country, too."



The Dim Forest

Amazing Adventures of Elsie and Amos

by
D. K. STEVENS

slender arms. The colors in this forest were perfectly fascinating blues and browns, in delicate and indescribable variations.

She was gazing about with intense interest, when she heard a low, inquiring "Woof! Woof!" and, turning, she beheld Amos sitting intelligently on his haunches, with one ear raised and the other hesitating. As he caught her eye, he lifted the doubtful ear, and said in dog language, which was perfectly intelligible to Elsie, "Well, here we are; what next?"

But Elsie had no plan, and was just going to ask Amos what *he* thought, when they heard a tremendous scrambling in the bushes, and a large tortoise-shell cat bounded across the path, and went up a tall tree, just as though she lived there, and was in a hurry to get home.

Immediately behind the cat came an extraordinary little man, not much bigger than

Amos, who carried a blue laundry bag with a white drawing-string, exactly like the one in Elsie's closet at home. He stopped under the tree and looked up at the cat, who was sitting on the very highest branch.

"Well," he said finally, "I've done it now."

"Done what?" inquired Elsie, who was very much interested.

"Let the cat out of the bag," he replied, without looking at her. "My aunt *will* be cross!"

"Is it her cat?" asked Elsie, looking up to the top of the tree, where she could see two green eyes shining like coals.

"No," he said, rather grumpily; "it's the cat

VERY likely Elsie was dreaming that afternoon when she found herself in the Dim Forest. I am only telling you what she said about it afterward.

She certainly *had* been reading "Through the Looking-Glass," and had a vague recollection of Amos asleep on the rug and saying "Woof! Woof!" occasionally in a subdued but agitated tone. Also, she remembered her mother sitting by the window, working initials in a handkerchief.

But here she was, unaccountably standing in a dusky forest with queer trees whose branches waved in every direction, and seemed like long,

that must n't, in *any* circumstances, be let out of the bag. And I 'm *always* letting it out."

"But how do you get it in again, when it goes up a tree like that?" asked Elsie.

"I don't," replied the little man, and he folded the laundry bag very neatly, and tucked it under his arm; "it's a different cat every time." Then he turned and looked suspiciously at Elsie.

"I 'm a gnome," he said; "what are you?"

"Why, I 'm a little girl," replied Elsie, rather taken aback by his abruptness. "And this is Amos," she added, introducing the latter.

"So *that's* Amos, is it?" observed the gnome; "I 've heard all about *him*." He raised a tiny forefinger and said to Amos:

"Dead dog!"

"Woof!" said Amos; and was immediately dead dog.

"Now," said the gnome to Elsie, "if you 'll come with me, I 'll show you something."

"But," cried Elsie, "we must n't leave Amos dead dog like that. He won't get up till you say 'Policeman.'"

The gnome considered this carefully.

"Don't you always give him something for being dead dog?" he demanded finally.

"Always," said Elsie. "He gets a biscuit when he comes to life."

"Well, I have n't any biscuit," declared the gnome, as though that ended the matter, "so he 'll have to stay there."

"But have n't you *anything*?" asked Elsie, anxiously.

"Well, I 've got a little cream-cheese," he replied. Amos opened one eye. "But it belongs to the cat," added the gnome, hurriedly.

"Amos adores cream-cheese," cried Elsie, "and the cat won't come down for it, you know."

The gnome went to the foot of the tree and peered upward at the cat for a long time, using his two little hands like opera-glasses.

"No, he won't," he decided finally; and took a small piece of cream-cheese from his pocket.

"Now," said Elsie, much relieved, "you say 'Policeman,' and give Amos the cheese."

The gnome approached Amos, who was looking out of the corner of one eye, and whispered, "Policeman!" Amos sprang to his feet and bolted the cheese in one gulp.

"But why did you whisper when you said 'Policeman'?" inquired Elsie, quite puzzled by his mysterious conduct.

The little man looked about him cautiously.

"If you say 'Policeman' round here—out loud," he replied darkly, "you may get one; and we don't want the police—especially you. You're trespassing, you know."

"Trespassing!" cried Elsie, alarmed. "I *did* n't know."

"Well, you are," he informed her. "These are Mr. Rackham's woods."

"Oh, *now* I know where I am!" cried Elsie, clapping her hands with joy. "I thought it looked familiar. Does n't *Peter Pan* live here?"

"No, indeed," said the gnome; "he lives in quite another place. *He* never grew up, you know."

"I know," admitted Elsie, "but what has that to do with it?"

The little man went to the foot of the tree where the cat was, and looked up at the branches for several minutes. Elsie was getting impatient when he finally returned.

"It has a lot to do with it," he declared, a little crossly; "but I can't remember just what."

Elsie laughed; his arguments were so like her brother Tom's.

"You're an odd one," she said, smiling at him.

"Certainly," agreed the gnome; "one is always odd. To be even, you have to be two or four."

"I 'm eleven," said Elsie, a little perplexed.

"Then you're an odd one, too?" he declared triumphantly.

"Is that a joke?" inquired Elsie.

He went to the tree again, and looked up at the cat for three minutes very intently.

"I don't know," he said when he returned; "what do *you* think?"

"Perhaps it is," she replied doubtfully; and, recalling some of her uncle's jokes, she added, "I can't always tell."

"I never can," said the gnome, "until it Ceases."

"Ceases?" said Elsie, puzzled.

"Ceases to Be a Joke," explained the gnome. "They sometimes do, you know." Then he stood up very straight with his arms at his sides, made a bow, and recited:

"To Jokes I 'm very much inclined,
But never chanced to see one;
When I get round to look, I find
The Joke has Ceased to Be One."

He bowed again, and looked anxiously at Elsie, who applauded him vigorously.

"That was very good," she said; "but it reminds me a little of *The Purple Cow*."

"Well, there you are!" said the gnome. "*The Purple Cow* was a joke; but before I saw it, it had Ceased to Be One."

He was obviously so depressed by this state of affairs, that Elsie thought best to change the subject, so she said:

"I wonder if you would call my brother Tom an odd one."

"How old is he?" inquired the little man, briskly.

"Thirteen and a half," said Elsie.

The gnome hesitated. "Wait a minute," he said, and stepped behind a large tree. Presently his head appeared.

"Half of what?" he demanded, quite sternly.

"Half of a year, of course," said Elsie.

"Of course," replied the gnome; and withdrew his head.



ALICE AND THE EXASPERATING CAMEL

Elsie and Amos waited a long time, but the gnome failed to return with the answer. So they stole cautiously round to the other side of the tree.

The gnome was gone!

"Amos," cried Elsie, "the little man has run away!"

Amos went round and round the tree, sniffing very hard; but a gnome is not easy to track, and he finally gave it up, and they went off together at random.

They had gone only a short distance when, without any warning whatever, they met a little girl about Elsie's age, hurrying along the path leading a very reluctant and discouraged camel.

The girl had long, straight hair, and was dressed in a quaint little frock, and wore ankleties.

Elsie recognized her at once, and cried out joyfully:

"It's Alice!"

Alice stopped, and the camel immediately sat down.

"How did you happen to know me?" inquired Alice, politely.

"Why, *everybody* knows you," said Elsie, with delight. "Have you been to Wonderland, or is it the Looking-Glass to-day?"

"It's the Looking-Glass," replied Alice; "and I suppose I must get back before it closes. I don't know how I got here," she added, looking about curiously; "not that it matters, you know."

"No, indeed," said Elsie. "Do you mind if I ask about the camel? I don't quite remember him."

Alice looked at the animal anxiously.

"Is n't he helpless!" she sighed. "He does n't belong to me, but I feel rather responsible for him. He came out of the *Admiral's Caravan*, you know."

"Oh, yes!" cried Elsie, suddenly remembering; "I know him perfectly. And where are the *Admiral*, and *Sir Walter*, and the *Highlander*?"

"Back there," said Alice, pointing vaguely. "They treated the camel shamefully, so I'm taking him away."

At this point, the camel uttered a loud, complaining noise.

"He does n't seem to like it," remarked Elsie.

"No," said Alice, "he does n't like it a bit. He's a most exasperating camel, and has n't the faintest idea when he's well off. Get up!" she commanded impatiently.

The camel stretched his long neck and groaned.

"Do you see that?" said Alice, indignantly. "He is pretending he has lumbago. I've a good mind to leave him behind!"

But the camel, assisted by Amos (who knew just what to do), finally got on his feet again, groaning heavily, and followed Alice along the path in the lowest spirits.

"If you see the *Admiral* down the road," Alice called back, "tell him the camel is all right. He won't care, but it's just as well." And she began to run quite fast, while the camel stumbled after her, protesting languidly.

Elsie and Amos were proceeding on their way rather excited by this adventure, when suddenly

the little gnome popped out from behind a rock, and scurried swiftly down the path ahead of them.

Amos gave chase at once, and Elsie followed as fast as she could. They had almost overtaken him, when he stopped abruptly and began to make figures with a stubby pencil on a large piece of wrapping-paper which was almost covered with sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

Elsie came up, a little out of breath; and Amos, after he had sniffed thoroughly at the little man's tiny legs, said, "Woof!" which meant: "It 's all right; this is the identical gnome."

The little man paid no attention to them until Elsie coughed politely; then he hastily put away his pencil and paper, and said: "Do you waltz?" and before she could reply, he scampered down the path again as fast as his little legs could take him.

But Elsie, quite annoyed this time, called out very loudly, "Stop!" whereupon he instantly came to a standstill, and, taking out his pencil and paper, started to make figures very busily.

"Let 's see," he said to himself, pretending not to see them; "thirteen and a half; thirteen is odd and a half may be either odd or even—" Then he looked at Elsie in a surprised manner, as though he had just discovered her.

"Oh, how do you do?" he exclaimed; "where have *you* been all this time?"

Elsie treated his inquiry as absurd, which, of course, it was.

"Why did you run away from us?" she demanded in turn.

The gnome reflected.

"I have had a great deal to do this afternoon," he said finally.

Elsie was going to inquire into this, when they heard a shrill little voice calling, "*Jacob! Jacob!*" and round the bend in the path appeared a little old lady, smaller even than the gnome.

Her dress was eccentric, Elsie thought; and she wore an immense muslin cap, very tall and stiff, which made her look somewhat like Elsie's recollection of the *Grenadier* in a certain story-book at home.

The gnome became highly excited.

"That 's my aunt!" he exclaimed, and immediately unfolded the blue laundry bag and peered anxiously into it.

When the little old lady drew nearer, Elsie saw that she was working a very large letter "A" on a very small pocket-handkerchief.

"Well," she said sharply, addressing the gnome, "where is the cat?"

The gnome, whose name, Elsie decided, was

Jacob, continued to look thoughtfully into the bag.

"I must have let it out," he said, after a while.

At this, his aunt immediately took off her *Grenadier* cap and threw it into the air. To Elsie's astonishment, it did not come down, but continued ascending until it was lost to sight; whereupon the old lady called out, "I told you so!" and sailed up into the air after it.

"She 's gone shopping," said *Jacob*.

Elsie was a good deal mystified by these events, but thought best to betray no surprise.

"Whose handkerchief was she embroidering?" she asked, to show that she was not at all disturbed by the old lady's singular conduct.

"Mine," replied *Jacob*. "That is," he added cautiously, "it is intended for me."

"But she was making an 'A,'" said Elsie, quite unable to follow him.

"Well, that 's the whole trouble," declared *Jacob*. "A is the only letter she can make, and she puts it on all my handkerchiefs. A stands for Anybody, and Anybody gets 'em if I don't look sharp."

Elsie laughed. "I believe you 've made a joke!" she cried.

"No," said the gnome, crossly; "I know what you mean, but that Ceased to Be One before it was made. How would you like some tea?" he added abruptly.

"Is it tea-time so soon?" asked Elsie, in surprise.

"That depends entirely on the tea," said *Jacob*. "It is n't time for breakfast tea, but it is time for afternoon tea."

"We have high tea at my house," said Elsie.

"Green 's better," said the gnome, shortly. "Well, here is *The Police*," he continued, as though he had been expecting the Force any minute; and to Elsie's dismay, a gigantic patrolman came marching up the path. He was no less than ten feet tall, and extremely imposing; but as he approached them, she recognized the face of the officer who helped her across the street every morning on her way to school; so she felt quite reassured.

"*The Police* always makes the tea," said *Jacob*, as he started down the lane. *The Police* held up his hand to stop imaginary traffic while Elsie crossed the path, taking very short steps, for she did not want to hurt his feelings.

"Move on, please!" he said; and started after the gnome, with Elsie and Amos trotting quite fast to keep up.

Presently they came upon a very small house, no bigger than the one they built for Amos, and which he refused to live in.

On the front steps was *Jacob's* aunt, making repeated and ineffectual efforts to get through the door. She was prevented by the height of her Grenadier cap, which she had apparently recovered since her remarkable disappearance.

"I had my reasons," she replied stiffly. Nevertheless, she removed her cap, and walked into the house without another word.

"Now, if you 'll come inside, we 'll have tea," said *Jacob*, moving toward the door.

"But we can't get inside," protested *Elsie*. "Of course Amos can, but he won't, because he thinks somebody made it for him."

"You can get in well enough, if you try," said *Jacob*, peevishly; "my aunt got in."

"But she is very small, you know," replied *Elsie*.

"So she is," admitted *Jacob*, as though he had just thought of that; and he seized a crank on the side of the house, which *Elsie* had not noticed before, and turned it rapidly. The house began to expand, and presently became a large mansion with a front door high enough for even *The Police*, if he took off his helmet.

This so astonished *Elsie* that she exclaimed:

"What an extraordinary house!"

"It 's a semi-detached villa," *Jacob* explained, as he stopped cranking and secured the handle in a leather strap like the one on her uncle's automobile.

"But what makes it grow so?" asked *Elsie*.

"Caterpillar attraction," said *Jacob*. "I thought everybody knew that."

Elsie did n't, and wanted to look into it; but *The Police* said, "Move on, please!" and they all went inside, except Amos, who suspected chip-

munks in a certain tree, and was prepared to keep that tree under observation any length of time.

Within the house they found *Jacob's* aunt sitting at a tea-table in a high chair. She had resumed her Grenadier cap, and was wearing a bib marked with a large "A."

In the corner of the room stood a Grandfather's Clock with a face precisely like the Man in the Moon. While *Elsie* was looking at it, the face wrinkled itself up, and sneezed five times.



"MOVE ON, PLEASE!"

Every time she made the attempt, her cap encountered the top of the door-frame; and after each failure, she backed down the steps and made a new start. *Jacob* stood by, watching her critically.

"I tell her she can't do it," he said, as the others arrived.

"Why does n't she take off her cap?" suggested *Elsie*.

"She *might* do that," said *Jacob*. "Why don't you?" he inquired of his aunt.

"Five o'clock!" cried *Jacob*; whereupon *The Police* began to make tea with incredible speed

"Well, I know that," replied *Jacob*. "You can see for yourself what she is like on Saturdays,



"THE POLICE SANG AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE."

and dexterity. *Jacob* put a great many lumps of sugar into his aunt's cup, which she removed and replaced in the sugar-bowl as fast as he put them into her cup.

Everything happened so quickly that *Elsie* was quite bewildered. There was evidently an inexhaustible supply of tea-pots, for *The Police* was making tea in one after another, but never pouring any. Finally, *Elsie* ventured to say:

"Three lumps, please." But *The Police* seized another tea-pot, and sang at the top of his voice:

"Don't say lumps of sugar to me;
I've nothing to do but *make* the tea!"

At this, *Jacob's* aunt poured the sugar-bowl full of tea, and, tucking it under her arm, hastily jumped out of the window.

"There she goes!" said *Jacob*, cheerfully. "She's like that on Thursdays."

"But this is Saturday," said *Elsie*, getting rather vexed at the unusual proceedings.

and I thought you'd be interested to know that she's the same on Thursdays."

"Well, I must be going," said *Elsie*, giving up all hope of getting tea. "I've enjoyed myself very much," she added in her best manner. *Jacob* made no response, and *The Police* was getting another tea-pot out of the closet, so she slipped out, and, tearing *Amos* away from his tree, started back the way they had come.

Just then *Jacob* called out from the front door: "You'd better stay; we're going to have tea pretty soon!" But *Elsie* shook her head and kept on.

They had not gone far when she heard a little patter behind them, and, turning, she saw *Jacob* scampering madly to catch up.

"Wait a minute," he gasped; and when he had recovered his breath, he said confidentially:

"She's like that seven days in the week. I thought you'd want to know what days to avoid. You can come on the eighth," he added.

"But, your funny little man," said Elsie, much amused, "there are n't eight days in the week."

"Are n't there?" he asked anxiously.

"No, indeed!" replied Elsie.

"Dear me!" said the gnome, thoughtfully; "then I'll have to get my hair cut", and he began turning back somersaults so rapidly that he looked exactly like a Fourth of July pinwheel.

He continued revolving until he gradually faded away into nothing, and Elsie found herself yawning sleepily, while Amos was saying "Woof! Woof!" at short intervals. She rubbed her eyes, and when she looked out of them again, she saw her mother by the window, still working

initials, and Amos was sitting in front of the sofa, anxiously trying to attract her attention.

"Where is *Alice*?" she asked, rather bewildered.

"You were n't reading '*Alice*,' dear," said her mother; "'*Through the Looking-Glass*' is there on the sofa beside you."

Elsie rubbed her eyes again, and, looking hard at Amos, she said:

"Amos, where have you been?"

Amos yawned widely, sneezed, shook himself, and sat down again with a broad smile, which, to Elsie, indicated that whatever had happened would never be revealed by him.



A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

M for the Mistletoe, merry and bright,
 E for the Evergreen, Santa's delight!
 R for the Room where we hang up the hose,
 R for Red Ribbons for Red Ribbon bows;
 Y for the Youngsters who scurry to bed,

C for the Candy Canes, yellow and red;
 H for the Holly that shines through the pane,
 R for the Reindeer we seek for in vain,
 I for the Ice of the valley and hill,
 S for the Stockings for Santa to fill—
 T for the Tinsel that hangs on the Tree,
 M for the Music of laughter and glee;
 A for the Absent, remembered and dear,
 S for the Season's glad greetings of cheer!

Mabel Livingston Frank.

In Paris-at Christmastide

by Esther W. Ayres

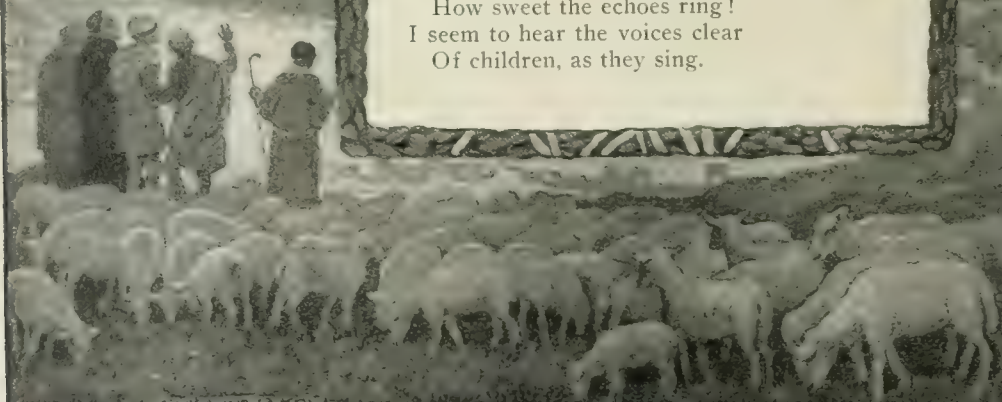


THERE 's many a league of tossing foam
Between the bells and me,
And yet their chime, at Christmas time,
Is borne across the sea.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!"
In silvery notes the echo floats,
And lingers in the sky.

"It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,"
And now, as then, to hearts of men
The tidings glad is told.

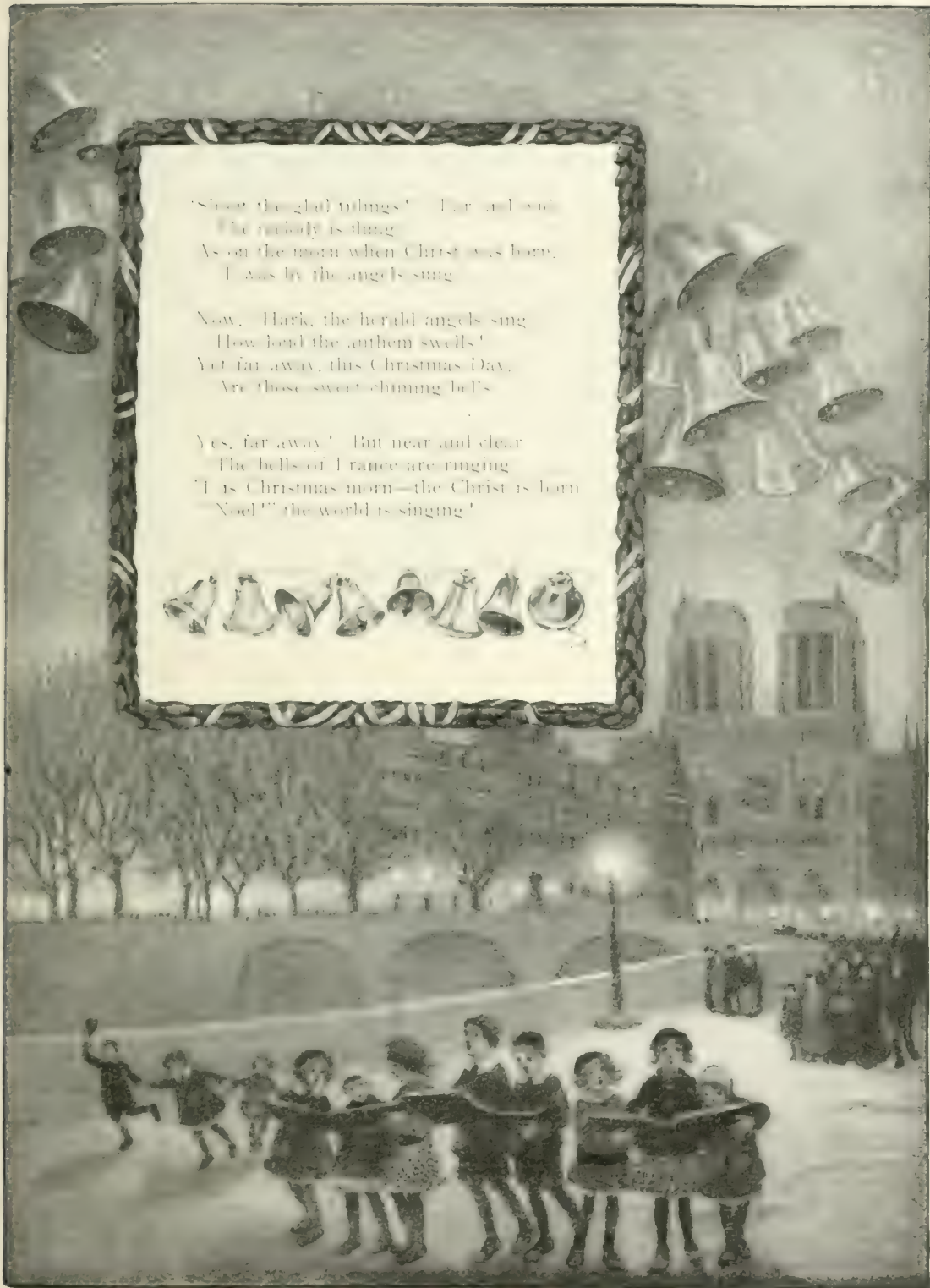
"While shepherds watched their flocks by night -"
How sweet the echoes ring!
I seem to hear the voices clear
Of children, as they sing.

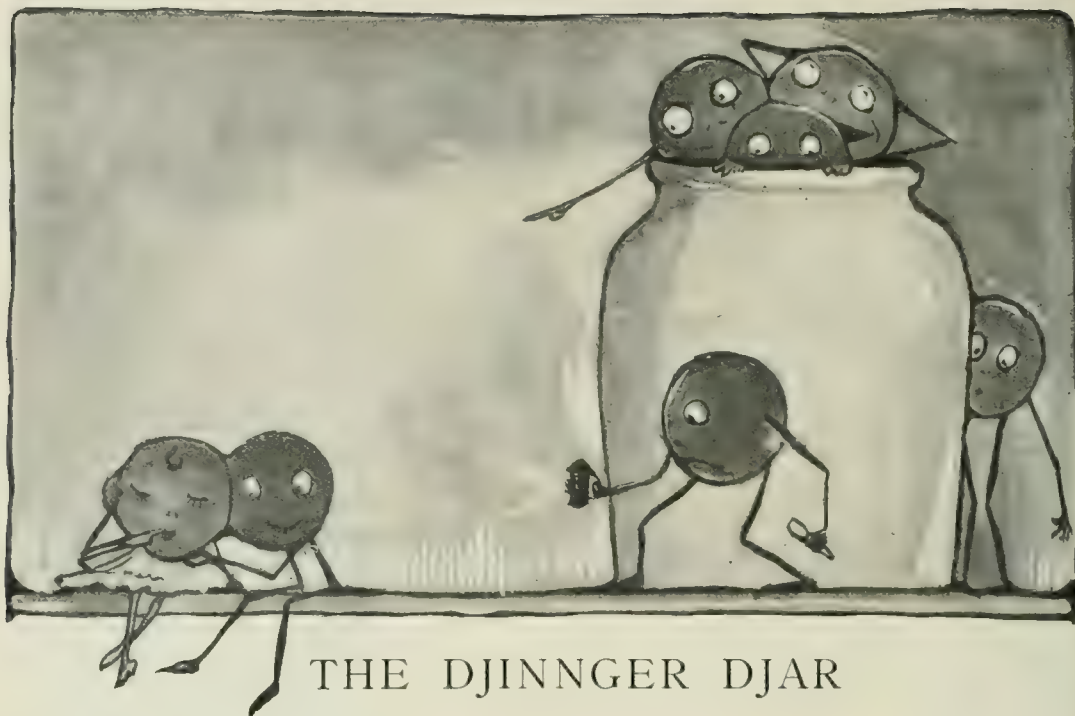


"Shout the glad tidings!" Far and wide
The melody is ringing
As on the morn when Christ was born,
I was by the angels sung

Now, Hark, the herald angels sing
How loud the anthem swells!
Yet far away, this Christmas Day,
Are those sweet chiming bells

Yes, far away! But near and clear
The bells of France are ringing
"Tis Christmas morn—the Christ is born
—Noel!" the world is singing!





THE DJINNGER DJAR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

ONE time, a djinn lived in a djar,
The place where all good cookies are.

The cookies, they were crisp and sweet,
The very nicest kind to eat;

And as I wanted one, myself,
I reached up to the pantry shelf.

But, goodness me! for gracious' sakes!
Those brown and crispy cooky-cakes

Had all turned into djinnger-snaps!
The very funniest little chaps!

And from the djar they all djumped out,
And scampered all around about.

And one fell right down from the shelf,
And so, of course, he broke himself!

And two of them were making love
(The others spying from above!),

And one turned on his lantern's glare
(But the fond lovers did n't care).



And one djinn, 'round behind the djar,
Found where the djams and djellies are.

And he exclaimed, "Oh, djiminnee!
I 'll djust go on a djamboree!"



THE BABY BEARS' SECOND ADVENTURE

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



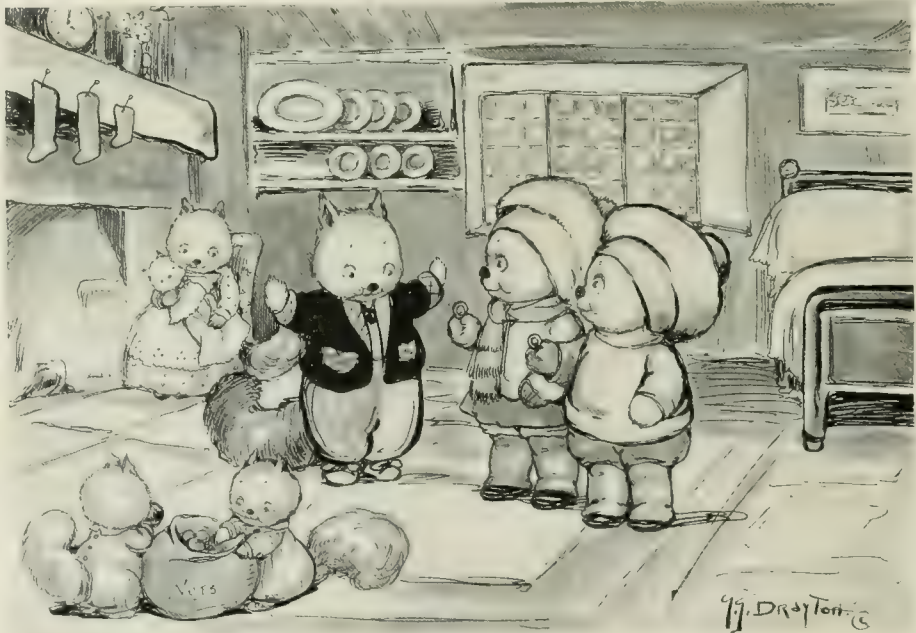
"Now run and play — I've bread to bake,"
Says Mama Bear, "and pies to make."



They met a sight their souls to grieve:
A starving squirrel on Christmas eve —



His house a tumbledown old hut,
His children crying for a nut.



The cubs took out their wishing-rings
And wished the squirrels lots of things.



Old Santa Claus, with satisfaction,
Heard of the little cubs' kind action,



For Christmas morning brought, you see,
Reward in gifts and jollity.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE "PLUM"-PUDDING IS ASSOCIATED WITH CHRISTMAS TREES AND HOLIDAY STORIES.

WHERE PLUM-PUDDINGS GROW

Grow! Why, puddings do not grow at all! The cook makes them.

And yet, they do grow; just as everything else does that we bring to our tables. Not that you will find them in very reality as they come from the kitchen, but what is as much to the point, you will find growing somewhere all the things that go to make up the pudding.



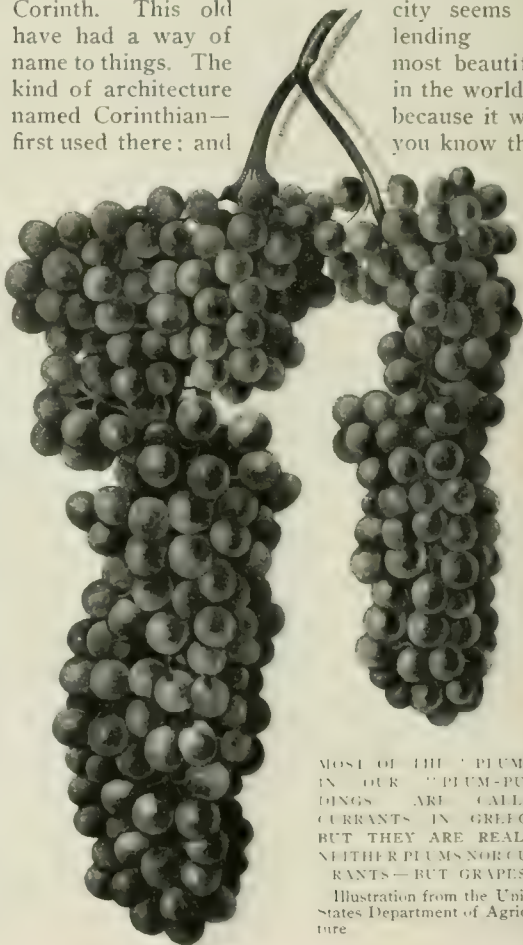
"GRAPES THAT PUT 'ISHCOL' TO SHAME."

Now little Jack Horner, who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum," evidently thought the plum was the main thing in the pie. And I think we shall have to agree with Jack when it comes to puddings—the plum is the main thing. At any rate, that is what we are going to talk about here—the plum and where it grows.

But first of all, I must tell you that *plum* is not its proper name. The real name of this little fruit is *currant*. And thereby hangs a tale—

as good Dame Quickly would say. Turn to your map of Greece, and you will find a place called Corinth. This old city seems to have had a way of lending its most beautiful name to things. The kind of architecture named Corinthian—first used there; and

city seems to lending its most beautiful in the world is because it was you know that



MOST OF THE "PLUMS" IN OUR "PLUM-PUDDINGS" ARE CALLED CURRANTS IN GREECE, BUT THEY ARE REALLY NEITHER PLUMS NOR CURRANTS—BUT GRAPES.

Illustration from the United States Department of Agriculture

two of the most beautiful books in our Bible are the Epistles to the Corinthians—letters which

good Saint Paul wrote to the church at Corinth after he had come a-preaching upon its streets. And our little plum borrowed the name of the old city, too, having first been grown thereabouts, and came to be called the fruit of Corinth, or "currants." Just as our peach borrowed the name of Persia, its ancient home; and our damson, the name of Damascus; and our quince, the name of Cydonia in Crete—which, by the way, still grows the best quinces in the world.

But whereas peaches and damsons and quinces have turned emigrant and wandered all over the earth, this special currant has bided at home. The only place in the world where you will find it growing is a little ribbon of land shut in between mountain and sea along the western coast of Greece.

Wise folk would have it that the currant finds



ON SUMMER SEAS WHERE GENTLEST ZEPHYRS BLOW

in this little nook something peculiar to its needs. As for me, I like to think that it is in love with the very place itself—just as you would surely be if you had ever seen it. For it is a veritable sun-parlor, shielded on the north by giant mountains, and opening on the south upon summer seas where gentlest zephyrs blow; and over all, an arch of sky as blue as lapis lazuli. No Jack Frost ever enters it; but every season brings its harvest of fruit—peaches, loquats, pomegranates, figs, grapes that put "Eshcol" to shame, and oranges that vie with the "golden apples of the Hesperides." Even December and January bring offerings of flowers; and you may have roses from the garden for your Christmas table.

Lovely as this home of the currants is always, I think you must come to it in spring to find it in its most charming mood. And you must not put it off too late, for even with the coming of

February, the hillsides are aflame with flowers—anemones, daisies, orchids, iris, and the golden



A SPRINGTIME PICNIC NEAR CORINTH

marsh-mallow—not merely a posy here and there—the ground is carpeted.

The old Greeks must have loved this coming of spring to their fields, for they made a very beautiful story about it, which they used to tell to their children. It was the story of Demeter and her daughter Persephone. You remember it; how Demeter, the goddess of harvests, lost her



"THE WORK OVERFLOWS INTO THE STREETS"

daughter one day out in the fields, and found, after long search, that she had been stolen by Dis, the king of the under-world; how Demeter pleaded with Hera, the queen of the gods, to have

her daughter restored; how, finally, it was arranged that Persephone should spend half her time in the dark under-world, and half on the earth with her mother.

When you see the flowers bursting out of the earth in spring, that is Persephone coming back from the under-world to visit her mother. And when Persephone has come, Demeter dries her tears. The clouds vanish away, and the happy mother blesses the fields with her smile through the long summer days.

Can you imagine it! A whole long summer with not a single rain. But that is just what our currants like best of all: they are true sun-worshippers. Indeed, a rain in summer would be a calamity to the vines.

"Vines?" I hear some one exclaim. "Why, I thought you were talking about currants."

And so I am. But I see that while we have been talking about the currant and its home, I have forgotten to tell you a very important thing: the currant of Greece is not at all related to the currant of our American gardens. It is a tiny grape, and grows on a vine, just as other grapes

And not dozing either, for during these days every vine becomes a factory where sunbeams and soil are converted into sugar. The secret process of the vines goes on for weeks and weeks, till the purple clusters hang heavy with sweetness, and the time of ingathering is at hand.

Then the fields become alive with workers. Men, women, and children turn out from morning till night, clipping the fat clusters from the vines and carrying them away in great hampers to the curing grounds—for the rains will be coming again with autumn, and the harvest must be stored before the first drop falls.

And how many currants do you think are gathered from these curing grounds every summer?

A train load, perhaps? More than that.

A ship-load, then?

Still more. In a single season there are gathered nearly four hundred million pounds!

That is only a big number with no meaning. Suppose we put it another way. If you should put into one scale of a huge balance all the raisins of California and Spain and Turkey, you could weigh them down with currants from Greece. If



A HUGE BIN FILLED WITH THE CURRANTS.

do. So when you think of currants, you must think of vineyards.

And such vineyards! They cover the land. You may drive for miles along roads bordered with them. They nestle in the valleys. They climb the hills. The boldest of them even clamber up on the rough knees of the mountains and bask there in the sun.

'All the summer long, the vineyards lie dozing,

you wanted to send all the currants to market at once by train, it would take forty miles of cars and a hundred mogul engines.

Think of the puddings that would make!

But the Greek boys and girls who work the currants and gather them never heard of plum-puddings. It is a curious fact that the people who raise currants do not eat them. All the currants are sent away to other lands.



A TRAIN WITH ALL THE CAR LOADED WITH PLANTS

If you should visit the great currant shipping port of Patras in autumn, you would come upon a busy scene. Then the packing houses are full of din and the work overflows into the streets, as the fruit is gotten ready for shipment. The harbor, too, is crowded with vessels from every nation, come to take their cargoes of fruit.

Some of the currants go to Germany. Some to Russia. Some to England and Holland. And many thousand tons find their way to America, where, in due time, they are brought by the grocer's boy to our kitchen doors against the Christmas-tide.

So then, when you sit down to the next Christmas pudding, you may remember that it grew—at least the best part of it—over on the sunny shores of Greece; and that there have been stored in the little brown plums the winter rains and the soft breezes and the summer suns of Hellas.

ARTHUR B. COOKE,
U. S. Consul at Patras.

WIND-ROLLED SNOWBALLS

In two places as widely separated as Davenport, Washington, and Potsdam, New York, the wind rolled snow into balls like those that boys use in building a snowman. The snow in each instance was soft and sticky, and from it the wind rolled thousands of balls that varied in size from a little particle to that of a barrel, and resembled huge rolls of cotton batting. The balls were concave on the ends, and plainly showed the layers of

snow of which they were formed. A peculiarity was that, in the Davenport balls, the rolling was



A BIG SNOWBALL ROLLED BY THE WIND


SNOWBALLS ROLLED BY THE WIND
IN POTSDAM, N. Y.

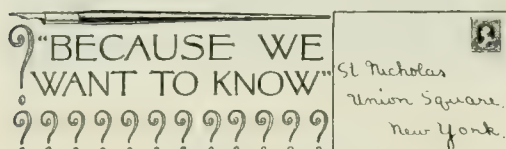
all uphill. The wind had picked up a little wisp of snow and rolled it along, much as a boy would

do. In the photographs, the balls are shown, together with the trail from which the wind had taken a fresh supply of snow. For these photo-



A NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE LARGE BALLS.

graphs we are indebted to the courtesy of the "Scientific American."



WHAT IS SOUND?

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Will a tree falling where no one could hear it make any sound?" I saw this question in a school paper, and the answer was "no." The proof given was that "all is silence to a person totally deaf." Does this mean that if one out of four people in a room was deaf, the other three would make no sound, if they were talking, because that one person could not hear them? I wish you would please explain this in the ST. NICHOLAS.

Your interested reader and League member,

DOROTHY M. ROGERS.

The word sound has two meanings: first, it means a sensation produced in the ear or organ of hearing; second, it is used in a physical sense to mean the vibrations of a sounding body or the vibrations of the air, or other medium, in which vibrations are caused by the sounding body.

In the first sense there could be, of course, no sound without the ear, but in the second sense, there are the vibrations in the air from a falling tree, or other object producing these vibrations, whether there is any ear in the vicinity to receive those sounds or not.

The word silence, as usually understood, implies an absence of sound, but the air may be filled with sounds, in the physical sense, even if our ear is not acute enough to hear them.—Editor of "Nature and Science."

The answer to this question depends upon what we consider sound to be. We hear vibrations in the air which we call sound. If the *hearing* of

the vibrations is sound, then there is no sound without hearing, but there is no doubt that the vibrations may take place when there is no one to hear them.

What can we call these unheard vibrations? Certainly, strictly speaking, they are sound, just as much as light is light whether it is seen or not, and heat is heat whether it is felt or not. Therefore, in a scientific sense, sound is sound, whether it is heard or not.—H. L. W., a scientific professor.

SLEEPING WITH THE HEAD TO THE NORTH

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always heard that every one should sleep with his head toward the north, but I never knew why, so I thought I would ask you.

Your respectful reader,

F. C. THOMAS, JR.

Electric currents run north and south, through the earth. An object is said to be in a state of better electric rest if its long axis is in line with the earth's electric currents. It is my impression that the custom of sleeping with the head to the north was adopted before anything was known about these currents. If that is the case, I take it to mean that certain persons are so readily affected by these influences, that they find themselves disturbed if they try to sleep with the short axis of the body in line with them.

I have purposely made the experiment and have asked friends to make it when we were in camp. None of us noted any connection between our sleep and our position in regard to points of the compass. We were strong and well however. It might be quite different with invalids.

The volume of these terrestrial currents is not commonly appreciated. Drive any iron rod into the ground at right angles to the plane of the earth's surface, and it at once becomes a magnet.—DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

VARIABLE AND NEW STARS

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Could you tell me why a star, *in one night*, will shine out as a first magnitude star, and then gradually die out until it is lost to view entirely?

From your interested reader,

ALFRED ENGELHARD.

There are many stars of the sky which vary in brightness in a remarkable manner. Every star is a great hot sun, millions of times larger than our little earth, and some of the stars which look to us to be single stars are really two suns so close together that they look to us like one. Sometimes one of these stars is very bright, and revolving around this bright star there is another which is less bright. And sometimes the darker

star passes regularly between the bright one and us, and so hides the bright star partly from us. In the northern sky there is such a system called Algol, or the Demon Star. Every two days and twenty hours, the darker companion hides the bright sun partly from our view, and so cuts off five sixths of the light of the bright star. We see the star growing dimmer and dimmer for about three hours; at the end of this time, the center of the darker star is directly in front of the center of the bright one. Then the darker one moves steadily past the star, and in time the star that had been dimmed shines out in full brightness. A little less than three days afterward, we see the same thing happen again. But none of these stars shine so bright as first magnitude stars, nor are they made so faint by the darker star as to be wholly invisible to the eye.

Sometimes a "new" star blazes out in the heavens. Perhaps when this happens, a dark star has "plowed" through one of the nebulous clouds in space, and its surface is thus heated by friction from a dark crust to a brilliant vaporous mass. Or perhaps when we see such a new star it means that two stars have run into each other, or passed very near each other. Exactly what happens when one of these new stars shines out, we do not yet know.—PROFESSOR ERIC DOOLITTLE.

THE EFFECT ON THE BEE OF THE LOSS OF ITS STING

HAMILTON, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always heard that bees die after they have stung something. Could you please tell me whether it is true or not?

Your loving reader,

Z. FAITH PORTER

For many years, it has been a much debated question, first, as to whether the honey-bee loses its sting in the act of stinging, and, secondly,

complicated apparatus, and has been carefully described with the microscope by many students. The late J. D. Hyatt made extensive studies by allowing the bee to sting several pieces of leather. That, as he said, gave him an excellent opportunity to study certain parts of the action and the structure of the whole apparatus. His investigations convinced him that when a bee's sting is firmly anchored, the deep, recurved teeth prevent it, in most cases, from being withdrawn, and the insect escapes, leaving the sting in the wound. His observations led him to think that the bee in most cases did not appear to be seriously injured by the loss of the sting. Recently the subject has been discussed in "Gleanings in Bee Culture."

Other observers say that nearly all bees lose their sting in the act of stinging, but that this loss is not seriously injurious. The matter is summed up in the "ABC and XYZ of Bee Culture" as follows:

"It has been stated that the loss of the sting results in the death of the bee within a very few hours; but this can hardly be true. One correspondent in particular relates the following incident:

"Through carelessness, he allowed a certain one of his colonies to become so infuriated as to sting everybody and everything within reach. He declared, upon a subsequent examination, that there was scarcely a bee in that whole colony which did not show unmistakable evidence of having lost its sting in the uproar just mentioned. Now, the singular fact was that these bees actually lived, gathered honey, and prospered.

"That *some* bees die after losing their sting, may be true; but that they invariably do so is a claim now thoroughly discredited."

WHAT IS AN ECLIPSE?

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you kindly tell me what is an eclipse—the eclipse of the moon and sun?

Your devoted reader,

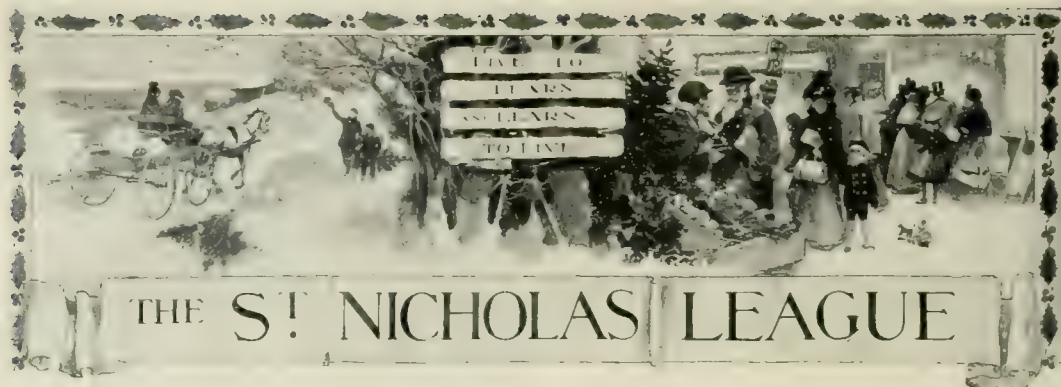
J. C. HENRY BACKMAN

An eclipse is a shadow in which the people who see it are standing. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the sun and the earth. The moon prevents the light of the sun from coming to the earth. An eclipse of the sun is, therefore, the shadow of the moon cast on the earth, and those who are within that shadow cannot see the sun because the moon is in the line of sight. An eclipse of the moon is the shadow of the earth upon the moon. The earth then is between the sun and the moon, and prevents the light from passing to the moon.



THE STING OF A HONEY-BEE, ENLARGED, TO SHOW THE BARBS.

if it does lose the sting, whether the loss kills the bee. Formerly it was generally supposed, because the sting is barbed, that the bee could not pull it out after stinging, and that the loss of the sting is fatal. Probably no part of any other insect has been subject to more careful investigation and more extended discussion. It is a



THE spirit of Christmas breathes through almost all the stories in this number, and crowds in between them; it leaps to light on page after page in verse or picture; it invades even the "Nature and Science" department; and, last but not least, it has brought added prestige to the League through the Christmas offerings of our young artists and verse-writers. There were many capital Yule-tide drawings; and the Christmas hymn on the opposite page is a beautiful little poem, well worthy of a grown-up author, while scores of others were hardly less inspired.

And a fine contrast to this Christmas feast is afforded by the young photographers, whose cameras caught many charming scenes of mid-year vacations.

"My Neighbor" proved another popular subject, and brought us a fine array of little stories and sketches, admirably told. The few here printed are fairly representative of them all. As for the many, many others unavoidably crowded out, the heart of good St. NICHOLAS would be surely grieved concerning them but for the "never-say-die" spirit of their young authors, which is sure to win them ere long their "place in the sun"—and both the gold and silver badges. So with thanks and blessings combined, the magazine greets its loyal young folk of the League, and wishes them, each and all, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Don't overlook the Special Notice on page 189.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 166

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Edith Mayne** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mildred Benjamin** (age 15), Scranton, Pa.; **Minnie Bruner** (age 11), Longmont, Col.; **Martha E. Whittemore** (age 17), Topeka, Kan.; **Laura Hadley** (age 14), New Haven, Conn.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Katharine Keiser** (age 16), Clayton, Mo. Silver badges, **Mary C. Sherman** (age 15), Vienna, Va.; **Florence Lauer Kite** (age 13), Milton, Mass.; **Edythe Margaret Murray** (age 13), Edinburgh, Scotland.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Margaret K. Turnbull** (age 17), Cambridge, Mass.; **Wilhelmina R. Babcock** (age 17), Providence, R. I. Silver badges, **Robert Ringel** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **George A. Chromey** (age 14), Duryea, Pa.; **Henry P. Teall** (age 17), Bloomfield, N. J.; **Edna J. Buck** (age 17), Walpole, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **C. Norman Fitts** (age 16), Goshen, Mass.; **Margaret H. Pooley** (age 17), Buffalo, N. Y. Silver badges, **L. Armstrong Kern** (age 14), Mattoon, Ill.; **Richard C. Ramsey** (age 16), Palo Alto, Cal.; **Constance C. Ling** (age 14), Detroit, Mich.; **Ruth D. Lee** (age 12), Victoria, B. C.; **Catherine P. Norris** (age 14), Phoenixville, Pa.; **Rosalind Orr English** (age 10), London, England.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Caroline F. Ware** (age 13), Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Henry S. Johnson** (age 14), New Haven, Conn.; **Joe Earnest** (age 12), Colorado, Tex.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Jean C. Roy** (age 12), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Virginia Park** (age 14), Atchison, Kan.; **Margaret Preston** (age 14), Providence, R. I.



BY L. ARMSTRONG KERN, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)



BY E. SEEL, AGE 12

"TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY"

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY ALICE M. S. (1913)

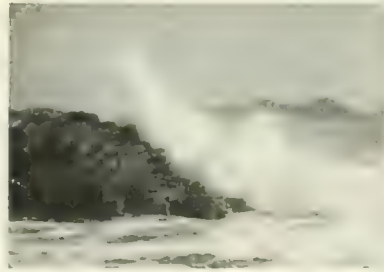
(Taken on a Holiday by Dora Woodman, 1913)

Rejoice! rejoice! we sing His birth,
A little Child who came to earth
To bring us peace and love and light,
When angels bright with rapture sang,
And with the good shepherds' sound
The lowly shepherds on the ground
The hollyhocks of Judea sang.

Rejoice! rejoice! His gifts we bring
Who is of love and friendship King.
He was born of the Virgin Mary,
Who sought Him, longing, from afar,
With gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet,
To lay their treasures at His feet,
So follow we the guiding star.

Rejoice! rejoice! 't is Christmas Day!
Let holly branches strew the way,
And Christmas bells ring merrily.
In this, the season of good-will,
With joyful hearts we sing the love
That dwells in us from heaven above,
The love that bideth with us still.

rived. The first glance from behind Dora's bedroom curtains revealed a sweet-faced woman whom Dora knew to be the mother, a tall, fine-looking man, and a pretty, brown-haired girl. Satisfied that she should like the daughter for a playmate, she looked for Robert. To her surprise and disappointment, no one else appeared.



"TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY" BY DORA WOODMAN, 1913

Thinking that Robert would get there later, she determined to become acquainted with the daughter of the house. About noon-time she succeeded, and as soon as she felt well enough acquainted, she said:

"My Uncle Will mentioned your brother Robert—is he coming soon?"
"My brother Robert!" replied her friend, Elsie by name. "Why, I have no brother Robert! Come over this afternoon, and we will go for a ride with Robert—my Shetland pony."

MY NEIGHBOR

BY DORA WOODMAN (1913)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won August, 1913)

ONE July afternoon at camp, feeling in a mood for bird-hunting, I took my field-glasses and sauntered down a path bordered by woods on one side and by the lake on the other. Before I had gone far, I saw a cedar waxwing high up on a skeleton tree, busily preening his feathers, and near him, bobbing his head as he industriously scanned each inch of bark, a downy woodpecker. The catbird, obscured by the dense foliage, "meowed" to his heart's content, and all the woods seemed alive with sweet bird carolings.

Walking stealthily along on the soft pine-needles, such a blazing vision of color flashed suddenly across my eyes as to completely dazzle me. Not two feet from me, perched serenely on a bush, sat the most brilliant bird I had ever seen.

Before I could think, the little fellow mysteriously vanished. Searching the high limbs of surrounding trees through my field-glasses, I spied the glowing scarlet and glossy black of my new acquaintance. The minute he flew away, I rushed back to camp for my field-book of the wild birds. How delighted I was to



"TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY" BY MARGARET E. (1913)



MY NEIGHBOR

BY DORA WOODMAN (1913)

(Taken on a Holiday)

DORA WOODMAN woke one morning with a feeling of expectation. As soon as she was fully awake, she realized the cause of this feeling. It was the day that their new neighbors were to arrive.

Dora had liked the people who had lived next door very much, and felt badly when they left. She was cheered, however, when she heard from the landlord, her uncle, that the new family had traveled extensively, had many interesting experiences, and that there was something just Dora's age, thirteen.

"That is n't all, Dora," he continued; "you have n't heard of the principal member of the family—Robert. I assure you there is great pleasure in store for you, for he is a delightful companion, as I can testify from experience."

"Oh, Uncle Will, please tell me more about him! How old is he?" begged Dora. No amount of coaxing, however, would induce Uncle Will to give any more definite information.

"Just you wait and see," he said.

For a month, Dora had waited patiently, and now her desire was to be realized. About ten o'clock they ar-



BY JENNIFER RUTON, AGE 10.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY JESSIE B. NOBLE, AGE 13.



BY KENNETH D. SMITH, AGE 10.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY LIDELLA CONRAD, AGE 15.



BY CONSTANCE C. LING, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY RUTH D. LEE, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY BEATRICE B. SAWYER, AGE 16.



BY CATHERINE F. NORRIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY."

find that my new little neighbor was the scarlet tanager. Reading every word about the dashing songster, what could have surprised me more than to learn that its mate was a soft olive-green!

Again that afternoon I came unexpectedly upon the tanager as he darted across the path into the cool boughs of the hemlocks, a bright red berry in his bill. Waiting expectantly was a dear little bunch of olive-green feathers, which deftly caught the berry and blinked its satisfaction.

After that I saw a great deal of my little neighbor and his contented family, and was loath to bid them good-by when the summer was over.



"DUNE." BY MARGARET K. TURNELL, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE
(SILVER BADGE WON AUG., 1909.)

MY NEIGHBOR

BY ANNA E. BOTSFORD (AGE 15)

Among the large maple- and walnut-trees which surround my home, stands a giant elm.

It has braved the storms of over a century, and I sometimes wonder what its ringed chambers would disclose to scientists should they gain access to them. Would they tell the story of those hardships it has so triumphantly mastered? I do not know.

But its halls and bowers in summer give no evidence of them. Becoming the leafy habitation of the birds, they echo their sweetest songs; chiefly those of the orioles, that dispense their liquid notes while hanging their pretty nests from the swaying branches.

It is an attraction to passing tourists as well as school-children; the latter to play in its cool shade, the former to admire and photograph its gigantic form.

Many a time has it been my retreat when reading, and the alluring center of our neighborhood picnics.

At dusk, as the whippoorwill calls dismally from a near-by thicket, men congregate here to chat on subjects of various interests.

And in winter, when the sharp north winds whistle through the naked branches, this tree stands sentinel over all the others—strong and brave.

The beauty and grandeur of this old monarch have strangely appealed to me; and I have so learned to love it that it has become an indispensable part of my childhood's friendships, which I shall never cease to cherish; and if I can learn to love all my neighbors as I do this one, it will be easy to obey the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

VOL. XLI.—24.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY MARY C. SHERMAN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE Lord of heaven comes down to bless
His people, here on earth, below.
Around Him shines the holiness
That makes the hearts of angels glow;
And angel voices, sweet and strong,
In triumph sing that heavenly song
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

But sweeter than that seraphs' song,
The baby Jesus, there, we see,
Whose birth was told through ages long.
He lies upon His mother's knee.
He does not see the angel throng,
He does not hear the seraphs' song
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Lord, though Thou didst not hear the praise,
Nor angels in their glory see,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy children raise,
And give us strength to live for Thee.
Still let us hear in seraphs' song
The message sung by angel throng,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

MY NEIGHBOR

BY MINNIE BRUNER (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I AM a member of a family of prairie-dogs. We have furry brown coats, and live in burrows in the ground. Sometimes the dry farmers who do not like us pour molasses or sticky tar around our holes. Indeed, some of them have poisoned the seed-grains which are our chief foods. We are quite sharp, though, and are seldom poisoned. In the summer, we store the grain and other good things away in the different rooms so we shall be supplied in the winter. Our nearest neighbors are Mr. and Mrs. Owl.

We live in what might be called a flat, and some



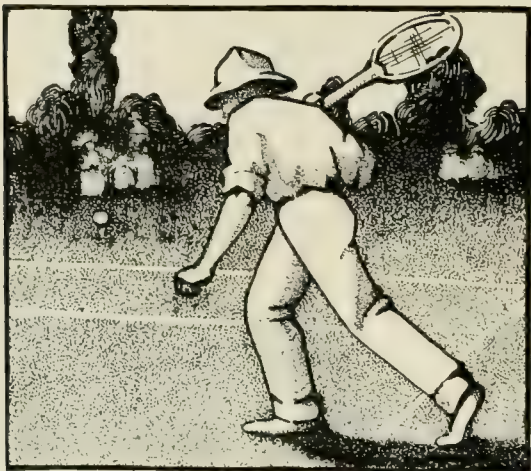
"TAKEN ON A HOLIDAY." BY ROSALIND C. ENGLISH, AGE 10
(SILVER BADGE)

might think that, living so near to one another, we and our neighbors eat about the same things. But they would be mistaken. Mrs. Owl once told me they fed on parts of ugly crawling things called scorpions. She said it took dozens and dozens for one meal, but that their greatest luxury was when they found a nest of tiny field-mice.

I must tell you what Mother Owl looks like. Her feathers are of a yellowish brown color, which is sprin-

kled with black dots. The top of her head is covered with thick brown-and-white furry feathers. She has bright yellow eyes. If one notices closely, he will see there is a very thin skin like a veil which can be drawn over the eyes at will. She has a sharp, hooked beak.

She often sits by the door of the hole where she lives, with the young owls beside her. If she sees any one coming, she turns and drops out of sight in the hole. Whenever she is angry with the baby owls, she makes a snapping noise with her beak. I think most of the time she is a very agreeable neighbor.



"BUSY" BY WILHELMINA R. BARCOCK, AGE 17. GOLD BADGE.
(SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1913.)

A CHRISTMAS SONG

BY DOROTHY C. SNYDER (AGE 15)
(Honor Member)

FAR, far away, sweet bells are pealing,
Their chimes are sounding soft and low;
And from the sky snowflakes are stealing,
And falling on the earth below.
The world is glad, all hearts are gay,
The old are young, on Christmas Day.

Forth from the village church are wending
The townsfolk, pure in minds and hearts;
Each look a holy joy is lending,
Each word a Christmas cheer imparts.
For all are glad, each heart is gay,
The old are young, on Christmas Day.

MY NEIGHBOR

BY ALICE CHINN (AGE 12)

THE neighbor I wish to tell you about is a little bird.

In the city in which I live, there are few birds except sparrows.

Mr. Sparrow and his wife made a home for the future little ones last spring on one of our back porches. Now they have several little ones.

Every evening, Mr. Sparrow takes a swing. There is a rope hanging from the porch above, and he catches hold of it, and swings back and forth.

He is a fine neighbor, for there are very few neighbors who eat the bugs from your flower beds.

I imagine that Mr. Sparrow has a time feeding his family, for as they chirp, chirp, they must say, "I am hungry; I am hungry."

How any one could kill a bird, even a sparrow, I do not see. For they are such busy little things.

And we have no better neighbors than Mr. Sparrow and his family.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY EMILY LEGG (AGE 14)

GLEAM, Christmas candle, gleam!

Spread thy soft radiance far.

And let its pure light beam

As holy as the star

That led the wise men far away,

To where the gentle Christ-child lay.

Fade, Christmas candle, fade!

Now dimmer grows thy light.

Yet forever has it made

A weary heart more bright.

And though, in time, thy watchers part,

Thy glow will live in every heart.

MY NEIGHBOR

BY MARIAN THANHOUSER (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

My neighbor lives opposite the land of things that are real, across the shining silver street, in the country of fairy. There are people who cannot see over the street, and they are the children whom the gnomes and goblins never visit, and the men and women who never read fairy tales. But happy are those, little ones and grown-ups, who have fairy neighbors, for in them they will find ever loyal and constant friends.

My little neighbor is very shy, and only visits me when I am alone, or when I lie awake at night. At

such times, he comes on a moonbeam, or is blown in by the wind from a forest dance with the fairy queen.

Sometimes he races with me in the garden, and he always wins, for fairies' feet are very light, and his curled-toed shoes send him over the grass like a sunbeam. We play hide-and-seek together, but he is very hard to find, as he hides behind roses and daffodils and in birds' nests.

At night, I can see him come by the tiny, rosy gleam of his wings. If he is in a frolicsome mood, he brings all the elves and fairies with him, and holds a ball on



"BUSY." BY ROBERT RINGEL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

the moonlit floor. Of course you have been to a fairy ball, so I need not describe it. I have a wonderful time at fairy balls! There I never bother about steps, but sprinkle some magic powder on my toes, and whirl off in an opal-colored circle. But if my nurse comes in, the moonlight fades, my neighbor vanishes, the elfin minstrels whisk around the corner to fairy-land,—and loneliness is everywhere.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY FLORENCE LAUFER KITE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

He is born, the Prince of Peace!
 The restless world for once is calm;
 Throughout the earth men's struggles cease,
 Night broods o'er all with soothing balm.
 An angel's voice rings o'er the plain:
 "Thy Saviour comes that sin may cease;
 In a manger He hath lain,
 He is born, the Prince of Peace!"

"He is born, the Mighty One!"
 The wondering shepherds haste away,
 And find the gentle Mary's Son
 Within the manger on the hay.
 The shepherds kneel before the Child,
 And thus His conquests are begun.
 —Not those of war, but sweet and mild—
 He is born, the Mighty One!"

He is born, the King of Kings!
 Wise men are upon the way,
 With their costly offerings;
 Kneeling shepherds homage pay.
 Though we were not there that day,
 Still for us the message rings:
 "Come in haste, make no delay!
 He is born, the King of Kings!"

MY NEIGHBOR

(As told by "Aunt Mary Ann")

BY RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

"COME right in and set down! I ain't set eyes on you this long time. No, I don't see much o' my neighbors. Mis' Hart, next door, she drops in now 'n' then. But goodness! she talks so much, I don't hev no chance! She 's that took up with her apple jell' this week, she ain't be'n over once. I allas make my jell' the *first* week in August, like my mother, an' *her* mother afore her. An' so I 've told Mis' Hart many a time, but it don't do no good.

dough in, and stirs an' stirs, like it was some sort o' magic. Pertends her bread 's good 's mine!

"An' them ain't all, I ken tell you. He 's give' her a sewin'-machine, an' a gasolene iron, an' a 'blue flame' stove, and land knows what not.

"'Course, it ain't my business to gossip 'bout her, but I never let my boy give me no tomfooleries! I allas brung him up to get *useful* presents for his father 'n' me, like money, an' good, substantial furn'ture.

"My goodness! ef here don't come Mis' Hart herself. I s'pose I got to hear Ned's last letter an' all 'bout him. It makes me nervous to hear her run on a steady stream. I allas follow the example of my mother and *her* mother, an' try not to talk *too* much."



"FELSY" BY MADELINE ZEISSÉ, AGE 14

THE HEART OF THE YEAR

BY EDYTH MARGARET MURRAY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MUSK-BROWN, and yellow, and crimson, and gold,
 See how the leaves come falling, falling;
 Flooding the paths with a wealth untold,
 Wafting a faint scent of mosses and mold,
 While the restless wind is calling.

Spring is the time of fresh, young hopes and joys,
 When the year's youthful heart is a-throbbing;
 Then warm Summer reigns with a proud, queen-like
 poise,
 Till the wild Autumn wind comes a-sobbing.

And Autumn—ah, Autumn, with brown, scented leaf,
 See how the leaves are falling, falling.
 But the year's weary heart is broken with grief,
 And Winter steals up like a guilty white thief,
 And the wind is forever calling.

MY NEIGHBOR

BY MARTHA F. WHITMORE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

A CHARMING neighbor once lived in our garden; and this is how I came to know him: one summer afternoon I was picking flowers, when a tiny, sparkling bird darted by. Dropping everything, I ran to follow him. There he was, hovering among the trumpet-flowers, his wings whirring continually and making a blur on each side of his iridescent body. Now he skimmed about as if playing hide-and-seek with some little insect. Then, as though tired, he settled on a twig, remaining for several moments, motionless. The time had come to see who he was! I crept up breathlessly. His brilliant green body was about three inches long, his bill covering fully one third of that length! An exquisite shade of rose and violet glistened on his throat. What a cunning little swallow-tail he had! Yes, this was a really, truly ruby-throated humming-bird! But



"A READING FOR DECEMBER" BY GEORGE A. CHROMLEY, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

"But then, she 's mighty queer 'bout some things. There 's that newfangled thing her boy sent her. He told her to jest rub it over her carpet, and it 'd take out all the dust! The idee! I 'm sure beatin' was good 'nough for my mother and *her* mother; I guess it 'll hev to do for me.

"An' she 's got a bread-mixer too. Jest puts her

what made him so quiet when he must have seen me? There he sat as unconcerned as could be.

I rushed into the house for the field-glasses, and returned just in time to see him dash toward the birch-tree. Ah! maybe his nest was there! So I advanced, intent upon finding it. But Mr. Ruby-throat did not so wish. He flew before my face and darted away with a quick, attracting chirp; but the hunt continued. Finally, I spied a swallow-tail sticking up from something that resembled a knot, on a high bough. Perhaps this was Mrs. Humming-bird at home. What a tiny nest and how dainty it really was, with its edging of fern.

Well, delightful entertainment was not lacking during the hot days that followed, and I shall always remember this little bird neighbor with joy.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HENRY P. TEALL, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE)

THE HEART OF THE YEAR

BY GRACE NOERR SHERBURNE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Oh, how can I write of Christmas time
When summer is here and skies are blue?
How can I write of frost and rime
When the river smiles and the brook laughs too?
—An oriole sings in the apple-tree,
A song of a warm, sun-dappled lea.

Oh, how can I write of winter's joys
When the green-clad mountains are calling me?
When I hear the river's exultant voice
As it dashes on toward the distant sea?
—The oriole sings all the sunny day;
Cold ice and snow seem far away.

"The heart of the year,"—'t is the hardest of themes,
When gentle breezes are laughing low.
When lilting bird-songs disturb my dreams,
Pray how can I write of frost and snow?
—The oriole's song rings sweet and clear.
Why, summer for me is the heart of the year!

NEIGHBORS

BY LAURA HADLEY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

July 10.

THE house across the road has been taken. It has been empty for years and years, and we have all grown to love the ramshackle old building with its clinging, green vines and its old-fashioned flower garden. The idea of neighbors there is preposterous. I know I'm going to hate them.

July 12.

Neighbor Perkins says there are four children in the new family. They will probably scream and yell from morning to night.

July 15.

The mother and eldest daughter came down to-day to fix up the house. The girl is about my age, and does n't look half as horrid as I expected her to.

July 20.

The whole family has arrived, bag and baggage. Besides the mother and daughter there are two eight-year-olds, and a small, golden-haired boy of five. There will be no more peace for us.

July 21.

Mother went over to-day to see if she could help our new neighbors. Now they'll be borrowing from us all the time.

July 22.

I knew it. Marjorie, the daughter, borrowed some matches to-day. She said she hoped we would like each other and get to be friends. She is rather pretty, and has nice manners.

July 23.

I visited the Stones (our neighbors) to-day. The twins were off in the woods, but the mother is a perfect dear, while the baby is too sweet for words. I am going to help them to-morrow.

August 5.

I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to write up my diary, but I know three things. They are:

We all love the Stones;
Marjorie is my best friend; and
They are ideal neighbors.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Katharine Beard	Mary Swift Rupert	Annetta B. Stainton
Emanuel Farbstein	Edith McEwen	Barbara Barnes
Adelin S. Briggs	Elmaza Fletcher	Henry Wilson Hardy
Marion Casey	Ruth Harrington	C. Rosalind Holmes
Betty Penny	Anna Munson Sanford	Betty Stine
Glenn Bruce	Elizabeth Boyd Bratton	Eliza Anne Peterson
Elmer H. Van Fleet	Lillian Green	Dorothy Waite
Rose Frances Cushman	Althea Cuneo	Dorothy Levy
Grace C. Freese	Vivian E. Hall	Ruth Ure
Dorothy Curtis	Anna G. Tremaine	Elizabeth Kales
Bessie Radlofsky	Catherine Sweet	Kenneth G. Hook
Elsie Terhune	Elsie Baum	W. E. Morris
Dorothy H. Mack	Helen Frances Thomas	Oscar K. Rice
S. Frances Hershey	Helen Stearly	Mary C. Schultz
Margaret Crozier	Margaret Pennewell	Mary A. White
Ethel Warren Kidder	Adelaide H. Noll	Sally Cushman
Mary Daboll	Emily Frankenstein	Helena E. Perin
Elizabeth Story	Irma Andre Hoernman	Rebecca Latham
Gleason	Robert Wynne Wilson,	
Henrietta L. Perrins	Jr	
Florence W. Towle	Helen E. Frazier	
Katherine M. Palmer		
Elizabeth Macdonald		
May E. Hershey		
Ruth L. Briggs		

PROSE, 2

Ruth Cohn
Helen Krauss
Louise R. Hewson

VERSE, 1

Barbara Knight
June Wellman
B. Cresswell
Richard Donald
Schmidt
Alice Trimble

Virginia McCormick
Mary R. Steichen
Hope Satterthwaite
Annette B. Moran
Margaret C. Bland
Elsie I. Richter
Marjorie M. Carroll
Jeannette F. Laws
Sarah M. Bradley
Edith Valpey Maxwell
Dorothy Deming
Elsie Emery
Mary Carver Williams
Lisa Anna Synnestvedt
Elizabeth Morrison
Dinahfield
Jean C. Trumun
Nell Adams
John C. Farrar
Gladys S. Conrad
Helen Katherine Smith
Marian Blair
Evelyn Engelbracht
Greta Louise Butterfield
Marion E. Munson
Josephine Lytle
Livingood
Margaret A. Blair
Elizabeth Pratt
Eleanor Mishun
Eleanor Marquand
Eleanor Bowman
Elsie L. Lustig
Vernie Peacock
Georgene Davis
Magnus H. Eliot
Rose M. Davis
Mina Simons
Isabel E. Rathborne
Anna K. Eddy
C. Marina Foster
Edith Howard Walton
Marjorie Dodge
Michael G. Wheeler
Grace Lewis

VERSE, 2

Pauline Lambert
Theodora Booth
Skinner

Robert Martin
Bessie Denslow
Mary Elizabeth Mayes
Edith M. Smith
Paul Sullivan
Austin Robbins Gordon
Marion Monroe
Edwin M. Gili
Sarah I. Parker
Isabella B. Howland
S. Dorothy Bell
J. Thomas
E. Theo. Nelson
Elizabeth Rimes
Virginia Gardiner
Alethia S. Bland
R. H. Foster
Francis H. Dickson
Mary Tuttle
Alison M. Kingsbury
Isabel Bachele

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Jean Dickinson
Gaston A. Lintner
Elizabeth White
Elinor Rennick
Warren
Doris Bevy
Ruth F. Prager
Philip Stringer
Christina C. M. Murtrie
Margaret Leathes
Henry G. T. Langdon
Madeline Connell
Otis Wanton Balis
Sarnia Marquand
Ruth Packard
Marie Le Tourneux
Muriel G. Read
J. Sherwin Murphy
Frances E.
McLaughlin
Dorothy Perry
Janet Waldron
Victorinus
Helen Snook
Frances Goodhue
Margaret K. Hinds
Mary Marquand

Marjorie Ward
Jessie L. Metcalf
Frances K. Marlatt
Phyllis Young
Ellen McDaniel
Marguerite I. Arnold
Juliet Thompson
Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.
Alvin F. Blomquist
George L. Howe
Elizabeth C. Carter
Edna M. Guck
Eleanor D. Masin
Phyllis M. Pulliam
E. P. Pond, Jr.
Eleanor Linton
Elsa S. Ebeling
Theresa Winsor
Edgar Anderson
Dorothy F. Robinson
Douglas F. Smith
Frances L. Caverhill
Ethel Earle
Rebecca Vincent
G. Priscilla Dimick
Frances Wiese
Gladys Finch
Jennie L. Haven

SPECIAL NOTICE

As announced by the publishers, St. Nicholas will hereafter be issued about fifteen days later in the month than heretofore—or, as nearly as possible, on the first of every month. Fortunately for League members, this change in the date of publication enables us to extend the limit of closing the League competitions by about two weeks. The closing of each competition will thus be brought a fortnight nearer to the report upon its contributions—a saving of time and patience that will be gladly welcomed by every member of the League.

PRIZE COMPETITION
No. 170

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 170 will close **December 24** (for foreign members **December 30**). Prize announcements will be

made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of the Snow."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Bit of History."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "In the Sunshine."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Helping," or a Heading for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY EDNA J. BOOK, AGE 17 (SILVER BADGE)

Justine Prichard
Ruth Reese
Kathryn Pierce
Mary Robertson Evans
Georgie A. Beckus
Thomas Nowlin
Mary A. Porter
Dorothy Benson
Jane Palmer
Abraham B. Blinn
Hilda M. Young
Edith Lord
Grace Hammill
Helen Gould

DRAWINGS, 1

Henry J. Maloy
Julia G. Palmer
Jean Dorchester
Leo M. Peterson
Charles Howard
Voorhies
Alene S. Little
Frederick W. Agnew
W. B. Ihnen
Dorothy Hughes

PUZZLES, 1

Helen Ziegler
Theodore H. Ames

PUZZLES, 2

Margaret Speare
William Ehrich, Jr.
Mata Hanser
Mary F. Tingley
Samuel Stein
Jack Flower
Heustis Clark
Eleanor P. Korthieur
Corey H. Ford
Anna Sassman
Penelope P. Rockwood
Frederick B. Laidlaw
Pauline Coburn

Owing to lack of space many names on the second honor rolls have been omitted.

THE LETTER-BOX

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you a year yet, but am one of your most devoted and interested readers. "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Dene-wood" are my favorites, I think, but they all are so lovely, it is quite hard to decide upon the best story.

My little sister Elizabeth Jane says, "Please read me the ST. NICHOLAS, Sister." She is only five, but understands a great deal more than is expected of her.

I have read Annie Fellows Johnston's stories of the "Little Colonel" Series and a few others of her books, and just love them, so I was especially anxious to get the October number, for I read you were going to publish a new story by my favorite author.

From your exceedingly interested reader,
CAROL F. KEMERER (age 11).

* PHOEBE SNOW

I HAVE a little cat
As black as she can be,
She will curl up on a chair,
And stare and stare at me.

We call her Phoebe Snow, for fun,
Because she is very black;
She has thirteen toes on her two front feet,
And beauty she does not lack.

I have had her since I was two years old,
That makes her nine, you see;
My love for her cannot be told,
She is as good as she can be.

MARGARET YARD (age 11).



TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for over four years, but this is the first time I have ever written to you. I enjoy the Letter-Box, and find most of the letters very interesting, especially the letters from foreign countries.

"The Land of Mystery" is the story I enjoy the most, although I like them all.

I have two sisters; one enjoys you just as much as I do, but the other is too small to understand the stories, being only one and a half years old; we will soon be able to read the stories for Very Little Folk to her.

Mother took you when she was small, and still has most of the copies left.

I am eleven years old, but will soon be twelve.

Your interested reader,
ROBERT HENDRICH.

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have lived in several towns, but the one I think the most of is a little town in Montana.

If I stop a moment, I can see a little girl jumping up and down with delight upon seeing a man and horse approaching, for he is bringing mail from the box five miles distant, and to-day is the day ST. NICHOLAS is due!

This little girl lives on a four-thousand-acre ranch near Choteau, Montana, and has no playmates but her horse and dog.

The Rockies loom far away. Nothing to the right of her, nothing to the left of her except a few barren foot-hills. Do you wonder at her looking forward to that jolly magazine for girls and boys?

Now she lives in a stupid city, but still waits for the ST. NICHOLAS with as much eagerness as ever.

Sincerely a loving reader,
DOROTHY SCOTT (age 14).

CHARLOTTENBURG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-day I received your certificate making me a member of the League, which made me very happy. I am not going to compete this month, because I am very busy, but next month I will begin.

I have subscribed for the ST. NICHOLAS since 1909, but have never sent in any article for it. I am an American girl who came over to Berlin to live. The city is beautiful, and I go to school here. We don't live directly in Berlin, but in Charlottenburg, where it is much nicer.

In the winter, we see the emperor pass our house every day, because he lives in Potsdam most of the time. The shortest route is past our street, the Kaiserdamm. When the Princess Victoria Luise got married, I sent her a letter of congratulation, and inclosed a few pressed forget-me-nots. A couple of weeks later, I received an answer. I never expected one, but when I got it, I was so overjoyed that I could hardly keep my wits about me.

I am very interested in the story "Beatrice of Dene-wood." I think there was never a prettier story published in the ST. NICHOLAS. I think the ST. NICHOLAS League badge is very pretty, and I am going to wear it every day.

Sincerely yours,
MAXINE KAUFMANN (age 12).

LONG LAKE, FENTON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Did you ever hear of any person going out onto a lake and picking up a wild duck? I am going to tell you how I did.

We had just gone down to my cousin's house to stay the rest of the afternoon, my father, mother, brother, and two sisters.

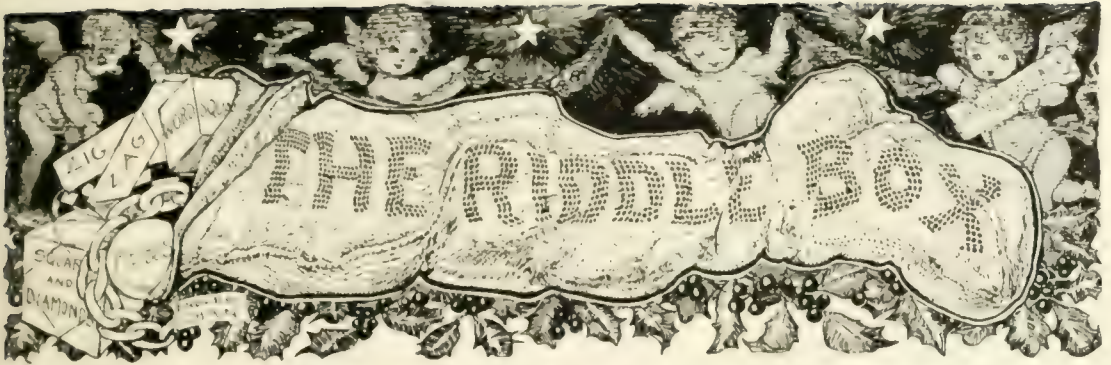
A little way from us was a large raft, and on the farther side was a young bluebill. My cousin and my brother and sister all got in a rowboat, and I rowed out to the raft, so we could see the duck better.

We just got out there when the duck dove. But he dove for shallow water, and we chased him up. When he came up, and before he could dive again, my brother had caught him by the back.

We took him to shore and brought him home with us. Now he is in the back yard under a peach crate. He has a basin of water and some food, and seems quite content.

Last night, we discovered that he had been wounded under the bill. When his wound heals, we will set him free.

Your interested reader,
NEVA KNAPP (age 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Baron 2. Alibi 3. Rivet 4. Obese 5. Niter 11. Labor 2. Above 3. Bogus 4. Ovale 5. Reset

GEOMETRICAL ZIGZAG. Atlantic Ocean 1. Algeria 2. Atacama 3. Bismuth 4. Sumatra 5. Shannon 6. Atlanta 7. Tripoli 8. Westath 9. Onnoco 10. Concord 11. Chester 12. Caspian 13. Neponon

NOVEL ACROSTIC Theodore Roosevelt

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS AND SQUARES. I. T. 2. Keg 3. Trepid 4. Grog 5. D. II. 1. N. 2. Rat 3. Nabal 4. Tar 5. D. III. 1. D. 2. Roc 3. Doris 4. Cid 5. S. IV. 1. A. 2. Ale 3. Alibi 4. Ebb 5. I. V. 1. Start 2. Tudor 3. Adobe 4. Robin 5. Trend. VI. 1. Doles 2. Opera 3. Legal 4. Erase 5. Salem

TOOER PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Margaret Preston—"Chums"—Virginia Park—"Alibi and Ad"—Evelyn Hillman—Claire Hepner—Jean C. Roy—Phyllis Young.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Raymond Ray, 8—Ruth Browne, 8—Margaret O. Gondolf, 8—Jonas Goldberg, 8—Douglas Marbaker, 8—Isabel Shaw, 8—Theodore H. Ames, 8—Florence S. Carter, 8—Mary L. Ingles, 8—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 8—Florence L. Kite, 8—Katharine Chapman, 8—Arnold G. Cameron, 8—Frances Eaton, 7—Max Stolz, 7—Marion J. Benedict, 7—Lothrop Bartlett, 7—James Squires, 7—Dorothy Berriall, 7—Harrison W. Gill, 6—Helen A. Moulton, 6—Elizabeth Jones, 6—Ralph Goldman, 6—Dorothy Wilcox, 6—Alvin E. Blomquist, 5—Edith M. Smith, 5—Florence M. Treat, 5—Alice Goddard, 5—Eugenia Dodd, 4—Abraham B. Blinn, 3—"Chums," 3—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 3—Frances K. Marlatt, 3—David P. G. Cameron, 2—Carl S. Schmidt, 2—Florence Peckham, 2—Doris Starkweather, 2—L. Hunt, 1—G. Cleaver, 1—B. M. Beach, 1—L. E. Danner, 1—E. Jensen, 1—A. Goldberg, 1—M. S. Woodard, 1—E. O'Hara, 1—H. M. Archer, 1—H. R. Harmer, 1—E. B. Bray, 1—E. Hoornbeck, 1—L. Brady, 1—H. Hester, 1—M. I. Brown, 1—M. Cohen, 1—M. Veeder, 1—M. Norcross, 1.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL



EACH of the five pictures may be described by a five-letter word. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal will spell a word that will soon be in frequent use.

CARROLL T. MITCHELL (age 14), *League Member*.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead, curtail, and transpose holders, and leave to strike gently. Answer, *receptacles, pat*.

In the same way behead, curtail, and transpose, 1. The worm state of insects, and leave to tear. 2. Vexation, and leave part of the head. 3. Neglect, and leave a snare. 4. An enterprise, and leave skill. 5. Staying quality, and leave a possessive pronoun. 6. Desolation, and leave perched. 7. Located beyond the sea, and

PRIMAL ACROSTIC Thanksgiving Day 1. Thrall 2. Heroic 3. Action 4. Nicety 5. Knight 6. Switch 7. Guitar 8. Impede 9. Venial 10. Inhale 11. Nettle 12. Gimlet 13. Drearly 14. Annual 15. Yeoman

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

"Tippecanoe, and Tyler too."

NOVEL ZIGZAG Schiller From 1 to 7, Germany, 8 to 18, William Tell, 19 to 24, Goethe Cross-words 1. Selfish 2. Fantasy 3. Hidalgo 4. Mineral 5. Literal 6. Allowed 7. Egotism 8. Trample

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA November.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA "It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast."

leave a masculine nickname. 8. Real, and leave an emmet. 9. Depression, and leave to bow the head quickly. 10. The nobility, and leave a small bed. 11. The state of being freed from a charge, and leave an organ of hearing. The initials of the new little words spell a famous era in art.

GUSTAV DIECHMANN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

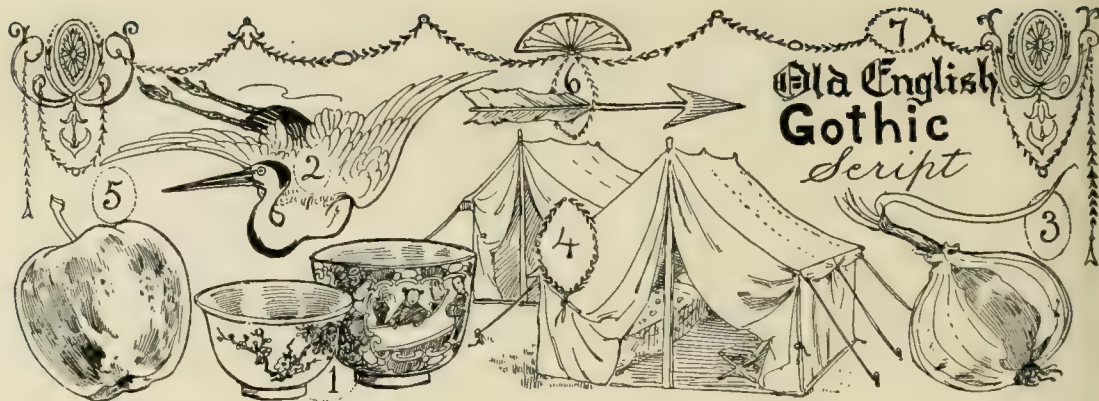
NOVEL ZIGZAGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

IN solving this puzzle, follow the diagram at the left, though the puzzle has eighteen cross-words instead of nine. When the eighteen words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the six six-letter zigzags will spell, alternately, the names of three Presidents and three Vice-Presidents of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A soothing medicinal mixture. 2. A soft cushion. 3. Made of wood. 4. Four quarts. 5. A seaport of Peru. 6. Rubbish. 7. A masculine name. 8. Venom. 9. A tiny ball. 10. A small village. 11. A dried grape. 12. To solidify. 13. To collect. 14. As much as the arms can hold. 15. To hold fast. 16. Lime and sand mixed with water. 17. A city of Massachusetts. 18. A kind of thin cloth.

JOE EARNEST (age 12).



ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC

IN this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters from 1 to 14, in the following diagram, will spell the name of a famous gathering that took place in December, one hundred and forty years ago.

1	2	*	*	*
3	4	*	*	*
5	6	*	*	*
7	8	*	*	*
9	10	*	*	*
11	12	*	*	*
13	14	*	*	*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a general, and the finals, a battle in which he met defeat.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To contract. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. Apparent. 4. The answer of a pagan god to an inquiry. 5. To disorder. 6. The hard covering of a tooth. 7. To labor too hard. 8. A papal messenger.

MARGARET M. DOOLEY (age 16), *League Member*.

NOVEL NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and form a couplet from a famous writer.

1. My 3-46-35-39-62 is the name of the author of the couplet, and it is concealed in the following sentence: The boy's cot tipped over, but he was unhurt.

2. My 60-54-21-55-63 is concealed in this sentence: The word before "ache" in my book is blurred.

3. My 8-12-48-59 is in this sentence: He ate his lunch and we hurried off.

4. My 32-57-22-53 is in this: The apron in Edna's room belongs to me.

5. My 37-10-52 is in this: He sang a pretty song a week ago.

6. My 33-44-16-27 is in this: This is the latest extra that we can buy to-day.

7. My 50-2-41-17 is in this: The boy rowed us to the opposite shore.

8. My 14-40-49-23 is in this: I saw Tom and Andrew in David's little tent.

9. My 13-34-19-36-11-56-6 is in this: I saw Ben smile, though Tom says I did n't.

10. My 42-47-25-29 is in this: Charles told us how to tie the knot.

11. My 1-26-7 is in this: Our friends visited Jutland in Denmark.

12. My 4-28-31-24 is in this: The yellow dog is gone,—the black one too, I fancy.

13. My 30-61-18 is in this: They say a Manchu boy is given a good education.

14. My 38-5-20 is in this: I never saw such a yellow car before.

15. My 51-45-9 is in this: I saw Louise, Emma, and Helen enter the house.

16. My 58-15-43 is in this: The candies I put in this box yesterday are all gone.

HENRY S. JOHNSON (age 14).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns, and that through the third and fourth columns, will each spell the name of a famous composer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An aromatic spice. 2. An early Biblical character. 3. The "city of David." 4. A light. 5. Part of a harness. 6. A famous English school.

GRACE MELENEY (age 16), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won July, 1913)

1.	*	*	51	4	57
2.	*	5	10	*	38
3.	*	35	28	39	59
4.	*	*	14	*	20
5.	*	21	6	*	49
6.	*	*	9	*	29
7.	*	58	46	*	52
8.	*	37	*	12	50
9.	*	*	22	*	7
10.	*	53	17	33	23
11.	*	18	*	1	27
12.	*	54	*	19	56
13.	*	11	36	3	34
14.	*	48	*	*	45
15.	*	43	24	42	41
16.	*	47	16	15	40
17.	*	31	25	*	2
18.	*	44	8	13	55
19.	*	26	32	30	*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Distributed. 2. Ardent. 3. A body of troops. 4. The upper air. 5. Obeys. 6. Fastens. 7. Relating to morals. 8. Ledges. 9. Faint-hearted. 10. A gust. 11. Flushed with confidence. 12. To touch gently, as with the elbow. 13. A cloth for drying the hands. 14. A pleasure boat. 15. Frothy. 16. To urge forward. 17. To sail by tacks. 18. Pleases. 19. An aromatic plant.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, indicated by stars, will spell a famous date; the numbers from 1 to 29, what that date brings to mind; from 30 to 38, a very famous ship; from 39 to 46, the place

where it landed; and from 47 to 59, the state in which this place is located.

CAROLINE F. WARE (age 13).



MOTHER GOOSE.

PAINTED BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

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ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 3

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The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

© A. R.

Hot-cross buns!
Old woman runs!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!



There was an old woman who
lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she
did n't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without
any bread,
She whipped them all round, and
sent them to bed.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as day;
 Leave your supper, and leave your
 sleep,
 And come with your playfellows
 into the street.
 Comewith a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will or come
 not at all.
 Up the ladder and down the wall,



Old Mother Hubbard,
 She went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
 But when she came there,
 The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.



A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
 You find milk, and I'll find flour,
 And we'll have a pudding in half
 an hour.

Polly, put the
 kettle on,
 Polly, put the
 kettle on,
 Polly, put the
 kettle on,
 And we'll
 all have
 tea.

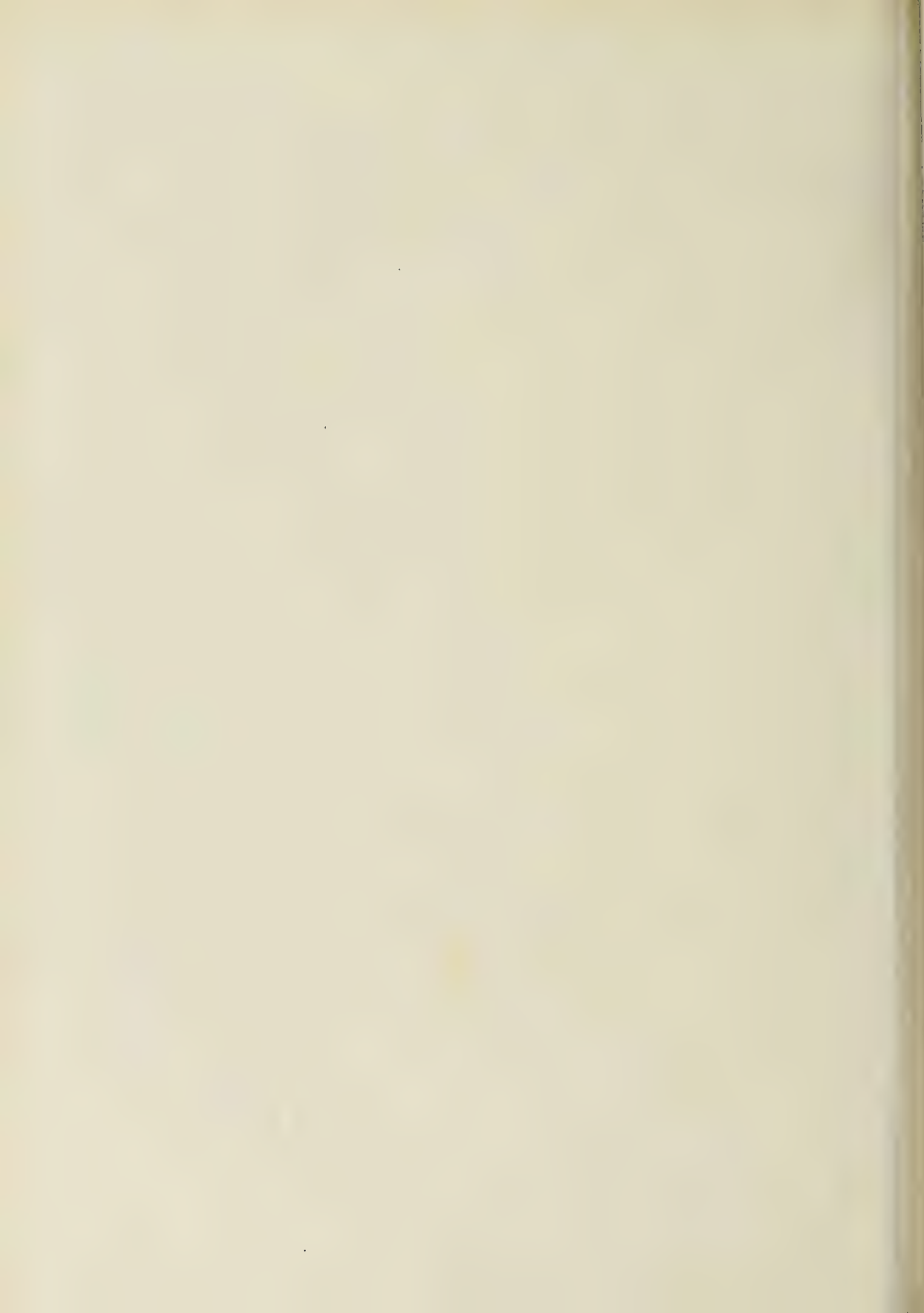


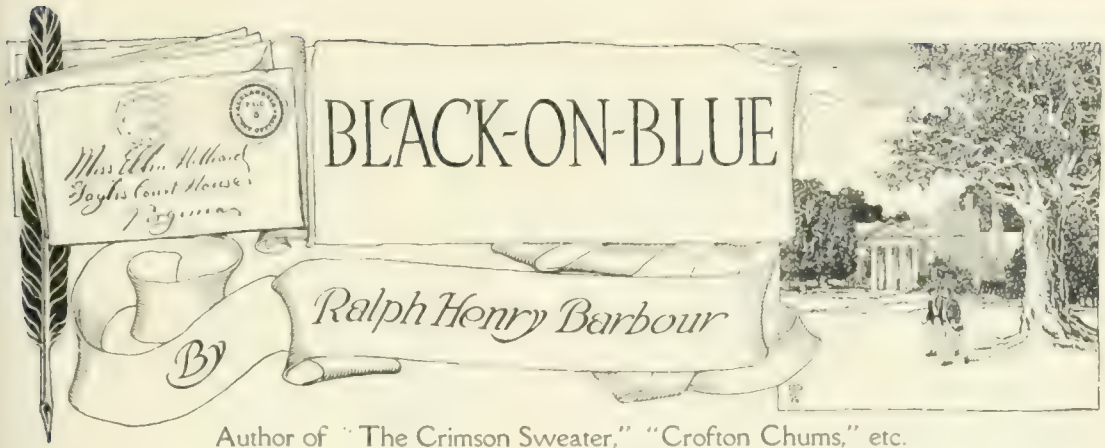
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean;
 And so, betwixt them both,
 They licked the platter clean.



JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE.
PAINTED FOR SC. SCHOLAS. BY ARTHUR PACKHAM.

© A. R.





Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Crofton Chums," etc.

I

"WILLARD!"

Mrs. Morris's rebuke sounded only half-hearted, and she shot an apologetic glance at Willard's father. But for once Mr. Morris, the sternest of disciplinarians, chose to be deaf. After all, the boy's disappointment was keen, and so his criticism of Grandma Pierson elicited only the perfunctory warning from his mother. The boy's disappointment was shared to a scarcely lesser extent by his parents, but they had learned to bear disappointment in silence. Willard, waiting for his father's reprimand, sat with downcast eyes fixed on his untasted breakfast. Finally, however, as the expected storm did not break, Willard took courage and went on, but with more caution.

"Well, I can't help it," he insisted, with a gulp. "She ought never to have promised if she did n't mean to keep it!"

"I'm certain, Will," responded Mrs. Morris, soothingly, "that your Grandma Pierson fully meant to keep it. Mother was never the sort to say a thing and not mean it."

"If she had lived on, she'd have done just as she said she'd do," said Mr. Morris. "I guess she expected to live a good many years yet. Eighty-one is n't very old; leastways it was n't for her; she was such an active old lady. When were we out there before this time, Mother?"

"Three years ago Christmas. That was when she made the promise. I almost wish she had n't, seeing it's turned out as it has."

"It seems as though she might have made a new will after she promised what she did," said Willard, rebelliously.

"Maybe she put it off, thinking there'd be more money later," replied Mr. Morris. "Cousin Joe writes that the whole estate won't amount to much more than five thousand dollars, and some

of that's in a mortgage that'll take a lot of handling to realize on. The fact is, Mother, I don't just see where she expected to get the money for Will anyway, do you?"

Mrs. Morris shook her head doubtfully. "Perhaps she thought that by the time Will was ready for college, she'd have the money. She certainly meant to do something for him, George. She'd always been especially fond of Will."

"Oh, she meant it, I'm sure. She asked me how much it would take to see him through college, and I told her two thousand. It was her own idea. There was n't anything actually said to that effect, Mother, but I think it was simply understood that Will was to have that money, and that we were n't to expect anything more. And there was n't any reason why we should. She'd have done quite enough for us if she'd done that. As it is, Clara and Alice get it all."

"I suppose that's my fault, George. You see, I always wanted her to think we had—had plenty. And then Clara and Alice both needed it more than we did."

"I know. I'm glad you did. And I'm not begrudging the money to your sisters. As you say, they do need it more than we, even if—Anyhow, we've always managed to get along pretty well so far, have n't we? Maybe we have n't had many luxuries, Jenny, but we've managed, eh?"

"Of course we have. You and I don't need luxuries. I've always had everything I really wanted, George. I'd have liked Will to go to college, seeing he's set his heart on it, but maybe this is for the best, too. Perhaps he will be more help to you in the shop."

Willard, staring distastefully at his plate, frowned impatiently. "That's fine, is n't it?" he demanded. "Here I've been telling all the fel-

lows that I was going to college in the fall; and I've gone and taken the college course, too; and Mr. Chase has been helping me with my Greek! And now—now I can't go after all! I think it's—" he gulped—"too bad!"

"Maybe you'll get there, son, although I don't see much chance of it next fall. If only business would pick up— If I can find the money to send you to college, you'll go. If I can't, you'll have to buckle down at the shop. There are plenty of men doing well who never went to college. I wish you could go, but maybe it was n't intended so."

"Well, I'm going, sir! When I get through high school next spring, I'm going to find some work and make enough money to start, anyhow! If I can make good on the foot-ball team this year, maybe I'll get an offer, and college won't cost me anything. Lots of fellows do it," muttered Willard.

"But you're not to be one of them," returned his father, decisively. "Here, let me see those envelops."

Willard passed the packet across to him, and watched glumly while his father slid off the faded blue ribbon that held the envelops together. One by one Mr. Morris held them up and peered into them for the third or fourth time.

"Unless she meant to put some money or a check in one of these," he murmured, "I can't understand it." He laid the six envelops in a row on the cloth and shook his head over them. Then he took up the papers which, with the strange and disappointing legacy, had arrived from the West by the morning mail. But they told him nothing new. Grandmother Pierson's will, a copy of which Cousin Joe had sent, was short and definite. There was a legacy of some personal trinkets and a small sum of money to an old family servant, and, "To my grandson, Willard Morris, the contents of the packet inscribed with his name which will be found in the mahogany work-box on the table in my bedchamber." The rest of the estate, real and personal, was bequeathed in equal shares to Mrs. Morris's two sisters. Cousin Joe's letter was brief. In pursuance of his duties as executor of the estate, he was forwarding the legacy mentioned in the will, also a copy of the instrument. Willard was to sign the accompanying receipt; and Cousin Joe hoped they were all well.

The package had been done up in a piece of brown paper and tied with a white string—what Grandma Pierson would have called "tie-yarn." On the outside, in the old lady's shaky writing, was the legend, "For my Grandson, Willard Morris." Inside they had found six envelops which,

once white, had yellowed with age. The writing on each was the same: "Miss Ellen Hilliard, Fayles Court House, Virginia"; and the postmarks showed various dates in the years 1850 and 1851. In the upper right-hand corner of each envelop was a stamp quite unlike any Mr. Morris had ever seen. Five were buff and one was blue. Each was round and about the size of a silver half-dollar. They were printed in faded black. A circlet of stars ran around the outer edge, and inside was the inscription "Post-office, Alexandria." In the center was the word "Paid," and under it a figure "5."

"You say these were your father's love-letters, Jenny?" asked Mr. Morris.

"Yes. I've seen them many times. Mother read me parts of them, too, sometimes. He wrote beautifully, you remember. Mother always kept those letters in that old work-box with the green velvet lining, the one the will speaks about. It was her treasure box, and it was always kept locked. I remember there were three or four daguerreotypes there, and some clippings from newspapers, and such things."

"She was careful to take the letters out," mused Mr. Morris.

"Maybe she had a feeling that she would n't get well. I suppose she destroyed the letters. She would n't want any one reading them afterward, you see, Mother would n't. Of course it might be that her mind wandered a little toward the end, and she thought she was really doing something for Will when she put his name on the package."

"But Cousin Joe says the will was the one she made before we were out there," objected Mr. Morris. "I think her mind was all right then. Well, it's strange, that's all." He rose from the table with a sigh. "That's what it is, very strange." He pulled out a big silver watch and looked at it. "Son, I'm sure it's time we were hiking along."

Willard pushed his chair back disconsolately and arose. He was seventeen, rather tall for his age, and had strong, broad shoulders like his father's; or as his father's had been before constant bending over desk and bench had stooped them. The boy had a good-looking, frank face and nice brown eyes, but just at present the eyes were gloomy and the face expressed discontent.

"Better take those envelops before they get lost, Will," counseled his mother. He regarded them with a scowl of contempt.

"I don't want the old things," he muttered as he left the room. Mr. Morris, looking after him, frowned and then sighed. Mrs. Morris echoed the sigh.

"I fear this settles it, Jenny," said Mr. Morris, tucking the Andelsville "Morning Times" in his pocket. "If I could get hold of the money anyway, he should have it; but I don't know where to turn for it, and that 's a fact."

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Morris as her husband stooped over to kiss her. "There 's al-

Now, however, he waved his hand, and, turning in at the gate, entered the house and climbed the stairs to the teacher's room. Mr. Chase was seated at a small table by the window. A stamp-album lay open before him, and he was affixing little hinges to some stamps, and pasting them, with deft, experienced fingers, into the book.



"WILLARD PASSED THE ENVELOPE ACROSS TO HIS FATHER."

most a year yet, and something may turn up. You never can tell."

"We might as well look on the bright side, I suppose," returned Mr. Morris, "although things have n't been turning up much of late, Jenny."

His gaze encountered the envelopes again, and he stared at them a moment. Then, with a puzzled shake of his head, he passed out.

11

It was a fortnight later that Willard, returning from practice with the high school foot-ball team, and passing in front of Mrs. Parson's boarding-house, heard his name called, and looked up to see Mr. Chase at the open window of his room.

"Come up and pay me a visit, Will," said the assistant principal.

Willard hesitated a moment. He had been rather avoiding Mr. Chase for the last two weeks.

"Pardon me if I don't get up, Will," he said. "I want to get these in before the light fails. Well, how are you getting on at foot-ball?"

"Pretty well, sir."

"It is more interesting than our old friend Homer, eh? You know we have n't had a Greek lesson for a long time, Will."

"No, sir, and I—I guess there is n't any use having any more."

"Why, how 's that? Do you think you know enough to pass those exams?"

"I 'm not going to take them, sir. I—I 'm not going to college after ail."

Mr. Chase looked up in surprise. "Not going!" he exclaimed. "Why, Will, I thought that was all settled. What 'e changed your mind?"

Willard very nearly replied that Grandma Pier-son had changed his mind, but he did n't. Instead, "Father can't afford it, sir," he answered.

"Dear, dear, I'm sorry! Is it—quite settled? Is n't there any hope, Will?"

"No, sir, I don't think so. Not unless I earn the money somehow, and I guess I could n't do that."

"It would take some time," Mr. Chase agreed dubiously. "You'd need pretty nearly three hundred a year, Will, although you might scale that down a little. I'm sorry, awfully sorry!"

"Yes, sir, so 'm I."

There was silence for a moment. Then Mr. Chase asked, "And you don't think you want to go on with the Greek, eh? Suppose you found, next fall, that you could go, after all, my boy. You'd have hard work passing, I'm afraid."

"I don't believe there's any hope of it, sir."

"Still, the unexpected sometimes happens, does n't it? You would n't want to lose your chance for the need of a little Greek, now, would you?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Then don't you think we'd better go on with our Friday evenings, Will? I do. Even if you should n't get to college, my boy, a working knowledge of Greek is n't going to be a bad thing to have. Now suppose you drop in on Friday after supper?"

"Very well, sir, I guess I might as well. I—I have n't studied much lately, though."

"Better look it over a bit before Friday then. There, that's done! Now we'll light up and have a chat."

"I did n't know you collected stamps, Mr. Chase," said Willard as the teacher closed the window and lighted the study lamp on the big table.

"Have n't I ever shown you my books?" asked Mr. Chase. "Yes, I'm a 'stamp fiend,' Will. It's not a bad hobby. Expensive, though. I could n't afford it if I was married. I suppose," he added ruefully, "I ought n't to afford it now."

"I started to collect stamps when I was a little kid," confided Willard as he took the chair Mr. Chase pushed forward, "but I did n't get very far. I don't know whatever became of my stamps. I think they're in the attic, though."

"Yes? Did you have many?" asked Mr. Chase as he washed the mucilage from his fingers at the stand.

"Only about a hundred, I believe. I had a Cape of Good Hope, though."

"Did you?" Mr. Chase inquired. "Which one was it?"

"I don't remember. Is there more than one?"

"There are quite a few," Mr. Chase laughed. "And they differ considerably in value. You must show me your collection sometime."

"I doubt if it's worth showing," murmured Willard. "I guess all my stamps are just common ones. There was one, though, I paid a dollar for. I forget what it was. I suppose you have an awful lot?"

"Only about twelve hundred, I believe, but some of them are rather good. When I stop to consider what those stamps have cost me, though, I have to shudder. Still, stamps—rare ones, I mean—are n't a bad investment. They increase in value right along."

"Twelve hundred!" exclaimed Willard.

"Yes, indeed," replied the teacher, with a smile. "And I don't go in for 'freaks' much, either; nor revenues. Revenues in themselves would keep a man busy."

"What do you mean by 'freaks'?" asked Willard.

"Oh, 'splits,' and 'blanks,' and surcharges, and such. Of course, though, I have a few surcharges."

"And what is a 'split,' Mr. Chase?"

"A 'split' is a stamp of, say, two-cent denomination cut diagonally across. Each half equals in value a one-cent stamp. Sometime ago, when an office ran out of one-cent stamps, it would cut up a lot of twos. Sometimes a ten-cent stamp was split to make two fives, and in one case three-cent stamps were cut in such a way that two thirds of each did duty for a two-cent stamp. Later, when the government ran out of a certain issue, they merely took a stamp of a lower denomination and surcharged it, that is, printed over it the larger denomination. I have a friend who makes a specialty of provisional stamps, such as 'splits' and 'postmasters.' He pays no attention to anything else, and has two full books already, I believe."

"Some stamps cost a lot, don't they?" Willard asked.

"Unfortunately a good many of them do," Mr. Chase chuckled. "There's a rumor that some one paid seventeen thousand dollars, not so long ago, for a pair of Mauritius post-office stamps, one-penny and two-penny. Those are mighty rare, and I've never seen them. Then there are the British Guiana one-cent and the Niger Coast Protectorate; the latter—I forget its list number—is perhaps the rarest stamp in the world, since only one of its kind was ever printed."

"My!" said Willard. "What's that worth?"

"So much that it's never had a price put on it, I believe. Some of our own stamps are worth quite a lot, too. Take some of the postmasters' provisionals, for instance. Only one copy is known of an issue from Boscawen, New Hampshire, and whoever has that surely has a prize."

"What is a postmaster's pro—what you said?"

"Provisional?" laughed Mr. Chase. "I'll show you." He reached under the table and pulled out a big square album, and Willard moved his chair nearer. "Provisional stamps were made and issued by postmasters in the days before we had a national postage-stamp system. Here 's one issued in Trenton, New Jersey, and here 's one from Portland, Maine. See? Some of them are pretty simple; just the name of the office and the words 'Paid—5.' They 're interesting, though, and, as I say, some of them bring a lot of money."

"How—how much did those cost?" asked Willard, eagerly.

"These? Oh, not much. This one was twelve and—let me see—that was eight, I think, and—"

"Eight cents?"

"Hardly! Eight dollars, my boy."

"Well—well, if they came from some other place, would they be worth that much?" stammered Willard.

Mr. Chase closed the book and replaced it under the table.

"If they came from Alexandria and were genuine, they 'd be worth quite as much as these; perhaps more. Why do you ask? You don't happen to have one in your collection, do you?"

"Yes, sir! That is, not in my collection, but I've got some that—that my grandmother sent me."

"What! postmasters' provisionals of Alexandria, Virginia? Are you certain? What are they like? Where are they?"

Mr. Chase was plainly interested.

"I don't know whether they 're postmasters' provisionals," replied Willard, "but they 're a good deal like those in your book. They 're round, and sort of yellowish-brown—"

"Yes, buff; go on!"

"And they have some stars around the edge, and then the name, and 'Paid—5' in the middle, just like those of yours."



"WILLARD WAS CAREFULLY SEARCHING UNDER THE GRASS FOR STAMPS."

"That depends on how many there are. It is scarcity that fixes the prices on stamps."

"Supposing they were from Alexandria, Virginia," Willard pursued, rather breathlessly.

"You say your grandmother gave them to you?"

"Yes, sir." And thereupon Willard told about the legacy, and Mr. Chase learned the real rea-

son why the college career had been abandoned. And when he had finished, Mr. Chase strode to a bookshelf and returned with a catalogue. After some excited turning of pages, he paused and read silently. "That 's right," he said finally. "Your description tallies with Scott's. Where are those envelops, Will? Can you let me see them?"

"I guess they 're at home. I have n't seen them since that day. I—I hope Mother did n't throw them away!"

"Throw them away!" Mr. Chase slammed the book shut, tossed it aside, and seized Willard's cap from the couch. "Put this on," he exclaimed, "and scoot home! Find those envelops and bring them over here! If your mother *has* thrown them away, you 're out sixty or seventy dollars at least!"

III

"WHERE are those envelops, Mother?" asked Willard, five minutes later, bursting into the kitchen, where Mrs. Morris was in the act of sliding a pan of hot biscuits from the oven. The pan almost fell to the floor, and Mrs. Morris straightened up to remonstrate against "scaring a body to death"; but the words died away when she saw Willard's face.

"What envelops do you mean, Will?" she gasped.

"The ones Grandma Pierson sent! Mr. Chase says those stamps may be worth seventy dollars!"

"Sakes alive, Willard Morris! You don't mean it? Why—why—what did I do with them? Have n't you seen them around?"

"No, I have n't seen them since the day they came. Don't you know what you did with them, Mother?"

"Why—why," faltered Mrs. Morris, "it does n't seem as if I did *anything* with them, Will! I don't recollect seeing them after you and your father went off. Will, you don't suppose—" her voice became scarcely more than a whisper—"you don't suppose I threw them away, do you?"

"You would n't be likely to, would you?" he asked anxiously. "Please try and think."

"I am trying, Will, but—but I can't remember seeing them again." She hurried to the dining-room, which was also the sitting-room, and began a feverish search. Willard followed behind her and looked wherever she did, and in two minutes the room had the appearance of having been devastated by a cyclone. And in the midst of the confusion Mr. Morris entered. Being informed of what was going on, he too took a hand in the hunt. But ten minutes later, they all had to acknowledge that the envelops were not in the room.

"I don't see what I could have done with them," reiterated Willard's mother for the twentieth time. "Are you sure you did n't take them, Will?"

"I know he did n't," said Mr. Morris. "I remember seeing them lying right here when I left the room."

"Well, then I did something with them, that 's certain," murmured Mrs. Morris, looking dazedly about; "but I don't see what!"

"I guess we 'd better have supper," said Willard's father. "We can have another look afterward."

So Mrs. Morris returned to her duties, while Willard, preparing hastily for the meal, returned to the room and continued the search. At the table he ate very little, and as soon as supper was over, he began rummaging again. The search ultimately led from the dining-room to the parlor, from the parlor to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the hall closet, and from there to the bedrooms up-stairs. And at eight o'clock, Mrs. Morris, lamp in hand, was peering about in the attic! At half-past eight, Willard went to the telephone and, calling Mr. Chase up, acknowledged defeat.

"You can't find them?" came the teacher's voice. "That 's too bad. Have you looked in the waste-baskets, and the ash-can, and—and those places?"

"We 've looked everywhere. I guess what happened was that my mother shook the tablecloth at the back door, and they were in it and fell out."

"Well, I 'd have another look to-morrow by daylight," advised Mr. Chase, in disappointed tones. "Don't give up yet, Will. You may find them tucked away where you least expect to. I 'm awfully sorry. Good night."

Willard hung up the receiver, sadly. "Oh, if I could find those envelops and get seventy dollars for the stamps, I 'd have to earn only about a hundred and eighty to have enough for the first year. He says 'it 'll take about three hundred, but I 'm sure I could do it on two hundred and fifty. And if I could get through the first year, they 'd have a whole lot of trouble keeping me away the second!"

In the morning, after a sleep badly disturbed by dreams, Willard was up early, and when the kitchen fire was started, he was out in the back yard searching around the kitchen doorway, among the currant bushes, and along the picket-fence. But he found no trace of the envelops. That was Tuesday, and hope did n't actually fail him until Thursday. It would not have failed him then had it not been that, on that day, Mr. Morris put his foot down.

"They 're gone for good, Mother, and there is n't any use fretting about them. So please stop pulling the house to pieces and settle down again. When a thing 's so it 's so, and you can't make it any other way, no matter how much you worry about it. There 's nothing to do but let 'em go, and try to forget about it!"

That evening, Willard found his old stamp-book in the attic, and took it over to Mr. Chase. But although the latter went through it carefully, he found no prizes there. The entire contents would n't have brought a dollar at a stamp dealer's. When he was leaving, Mr. Chase reminded him that they were to begin the Greek lessons again the next evening. Willard hesitated, and then promised half-heartedly to come. What was the good of knowing Greek if he could n't get to college?

But at seventeen no disappointment is big enough to last forever, and Friday was a wonderful autumn day, with just the right amount of tingle in the air, and at foot-ball practice Willard played so well that the coach promised to let him start the game against Shreeveport High the next afternoon; and—well, after a good supper eaten with a healthy appetite, Willard had quite forgotten about Grandma Pierson's legacy. And at half-past seven he found his Iliad—it was n't an easy task, either, because, since the search for the lost envelops, scarcely anything was where it used to be!—and set out for Mrs. Parson's with a light heart.

"I did n't have a chance to study this at all," said Willard, as he seated himself across the table from Mr. Chase. "I've been too busy looking for those envelops, you see. So you 'll have to excuse me if I flunk."

"All right, Will, I 'll forgive you this time. Do you remember where we left off? Was n't it

where Ulysses and Diomedes are setting out to spy on the enemy's camp?"

"No, sir, we were way past that. I've got the place marked. I think—"

"Hello, what 's wrong?" exclaimed Mr. Chase.

"Why—why—here they are! They were—they were in this book!" stammered Willard.



"MR. CHASE WAS STARING AT THE LAST ENVELOP AS THOUGH HE COULD N'T BELIEVE HIS EYES. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)"

"Eh? What were in—"

"Those envelops, sir! Look!"

And there they were, sure enough; all together, and with the bit of faded blue ribbon about them. Mr. Chase, beaming, held out his hand for them. Willard, still exclaiming, hazard-

ing theories as to how they got into his Iliad, followed around the table while Mr. Chase carefully slid off the band of ribbon and looked them over.

"'Alexandria,'" he muttered. "'Paid—5.' They're the real thing, Will! By jove, what a find! Perfect condition, too! Not a tear on one of them! And no—*hello, what's this?*"

"What, sir?" asked Willard.

Mr. Chase was staring at the last envelop as though he could n't believe his eyes. "Why—why, it's *blue!*" he almost shouted.

"Yes, sir, I—I forgot that one was blue. There were five of them brown and one blue. Is n't—is n't it any good?"

"Any good!" exclaimed Mr. Chase. "Any good?—it's—"

He sprang up excitedly, and seized the catalogue from the shelf. "Any good!" he muttered as he turned the pages quickly. "Any good! Any—" His voice died out, and Willard, wondering, watched his lips move as he read silently. Then the teacher studied the envelop again. "Ditto," he murmured, "'on blue.'" Then he closed the catalogue slowly and decisively, and laid it on the table. Willard watched him fascinatedly. He had never seen Mr. Chase look so excited, so wild-eyed, as this. Was it possible that the assistant principal had suddenly lost his mind?

"Will," said Mr. Chase, slowly and solemnly, "I—I can't be sure—I'm afraid to be sure—but if this stamp is genuine, it's worth—" He stopped and shook his head. When he continued, it was to himself rather than to Willard. "There may be a mistake. Perhaps the catalogue's wrong. We'll wait and see."

"Do you mean," asked Willard, eagerly, "that the blue one is worth more than the others?"

Mr. Chase laid the envelop on the table and was silent a moment. When he answered, he was quite himself again.

"It looks so, Will. Yes, I think I may safely say that the blue stamp is worth quite a little money. You see, there are two or three dozen of the buff ones that are known of, but, so far, only one or two blues have ever shown up. But I may be mistaken; don't get your hopes up until we've had it examined, my boy."

"How much is it worth if—if it is—what you think?" asked Willard.

Mr. Chase shook his head. "Let's not talk about that now. I—there's the possibility that I may be mistaken. Will you let me have these for a week or so? I'd like to send them to the city and get expert advice."

"Of course. You do anything you like with

them, sir. Only—if you care for it, I'd like you to have one of them, Mr. Chase."

"That's nice of you, Will, but I could n't take one as a gift. I'll gladly buy one if I can afford it. Or—wait a bit! If this blue one is worth what I think it is, I'll accept one of the buff stamps as a present. How will that do?"

"I'd like you to have one, anyhow, sir. Do you think the blue stamp is worth—worth a hundred dollars?" asked Willard.

"Will, I don't dare to say. Yes, perhaps a hundred; perhaps more, much more—unless I'm making a bad mistake somehow. I'll mail these to-morrow, and we ought to hear within a week. Now—now let's get back to the lesson."

But Willard did n't make much progress that evening.

IV

OF course Mrs. Morris remembered when Willard told her.

"Is n't it funny?" she asked beamingly. "It all comes back to me now. When I went to clear off the table, those envelops were there, and I thought to myself, 'Those are Will's, and he may want them after all, and I'll just tuck them in his Greek book.' It was lying on the side table there. And then I forgot all about it! I'm so sorry, Will!"

"It does n't matter a bit now," Willard declared. "How much do you suppose that blue stamp will be worth, Mother?"

But Mrs. Morris shook her head. "Goodness knows, Will! But maybe it'll bring enough to buy you a nice suit of clothes and—"

"Clothes!" scoffed Willard. "That money is going to put me in college. If there is n't enough of it, I'll get a job somewhere next summer and earn the difference. I heard of a fellow who made nearly three hundred dollars one summer just selling books!"

"It's my opinion," declared Mr. Morris, "that that stamp is worth a lot of money, and that your grandma knew it."

"I don't see how she could, sir," Willard objected. "Why, even Mr. Chase is n't certain about it yet."

"Mother was a great one to read the papers," said Mrs. Morris, "and I would n't be surprised if she saw sometime that stamps like that were valuable. She was forever cutting things out of newspapers and saving them."

"We'll wait and see," said Mr. Morris. "You'll find I'm right, son. And if I am, I'll be mightily pleased!"

Waiting, though, was hard work for Willard. For a week he managed to be fairly patient, but

at the end of that period he began to be uneasy. "You don't think they got lost in the mail, do you?" he asked Mr. Chase.

"They could n't, because I did n't send them by mail. I was afraid to. I sent them by express, and put—well, a good big valuation on them. So, even if they should be lost, Will, you 'll have a lot of money coming to you from the express company."

That was comforting, anyhow, and there were times when Willard hoped devoutly that the express company had mislaid the package. But it had n't. Four days later, Willard was called to the telephone at supper-time.

"Will, can you come over here after supper?"

It was Mr. Chase's voice.

"Yes, sir! Have you heard—"

"Yes, I've just got a letter. You come over—"

"Is it all right, sir? About the blue stamp, I mean?"

"H-m; well, you come over and I 'll tell you." Something that sounded like a chuckle reached Willard. "Good-by!"

"I 'm going over to Mr. Chase's," he announced. "He 's heard about the stamp. I don't want any more supper!"

"What about it, Will?" his father asked eagerly. "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know yet. He would n't tell me. Where 's my cap? Has any one seen— Here it is! I 'll come back right away—if it 's all right!"

"Hello, Will!" greeted Mr. Chase. "Nice evening, is n't it?" There was a perceptible twinkle in his eye, and Willard grinned.

"Yes, sir, it 's a fine evening," he answered with a gulp.

"Yes, we 're having wonderful weather for the time of year. I got a reply from that fellow in New York. What did I do with it?" Mr. Chase pretended to have mislaid it, and dipped into one pocket after another. Willard squirmed in his chair. "Ah, here it is!" said the teacher finally, drawing the letter from his inside pocket.

"Now, let 's see." He opened it with tantalizing deliberation. "I asked him to examine those envelops and give me an estimate of their value. I did n't tell him we had four more of them, by the way."

"No, sir," murmured Willard.

"Well, he says he will buy the buff one for twelve dollars. That 's less than I hoped to get for them, and maybe we might do a little better somewhere else. What do you think?"

"Yes, sir, I mean I don't know!" blurted Willard.

"Now in regard to the blue one—Mr. Chase paused and looked across at the boy. What he saw seemed to please him, for he smiled. "I 'll read you what Watkins says about the blue one, Will. Let—me—see; here we are! 'Of course you know you 've got the prize of the year in the "black-on-blue." I 'll take it off your hands if you want me to, but you 'd probably do better at auction. The stamp is in perfect condition, and being on the original envelop, ought to fetch top price. There 's a big auction in December, and you 'd better let me list it for that if you want to sell it. Your letter does n't state whether you do or don't. I 'm keeping the stamps until I hear further. The last Alexandria postmaster black-on-blue sold two years ago in this city to John Thayer Williams of Philadelphia. It was without envelop and slightly soiled. The price paid was twenty-six hundred dollars. Your stamp ought to bring a couple of hundred more, at least. Awaiting your instructions, respectfully yours, W. L. Watkins.'"

Mr. Chase folded the letter and smiled across at the boy.

"Well, what do you think of that, Will?" he asked.

Willard returned the smile rather tremulously.

"I think," he began. Then he stopped, swallowed, and began over again. "I think," he said huskily, "that Grandma Pierson is going to send me to college after all, just as she promised!"

RATHER HARD

BY EUNICE WARD

THEY gave him whistles and a drum,
Two big tin tops that buzz and hum,
A ninepin set, some squeaking toys;
Then said: "Now, Tom, don't make a noise!"

They gave her paints, a sewing-box,
Four dolls and stuff to make their frocks,
A set of books with pictures gay;
Then said: "Now, Madge, run out and play!"

SECRETS

BY ETHEL MARJORIE KNAPP

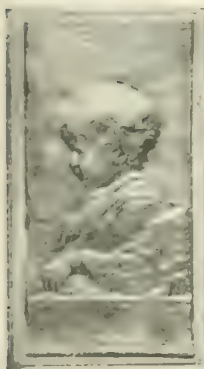
I HAVE so many, many friends
To tell my secrets to,
Unless some die, or move away,
I don't know what I 'll do.

I tell them,—oh, so cautiously!—
To twenty-three or four;
But somehow, by that time, they are n't
Like secrets any more.

There 's one I did n't mean to tell
Another soul, 't is true,
But I am sure you 'll understand.
I b'lieve I 'll just tell you.

Perhaps I 'd better not, it 's so
Particular—but—well
I will, if you will promise *sure*
That you will *never* tell!





EARLY PORTRAIT
OF A CHILD

WHEN Bernard Saint-Gaudens and his young Irish wife took their six-months-old baby out of his home in Dublin and carried him on board a ship sailing for America, they had no idea what a valuable baby he was. I do not mean in money; the little family of three was all poor together; but I mean in brains. If babies had been dutiable, the United States Government might have been paid a tidy sum for little Augustus's

coming. But I suppose his young French father never dreamed that the small right hand clasping his own so tightly would teach stone how to speak. And I suppose even the beautiful black-haired mother, with the "generous, loving, Irish face," thought less of her baby's future greatness than of the famine driving them all to a land of strangers. Surely, to fellow-passengers, the youngster did not look like a budding genius.

Nor were the New York City home and streets, where Augustus spent his boyhood, the best places to ripen genius. In the Bowery and other crowded districts, the child found no greater beauty and inspiration than the twilight picking of flowers in a near-by graveyard. His young mind was a contented clutter of all kinds of city impressions: the smell of cake from the bakery and of peaches stewed by Germans in his tenement; "races round the block"; the racket and joy of street fights, and the greater joy of boy-invented games.

The "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" paint him as no infant saint. The culprit confesses to "lickings galore in school and out," and tells us one of his "typical crimes": "The boy by my side in the classroom whispered to me, 'Say!' As I turned to him, his extended forefinger, which was meant to hit my nose, found itself at the level of my mouth. I bit it. He howled. I was 'stood up' with my back to the class and my face close against the blackboard, immediately behind the teacher, who, turned toward the class, could not see me. To relieve the monotony of the view, I took the rubber, covered my features with white chalk, and grinned around at the class. The resulting uproar can be imagined. I was taken by the scruff of the neck and sent to the private classroom, where I had the honor of a solitary and tremendous caning."

He must have been very often in mischief, for Saint-Gaudens says that, besides these whippings, he was "kept in" for about an hour every day, and that he used to look wistfully out of the window and envy the freedom of the floating clouds.

None of his teachers seemed to find anything good either inside his fun-loving heart or his little red head. Apparently no one but himself, or some secret crony, admired his slate drawing of a mighty battle, or his painting on a back fence of a negro boy with a target. Augustus, himself, took great pride in that negro boy. The hole in the boy's trousers, with the bare knee sticking through, was a real stroke of genius!

The little fellow often strolled over to his father's shop and drew pictures of the shoemakers at work. One day, Dr. Agnew, who had come in to order a pair of boots, saw these pen-and-ink

sketches, recognized the lifelike pose and action, talked the pictures over with the young artist, and gave encouragement where teachers had given only whippings.

There is a theory that the cobbler's trade offers great chances for meditation. A man can do a

At home, the Saint-Gaudens children—Augustus, Andrew, and Louis—spoke French to their father and English to their mother.

On Sundays, Augustus and Andrew, the two older boys, would take the Canal Street Ferry across the North River to the New Jersey shore.

There were fields and trees there then—half a century ago—and to those city boys it was a weekly trip to heaven, with one flaw that heaven does not have—the coming back at sunset. A mob of boys used to take the same trip. They would push their way to the bow of the boat, clamber onto a front seat, and, lords of the sea, sit there in a grinning row, their feet swinging and their hearts big with the joy of enterprise. The Saint-Gaudens boys had five cents apiece—"two to pay the ferry over, two back, and one to spend."

Hundreds of boys in the poor parts of great cities will understand this kind of a holiday better than any country boy. This is especially true if a bit of the artist is buried in their suffocated natures—a longing for space, and light, and color. Augustus had that longing, and he had a fine chance to satisfy it when, after an attack of typhoid fever, he was sent to the country to get strong. This is the story from a long-after letter to Homer Saint-Gaudens, his only son. He called himself Nosey, because of his big nose.



BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER

power of thinking while he sews a sole. But Augustus, not being a moralizing boy, was more amused than instructed by his father's philosophy. Whether he was ever told that what he did was "as much use as a mustard-plaster on a wooden leg," or that he was "as handy with his hands as a pig with his tail," we do not know; but those were two of his father's comparisons. As a matter of fact, before long, the boy did many useful things, and was particularly "handy with his hands." As for his tongue, as soon as he learned to speak, he had to use that skilfully.

"One night, Nosey woke up while he was sick, and he saw his mother and his mother's friend kneeling and praying by the bed. It was very quiet, and in the little light he saw his good mother had big tears in her eyes. And all he recollects of the sickness after that was his friend Jimmie Haddon. He was very fond of Jimmie Haddon. His father was a gold-beater, and he used to have four or five men with big, strong, bare arms with big veins on them, and they used to beat gold in a basement until it was so thin you could blow it away; and there was a sign



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS AT WORK

J. VAN N. S.

over the door, of an arm just like the men's arms, and it was gold. Well, he recollects Jimmie Had-don coming into the room and holding his moth-er's hand. But they would n't let him go near the bed, as he might get sick too. And then the next thing, Nosey was brought to the country, just as you are now, and it seemed so beautiful and green." The "country" was Staten Island.

Far from the rumbling streets and crowded buildings, the little sick boy found himself once more in paradise, only this time he did not have to leave at sunset. There was a hill in front of the house. For many days, he looked at that hill, so close to the loving blue, and wondered what was beyond. At last, he was strong enough to climb it, and then he made the discovery that there were more hills, still farther on, all beau-tiful and green. How plenteous and still it was—quite as if there was room in the world for birds and crickets, as well as for rushing people! But much as he loved the country, the city was to be Augustus's home for yet a long, long time.

So far, the mischievous and affectionate little boy had not proved he had any great brain value.

He drew a good deal; but what was that? Many draw who come to nothing. At thirteen, how-ever, he changed from a pesky school-boy to an earnest little workman. To satisfy his strong art-instinct and at the same time learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter named Avet. Soon after that, he entered a drawing class in the night school of Cooper Institute. Home from a day of cutting cameos, he would swallow a hasty supper and dash off again to draw. Either Mr. Avet, the cameo-cutter, or the drawing teacher must have heartily encouraged him, for, inwardly, more in joyful hope than in conceit, Augustus believed himself a "heaven-born genius." If the people who jostled against him in stages and horse-cars had only known how great a genius, would n't they be "profoundly impressed"? Such were his youthful thoughts. Before long, however, he must have been too tired to care what people thought. "In the morn-ing," as he tells us, "Mother literally dragged me out of bed, pushed me over to the wash-stand, drove me to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large

quantities of long, French loaves of bread and butter, and tumbled me down-stairs out into the street, where I awoke."

It was a rushing life for a little boy; much too rushing.

Education led him from Cooper Institute to the Academy of Design, and then to Europe. He was in America, however, during the exciting Civil War, and he saw things then that, pictured on his young mind, asked his older hands to make them live in bronze. He saw the soldiers march by to war; and, in the Draft Riots, the sudden desertion of the streets and the sudden sound of "men with guns running in the distance." One April morning, when he was seventeen, he found his mother, yes, and his father, too, crying at the breakfast-table. It was the news of Lincoln's death. Augustus was one of the great solemn crowd that went to see the President's tired face at rest. Like many others, he looked intently, reverently; but he did not know that the

surprised his boy by asking, "Would you like to go to the Paris Exposition?"

The answer is easy to guess.

"We will arrange that," the father continued. To the fellow who had lived such a cramped life, spending as little as possible, always, the very idea seemed a miracle. Ever since Augustus had worked, he had regularly given his entire wages, as a matter of course, to his parents. If he was to have a trip, it would be a kind of present; but the father had it ready. "He paid for my passage abroad, and gave me one hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages." To most of us it seems a small enough equipment, but it was bountiful from a poor shoemaker. As always, the boy was deeply touched by his parents' sacrifice. He had a second surprise. An artist friend gave him a farewell banquet, and at the table, under Augustus's plate, lay one hundred francs in shining gold (about twenty dollars), "to pay for a trip to Father's village in France."



THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT, NEW YORK CITY.

time would come when his touch would almost make that sad face live.

One day early in 1867, Mr. Saint-Gaudens

The last night and the Sunday before sailing, Augustus was very busy. Though his artist heart leaped forward, his home-loving heart tugged

back. As if to print on his mind a better picture of two faces, very dear, he made a bust of his father and a drawing of his mother, those last nights in the home he was leaving.

money his father had generously spared would not last long, even by pinching. Augustus would have to work as well as study. And so, a day or two after he reached Paris, he engaged himself



THE SHAW MEMORIAL, BOSTON

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was nineteen when, in February, 1867, he sailed for Europe in the steerage. At that bleak season, the sea seems rough enough in the first cabin. In the steerage, Saint-Gaudens was sicker than "a regiment of dogs." But he had with him, besides his carpet-bag, a big cargo of youth, and ambition, and sportsmanlike spirits. If he ever reached the steady shore, he was going to work hard and play hard, and he could suffer even the miseries of that miserable voyage for the *joy that was set before him*. It is as worker and player that we go with him, after the welcome land is reached. He was intense in both. He earned his vigorous play by vigorous work.

Even on his first night in Paris, as he trudged up the brilliantly lighted Champs-Élysées, weighed down with the immense weight of his more and more burdensome carpet-bag, he was half laborer, half sight-seer. He hated the heavy load; but he loved the dazzling glory. The little

to cut cameos for an Italian named Lupi. Mornings and evenings, he worked in a modeling school, to "learn sculpture in nine months"; afternoons, he cut cameos for his living. But he worked "so much at the school and so little at the cameos," that he grew poorer and poorer, moving from one cramped lodging to another. The Latin Quarter must have seemed almost too homelike to a Bowery boy. He tried sleeping on a cot without a mattress; on a mattress on the floor; with a friend, poorer than himself, on a cot two and a half feet wide. With merry cheer, the young artists shared their hopes and hardships. One night, he and his chum, Herzog, moved all their little possessions in a hand-cart hired for five cents an hour. Two cot-beds and bedding, pitchers, basins, piles of books, a modeling-stand, and what few clothes they had—all were loaded in artist disorder on that little cart. Though one of them "ran behind to gather the driblets," and though they got a third friend to

help, they lost a "good quarter" of their things on the road.

Still jolly fellowship prevailed. Through all the ups and some of the downs, Augustus whistled and sang ear-splittingly, and loved "Beethoven and ice-cream." It was the "regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms and disheartenings." Among other disheartenings, there was a nine-months' delay before he was admitted to the Beaux Arts. Meanwhile, he took what he could get in smaller schools, and all the fun there was anywhere. His account of Professor Jacquot is delightful. Half lispingly, half splutteringly, he would lean over the drawings and say, "Let us shee, um-m-m! Well, your head's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then bang! bang! would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy, fixsh that!'" The young students had a great deal of fun at Professor Jacquot's expense, and Gus Saint-Gaudens, who had been such a little scamp in the North Moore Street school long ago, had lost none of his sense of humor. It cheered him through many times of gloom.

Let us "jump," like Saint-Gaudens, from work to play. Twice we have seen him intense in labor, first as a boy in New York, cutting cameos all day and drawing at night, and then as a young man in Paris, studying sculpture mornings and evenings, and cutting cameos in the afternoons. As a necessity, however, he snatched every chance for rest and fun. He doted on wrestling and swimming, and was a beautiful diver. So as not to interrupt his art and still get physical recreation, he would go swimming at five o'clock in the morning, and he exercised more violently than any other in the gymnasium. No one was more eager for a holiday. Poor as the students were, once in a while they allowed themselves the joy of an outdoor excursion. A third-class railway carriage was good enough for them; much of the time their feet were better yet. Saint-Gaudens's friend, Monsieur Garnier, describes the delightful trip three of them took to Switzerland. It cost from twenty to thirty dollars. "As soon as he saw the water, Gus had to enter. . . . Nobody got his money's worth so well as he. Everything seemed enchanting, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats, and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful!" Then he went on to tell of one day when they rose at dawn, took their tin drinking-cups, butter in a tin box, wine and milk in gourds, cold meat, and a big loaf of bread, and piling them all on the top of their knapsacks, tramped forth into the morning, poor, but happy as "escaped colts."

It seemed to be Saint-Gaudens's nature to be happy. During his three years in Paris and his five in Rome, hope was his best tonic. It counteracted many a dose of grim disappointment, and much that was depressing. "He was dangerously ill in a low attic in Rome," and, though he soon proved himself a fine cameo-cutter, it was years before his success as a sculptor was sure. Meanwhile, he and Miss Homer had decided they wanted to get married; but Miss Homer's father thought an artist's trade a bit uncertain. And so, hard as the fact was, the wedding-day hinged on *orders for statues*. They came, and so did the wedding; but Saint-Gaudens's life was a money-struggle a good deal of the way, and a health-struggle at the end. In Rome, he had to piece out his earnings from sculpture by making cameos; and in America, he had to piece out by teaching. As lives go, however, his was not sad. Love and confidence filled his childhood's poor little home. And he had, as a man, the happiness of educating his brother Louis, and of making his father proud. Except for the death of his parents and the complete ruin of his Cornish studio by fire, he had, as lives go, little sorrow. Generous, free from conceit, and always fond of a good time, Saint-Gaudens was rich in friends, friends who laughed at his singing, trembled at his fearless swims, suffered at his disappointments and illness, and gloried in his success.

The three things he had to conquer were poverty, illness, and the problems of art. It is with Saint-Gaudens the artist that we are chiefly concerned. He described his life as "up and down, up and down, all the time," and his brain, while he worked on the Farragut, as a confusion of "arms with braid, legs, coats, eagles, caps, legs, arms, hands, caps, eagles, eagles, caps." Besides this, he had to deal directly with "molders, scaffoldings, marble assistants, bronze men, trucks, rubbish men, plasterers, and what-not else, all the while trying to soar into the blue."

Except for occasional flights to Europe, the rest of his life was spent in this country: fifteen years in a New York studio on Thirty-sixth Street, and then seven years in Cornish, New Hampshire. Peeps into his studio give peeps at his circumstances and character. One day, amid the "clatter of molders and sculptors" and the "incessantly jangling door-bell," we find his old father and Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton, sleeping there as soundly as if they were in bed. Mr. Saint-Gaudens often took his nap at his son's studio, and this day, Dr. McCosh, who had come too early for his pose, had had to wait till the big horse for the Shaw Memorial had served his

time as model. It was already strapped in place and "pawing and kicking" for freedom.

Saint-Gaudens was not, above all things, either self controlled or patient. Once when the work had been stopped "for the thirty fifth time, while some one looked for a lost hammer," he ordered

"Time and distance" were two of the articles in his artist-creed.

"You delay just as your father did before you," flashed Governor Morgan. Saint Gaudens did delay, and for this he was much criticized; but think of the discouragements that met his

art, and remember, too, his *love of perfection*. Often careless molders, by neglecting some detail, would waste both time and money. When a workman broke two fingers off his "Venus of the Capitol," he had to make the whole figure again. When the Morgan monument was "within three weeks of completion," the shed which sheltered it burned down, and the statue was so badly chipped that it was ruined. Saint-Gaudens had gone into debt for this statue, and it was not insured; but the destruction of his brain- and hand-labor was worse than the money loss. He had a hard time over one hind leg of the Sherman horse. While he was in Paris, something happened to the cast, and he had to send a man to the United States to get a duplicate. "Three weeks later the man returned—with the wrong hind leg." Then, when the horse was enlarged, "the leg constantly sagged." Guided by their own judgments, the assistants "plugged up the cracks," with the result that the leg was three inches too long at the final measurement.

Among other stories in the charming "Reminiscences" by father and son is a confession by the son. When



BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF THE CHILDREN OF JACOB H. SCHIFF

a gross of hammers, in the hope that, out of a hundred and forty-four, one would be at hand for use. He said to his assistants one day:

"I am going to invent a machine to make you all good sculptors. It will have hooks for the back of your necks, and strong springs. . . . Every thirty seconds, it will jerk you fifty feet away from your work, and hold you there for five minutes' contemplation."

he was a boy in Cornish, he had a pet goat which he had trained to play a butting game. The goat would butt, Homer would dodge, and then, to his great glee, the goat would butt the wrong thing or the air. One day at dinner-time, when the studio barn was deserted, Homer was playing this game. Beyond the open barn door stood the wax model of the Logan horse, "waiting to be cast in plaster." This time, when

Homer dodged, the goat butted the back of the horse. But since it did not fall or break, the relieved child thought it was n't hurt, and did n't tell. Before any one noticed that "the rear of the animal was strangely askew," the horse had been cast in plaster and the enlargement begun. This meant the loss of a whole summer's work—just one more of the accidents and errors that increased the "toughness of the sculptor's life." The worst of all was that great catastrophe—the burning of the studio in Cornish.

But, instead of dwelling on that, let us look at that other cause of delay in Saint-Gaudens's work—his love of perfection. For fourteen years, while other statues came and went, the Shaw Memorial stood in the crowded studio. A "kink in Shaw's trousers" had caught a "kink" in Saint-Gaudens's brain, Shaw's "right sleeve bothered him," and the flying figure drove him "nearly frantic." Again and again he modeled and remodeled her; he experimented with the folds of the drapery; he changed the branch in her right hand from palm to olive, to make her, as he said, less like a Christian martyr. In turn on the scaffold behind the Shaw, stood the Chicago Lincoln, the Puritan, the Rock Creek Cemetery figure, and Peter Cooper. Meanwhile, as Homer Saint-Gaudens says, his father returned to work on Shaw, "winter and summer, with unflagging persistence. Even the hottest of August days would find him high up on a ladder under the baking skylight."

Besides this, Homer Saint-Gaudens tells us that four times his father made a new beginning for the Fish monument, before arriving at a final form, and that for the McCosh relief he made "thirty-six two-foot sketches." He had to remodel by hand the enlargements of the standing Lincoln, Peter Cooper, and the Logan horse. Usually assistants do this mechanically. The inscription for the Stevenson Memorial, containing 1052 letters, was "modeled—not stamped—" letter by letter twelve times. For a coin design Saint-Gaudens modeled seventy eagles, and sometimes he would stand twenty-five of them in a row for visitors at the studio to compare. And for the Phillips Brooks monument he made over twenty sketches and drew thirty angels, before he decided to use the figure of Christ instead of an angel.

"There were few objects in his later years that my father 'caressed' as long as he did this figure," writes Homer Saint-Gaudens of the Brooks. "He selected and cast aside. He shifted folds of the gown back and forth. He juggled with the wrinkles of the trousers. . . . He moved the fingers and the tilt of the right hand into a variety of

gestures. . . . He raised and lowered the chin. . . . He shifted the left hand, first from the chest to a position where it held an open Bible, and last to the lectern, although the lectern was *not* the point from which Brooks spoke." And so the Brooks statue was long delayed.

Whether Saint-Gaudens's delays were due to accident or the search for perfection, he was, as Kenyon Cox said, "one of those artists for whom it is worth while to wait." One committee, at least, trusted him—that for the Shaw Memorial. It took Thomas Gray eight years to write his perfect elegy. Why not give Saint-Gaudens fourteen years for his wonderful bas-relief?

In our search for the secret of his magic, for the life-giving power of his touch, we find it lay where most magic does lie, in hard work. If Christopher Columbus could come to earth, and, standing outside a big, darkened building, should see it suddenly blaze with light, the touch of the electric button would seem to him a magic touch. But back of that touch would lie a complex system of wires and years of work of many minds. Back of the living, speaking bronze of Saint-Gaudens lay years of struggle for perfection. If his Rock Creek figure fills us with the sense of mystery, and the Shaw Memorial stirs with throbbing heroism; and if the living Lincoln looks down, nobly patient under a mighty burden, it is all because the magic touch was given through numberless experiments by the hand, and out of the brain and heart of a devoted man. Once given, the touch would last; he knew that, "A poor picture goes into the garret, books are forgotten, but the bronze remains." Saint-Gaudens's art would not die with him, like the art of Edwin Booth. It would be perpetual. And it was worth the cost, in money and vital strength, if bronze and stone could be made to live.

So much for the world's gain by the magic touch. The artist had a gain, himself. The joy of his touch came back in many ways, though, when his statues were unveiled, he tried to escape speech-making; and though, when he was asked if his life had satisfied him, he exclaimed, in genuine modesty, "No, look at those awful bronzes all over the country!" When he was traveling in the West, the sleeping-car conductor, after painfully spelling out his name, gave "a squeeze with his big fist," and said: "Why, you're the man who made that great statue in New York! Well, I declare!" That little surprise brought real joy to the sculptor. And another: one night, almost at midnight, Saint-Gaudens, his wife, and Mr. William W. Ellsworth came suddenly on an old man standing bareheaded before the Farragut monument.

"Why, that 's Father!" exclaimed Saint-Gaudens. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Oh, you go about your business! Have n't I a right to be here?" answered the old man. So the others walked on and left him to his moonlight and his pride.

And then Saint-Gaudens had fun in his work. Apparently the darkies, who posed for Shaw's followers, brought Saint-Gaudens the greatest merriment. He employed "countless negroes of all types," and again and again they "gave him the slip." But as time went on, he learned just to offer "a job," and finally, "promised a colored man twenty-five cents for every negro he would bring me that I could use. The following day the place was packed with them."

And so his statues brought him laughter. It was a good gift—with the magic touch. But not the best: the study he put on Brooks and the Guiding Figure gave his heart the touch divine. During most of Saint-Gaudens's life, "only the joy of religion had drawn from him any response. But now as," in making this statue, "he gave the subject more and more thought, Christ became the Man of men, a teacher of peace and happiness."

The deepest gifts are often the most secret. Those who saw Saint-Gaudens at work, and singing lustily the while, would have guessed nothing of this. Like Stevenson, he made light of pain, this singing laborer. And yet, rheumatism, nervousness, and dyspepsia were his steady companions. Three times he had to go to a hospital, and during those last seven years in Cornish, he fought a constant fight against illness. He had to "work with teeth set." "He limped around behind a curtain to take medicine . . . came back and worked away for hours." The last thing he touched, as an artist, was a medallion of his wife; he worked on that "when he could no longer stand."

In the little town of Cornish, brook-threaded and hill-caressed, Saint-Gaudens had found a satisfying home for the last years of his life. It "smiled." For Lincoln models there were "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men." The farmers loved to see the statue in the field. And a crowd of Saint-Gaudens's friends followed him: he had a farm; they would have farms; and they would all love the country together. So around him grew up a little settlement of artists and writers, with gardens made to live in, pillar-like poplars, and fragrant tangles of wild grape-vines. Unknowingly, the city-bred boy of long ago had craved the blossoming country, and hungered for something sweeter than the streets. The little trips to the Jersey fields, the peace of Staten Island, the over-powering grandeur of Switzerland, and the

fairy-like perfection of Capri, with its "fields and fields of flowers,"—all these had made that hunger worse. Saint-Gaudens, crying out for beauty, was weary of "work between four walls."

Then, too, as long as he was able, Cornish gave



THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN
LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

him a place to play: to ride horseback (and perhaps be thrown), to fish for trout, play golf in summer and hockey in winter, to slide down "perilous toboggan-shoots," and tip out of sleighs, and to love it all—the fringing spring with its trebled brooks, and the sparkling winter with its merry bells.

As long as his strength would let him, he played and worked intensely, bearing his long, unmentioned sickness with the bravest spirit. Though he loved the world, he was not afraid to leave it, and he had not counted the "mortal years it took to mold immortal forms."



"NOT INVITED."

DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Amesbury, Mass., U.S.A.

CHAPTER 4

1111 E. 11TH AVE. BOULDER, CO. 80502

Foot, flights up the rickety tenement staircase was a little room with the door shut tight. The key was turned in the keyhole outside. From inside came the sound of sobbing for any one to hear. But there was no one to hear; every one was too busy indoors or out on this beautiful June day. Every one who had work to do was doing it, over the hot stove, or at the shop or factory. The free children were romping or tumbling about in the alley; for this was Saturday morning, and there was no school.

Saturday morning in June! That suggests all sorts of pleasant things: parks, and flowers, and excursions on the water; birds, and green grass, and freedom to run and play out of doors. Freedom! But the key was turned in the lock outside the dingy tenement room, and there came the sound of sobbing from inside

It was Maggie who cried. She lay on a cot-bed in the corner, crumpled up like a rosebud that has been left too long without water. The little girl's long, black curls were tangled, and her dress was torn and rumpled. Over one eye was an ugly bruise, and one of her wrists was black and blue. The room was bare and grimy. The only furniture beside the cot on which Maggie lay consisted of two broken chairs, a table, a cupboard, and a tumble-down stove. In the window, two pots of geraniums seemed struggling to look as cheerful as possible. But it was hard work; for though no merry sunshine came in at the window, the room was hot, very hot. And all the feeble efforts of the gera-

minims could not sweeten the air that came up from the alley.

Presently, Maggie sat up on the bed and looked around her with red eyes. "I want to get out!" she said aloud. Maggie had a habit of talking



SHOULD I EVER GO ALONE, I'D WANT AN! STOP, I'VE GOT TO GO. STOP, I'VE GOT TO GO.

aloud to herself. And she talked in language not quite like that of other tenement children; for once she had had a mother who taught her better, and she had not quite forgotten. "I can't bear this place, it's so hot. It's Saturday, and I want

to be outdoors!" She ran to the door and banged on it as hard as she could with her small fists. It was not the first time she had done so that morning. "Open the door!" she screamed, thumping the panels with her knees. But no one came to release her. "They 're all busy somewhere," said Maggie, at last, turning away. "It 's no use. I 'll have to stay here till 'Tilda comes home. And goodness knows what will happen then!" She eyed her bruised wrist ruefully, and put her hand to her eye, which was painfully swollen. "If she hits me again, I don't know what I 'll do!" Maggie's lip trembled. "I guess I 've stood about all I can. And she ain't even my real sister. Oh, how I wish I had a home, and a mother to take care of me as I used to have!" She sank down in a chair beside the table and buried her face in her arms, sobbing wildly.

Suddenly she sat up, the tears still in her eyes. "It 's no use crying," she said; "but what 'll they think of me at the Settlement? What will Mr. Graham say? I missed the language lesson last night, the first time for six months, since I began to go there; and now I have n't reported this morning, when he was going to take us to the park. I bet they 're starting now. My! how I 'd like to go with the other children and play outdoors this lovely day! And maybe he 'd tell us some more stories!" Her eyes brightened at the last word, and strayed to the pillow of the bed where she had been lying. Presently, with a sigh, she crossed the room and pulled out from under the pillow a worn green volume. "I can read my book anyhow, and I can *pretend*," she said. "'Tilda does n't know, and she can't stop that!"

Curled up on the bed, Maggie was soon absorbed in the contents of the green book, and for the time she seemed to forget her troubles. Her pretty mouth lost its sad droop, and her pale cheeks took on a bit of color. But presently something in the text made her uneasy. "I 'm so hungry!" she sighed. "I wonder if 'Tilda left me anything to eat?" She went to the cupboard in the corner and began to rummage among a clutter of empty boxes and bags, old clothes, and stray articles of all kinds. A few crackers and a bit of cheese rewarded her search. These she placed on the table in a cracked plate, and with her book open before her, sat down to eat her morning meal.

"'The Princess partook of a banquet, waited on by many slaves,'" read Maggie, grandly. "'All kinds of delicacies piled the groaning board' (I wonder why she did n't have that board fixed), 'and a sparkling jeweled goblet was at her hand.'" Maggie reached for the cracked water-

pitcher that stood across the table, half empty, and was about to drain it elegantly when her eye caught a new sentence in the book: "'From the conservatory came the sweet odors of beautiful flowers.'" She glanced quickly toward the window. "I had almost forgotten the conservatory," she said, and crossing the room with the stately tread of a story-book princess, she emptied the pitcher into the thirsty geranium pots. "There!" she said, "I guess that tastes good to you!" And she continued to quote, as she picked off some dead leaves, "'The Princess cared for the beautiful blossoms, and tended them herself, while the slaves watched admiringly.' (I know it by heart!) 'On the terrace the peacocks strutted in their showy feathers, and nibbled gratefully the crumbs which the Princess tossed to them from the window.'" Maggie returned to the table and gathered up the cracker crumbs, which she scattered outside on the window-sill. Immediately, several sparrows came to quarrel over her hospitality. A single pigeon swooped down from a neighboring roof and pecked daintily at the crumbs, cocking his head and peering at her with knowing little red eyes. "What a pretty bird!" exclaimed Maggie. "Don't he look knowing? Perhaps he 's a fairy in disguise! Are you?" she asked, leaning forward eagerly. But at her sudden gesture, the pigeon and the sparrows fluttered away, and Maggie turned from the window with a sigh. "I wish I could fly like that," she murmured. "You bet I would n't stay long in this stuffy room. Not much! Oh, dear, I am so thirsty and hungry! Say, I wish the fairies would fetch me something tasty to eat and drink, the way they do in books. I wish the lucky stone would get busy and do something for me."

She drew from her pocket a little heart-shaped stone with a white stripe around it, and laid it on the table, looking at it earnestly. "Of course it did work from the very first, a little," she said. "Was n't it funny how I just happened to see Mr. Graham pick it up on the street? And when he saw me stopping to see what he was doing, I remember just how he said, '*Little girl, here 's a lucky stone for you. I wonder if a fairy put it there?*' S'pose she did? S'pose the lucky stone made him say, '*I don't believe you know about fairies, little girl. Don't you want to come in and hear me tell some stories to the other children?*' Say, it was funny! Just think; if I had n't hiked to the Settlement, I should n't have known about Saint George and the Dragon—where he got his name—nor about lots of other things. And Mr. Saint George would n't have been my Jim-dandy friend, nor have given me the

fairy book. And I guess I should n't have known what it was to be magicked under a spell. And if I had n't known that, I don't believe I could have stood 'Tilda so long. Yes, I guess it was a lucky stone for me, all right! But, believe me, it is 'most time something else happened to break the spell. I do think it is 'most time my fairy got busy, and the lucky stone brought me some real, big luck. Mr. Saint George said he believed it would."

But what was that sound on the stairs! Boots were ascending, were creaking toward the door. They paused outside. Maggie's face went suddenly pale. In two flying leaps she was across the room, stuffing the fairy book back to its hiding-place under her pillow. Then she fell back against the wall and stood at bay, with her little fists doubled up before her, and her slight figure tense with dreadful expectation.

"It's 'Tilda come back! It's the wicked witch!" she whispered, with fearful eyes on the door.

Some one knocked. Maggie did not answer. Her heart was knocking, too. "Hello!" called a man's voice; "anybody in?"

Maggie bounded to the door. "Oh, Mr. Graham," she cried; "I'm locked in!"

"Locked in?" A hand fumbled with the key, and presently the door opened, and in came a tall, gray-suited young man with the kind of face that children like. But he was not smiling now. "Hello, what does this mean?" he said sternly, looking around the room. "Why are you shut up in this place when you ought to be out of doors with us?"

"Oh, Mr. Saint George! You have come to rescue me, have n't you? I am so glad to see you! I was afraid it was 'Tilda." Maggie ran up and clasped his hand eagerly. He put an arm around her, then held her off to look at her face.

"I should say *you* had met a dragon, all right!" he exclaimed. "How did you get that eye? And what is the matter with your wrist?"

"'Tilda," said Maggie, simply. "She came home again last night—queer—and in an awful temper; and because I wanted to go out, I had to catch it. That was why I did n't come to the Settlement for the lesson."

George Graham made a quick remark under his breath. "And why did she lock you in this morning?" he asked, frowning. "Whew! It is hot here!"

"She knew I wanted to go with you. But when I woke late—'cause I did n't sleep all night with my banged old eye—she had gone off and locked me in. And I could n't tell you about it; that was the worst of all!"

"And she was going to keep you here all day?"

Maggie nodded. "She don't usually get home till late Saturdays." Again Mr. Graham made a sound with his lips.

"I guess it is about time to put a stop to this!" he murmured. "Have you had breakfast, Maggie?"

Maggie glanced at the window-sill, where the sparrows were nibbling the last of her crumbs. "The captive Princess had a royal banquet," she said, with a laugh; "crackers, Mr. Graham; about two crackers and a half. Only I gave the half to the peacocks," she giggled, as she saw his bewildered expression. "Oh, you know I play it's all a fairy story," she explained, "like what's in the fairy book you gave me. It helps a lot."

"Look here," said Mr. Graham, pulling a box from his pocket. "I have something here, and you sit right down and eat it. We were going to have it for luncheon in the park, you and I. But I guess it will never taste better to you than now. Miss Wilkes has gone on ahead with the other children. We'll take a car and catch them up later, after I've had a doctor look at your eye."

"My! ain't it good!" commented Maggie, as she nibbled the sandwiches which Mr. Graham set out on the cracked plate. "Am I really going to the park with you after all? What will 'Tilda say?"

"Never mind what she says! I'll attend to that," said Mr. Graham, with a grim look about his jaw. "You're going to the park with me as soon as you have eaten your breakfast, and I'll be here to explain several things when 'Tilda sees you again. But now I've got something more to tell you. Are you prepared for a surprise?"

"A surprise?" Maggie stopped in the middle of a bite.

"You go on eating, and I'll tell you. We'll have just a little taste of green grass and flowers to-day. But how would you like to go to the real country and stay for a couple of weeks or so?" Maggie stopped eating altogether.

"Oh, Mr. Graham! What do you mean? How can I?"

"You can, and you shall, if you want to. I have made all the necessary arrangements. What do you say?"

"Will 'Tilda let me?"

"'Tilda will have to let you. I'll see to that. Her last night's doings have settled one matter so far as she is concerned."

"But where is the country, Mr. Graham? I never was there. What is the name of it?"

"How do you like the sound of Bonnyburn, Maggie?"

"Bonnyburn! Bonnyburn! That sounds like a fairy name, Mr. Graham," said Maggie. "Is it a real place, not just in a book?"

"It's a really, truly place, 'way up in the mountains, Maggie, where you will get fat and strong. There is a farm at Bonnyburn where we get our Settlement potatoes and maple-sugar. I wrote to Mr. Timmins, the farmer, about you. He has a little boy and girl of his own, and they got interested in you. They want you to come and visit them for a fortnight. I guess you will have a good time."

"Oh!" cried Maggie, clasping her hands, "the country! That's where there are trees and grass, and flowers growing wild. Mama used to say we'd go there some day. She used to live in the country. And it's where the fairies live,—don't they, Mr. Graham?"

"Well, Maggie," he laughed, "you will just have to go and find out. If there are any there, you will be sure to see them, they are such friends of yours. School closes next week. What do you say to going the week after?"

Maggie looked down at her poor dress. "My clothes ain't very good," she said, her cheeks turning crimson. "My mother used to dress me real pretty. But since she died and 'Tilda took me, I—I don't ever look nice. My mother would have been ashamed to have those country children see me,—what are their names, Mr. Graham?"

"Bob and Bess Timmins," he answered; "and they're about your age. Don't you worry about clothes, Maggie. We can fix you up at the Settlement, I know. Now put on your hat and come along. The children will be getting anxious about us."

Maggie began to skip, all smiles and eagerness. "I shall take the fairy book with me to Bonnyburn, though I know it all by heart," she declared. "I don't dare leave it behind, for fear 'Tilda should find it. She'd burn it up. Oh, Mr. Graham, if it had n't been for the fairies— Say!"—a sudden thought seized her—"I guess your lucky stone is beginning to work. I guess I am going to be un-magicked. Oh, *thank you*, Mr. Graham!"

She gave him a big hug at the head of the crazy tenement staircase, and they clattered merrily down, hand in hand.

CHAPTER II

BONNYBURN

FORTY-FIVE minutes late, the train tugged panting up a steep slope into the heart of the mountains. It had left the city eight hours behind it, and the next big city was still many miles away. There was a general relaxation among the hot and tired

passengers; most of them had long ago ceased to look at the passing scenery, though it was well worth their attention.

A brakeman came lazily down the aisle and stopped at a seat occupied by a little girl with a shabby suitcase. Maggie's face was pressed closely against the window, and, absorbed in the wonderful moving picture outside, she knew nothing of the discomforts within. It was to her an enchanted journey, the first she had ever taken. The brakeman touched her shoulder.

"You get off at the next station," he said, nodding out of the window. "We are coming to Bonnyburn now."

Maggie turned to him big, eager eyes. "Oh," she said, "this is Bonnyburn! Ain't I glad!" She clutched her suitcase and started to her feet. The brakeman laughed.

"I'll bet you're glad," he said. "It's a long trip for a kid like you, all alone. But we are n't there yet. I'll help you off when the train stops."

Maggie sank back again onto the seat, setting in place her new straw hat with its bright ribbon, and smoothing out the gingham dress which had been clean when she left home. Then she turned again to the window, with its panorama of towering peaks, green slopes dotted with white patches, and a silver brook threading the valley below. It was a fair and goodly land through which the train was toiling. To Maggie of the city tenement it seemed more.

"I'm glad it's *here*!" said Maggie to herself. "Ain't it like the pictures in the book! And look at that lovely palace up there on the hill, all white, like candy! My! I'll bet a fairy princess lives there!"

"Bonnyburn! Bonnyburn!" called the brakeman, as the train slowed up to a tiny station neighbored by a mere handful of houses. Maggie clutched her pocket-book and rose nervously. The brakeman seized her suitcase and pushed her before him to the door.

"Get a move on!" said he, not unkindly. "We don't stop here for refreshments." For Maggie, a prey to sudden shyness, moved reluctantly. There would be strange people to meet her. What would they do? What should she say to them?

The brakeman darted down the steps with her suitcase, and then fairly jerked Maggie from the train, setting her breathless on the platform. The conductor waved his hand, and the train puffed carelessly away from the station.

Maggie stood looking about her, somewhat dazed. There was no one to meet her. She was quite alone. The station-master came out, picked up the mail-bag, and vanished. The station seemed entirely deserted, and not a soul appeared

in the neighboring houses. Apparently there was not even a live dog in Bonnyburn; or else they were all asleep. And oh! how still it was!

Maggie's lip trembled, and her little pale face looked a shade sadder than usual. She sat down on the suitcase and lifted her eyes to the hills. The hills! A great, wonderful wall of them surrounded her. They peered at her over one another's shoulders, rounded in gracious curves and greenly clothed; and the green garments were full of pungent perfume.

"My!" said Maggie, "what big hills! They make me feel awful small. I did n't know the country was so big and kinder lonesome. I wonder if everybody is asleep, and I've got to go and wake 'em up, like the prince. Oh, I don't dare to! I wish Mr. Graham was here. He'd know what to do. And it's so still—I wish there'd be a noise or something."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when there came a strange sound from somewhere behind her. "Ze-e-e-e!" it shrilled, brassy, wicked, and piercing through the hot air. Maggie jumped up wildly and looked behind her; but



"OH!" SAID SHE. "ENCHANTED LIONS! IT /S A FAIRY PALACE!" (SEE PAGE 221.)

there was nothing to be seen. "*Ze-e-e!*" it came again out of nowhere. It seemed like the wicked voice of some naughty spirit, glad to see her unhappy.

"It 's the un-fairies!" said Maggie to herself. "Oh, what shall I do?" She looked about her despairingly. There seemed no place to hide, no one to help her in all this silent land. She put her hand into her pocket and grasped the lucky stone which Mr. Graham had given her. "I 'm glad I brought the lucky stone," said she. "I 'll hold on to it tight, and I guess nothing can hurt me."

Just then, there came another sound, the welcome rumble of wheels and a horse's trotting feet. Maggie turned eagerly, and spied a carryall hurrying to the station. In it were a man and two children, a boy and a girl, and they were all craning their necks and smiling. Presently, they drew up close to Maggie, and the man sprang out onto the platform. He was tall and kind-looking, with red hair and whiskers, and twinkling blue eyes.

"Wall!" said he, with a good-natured drawl, "I guess you 're the little gal from the city, ain't ye, Maggie Price? They told us the train would be late, so we went to the store to do some errands for Mother. And then the train come after all. Wa'n't it too bad? Must have seemed kind of lonesome to ye." He had noted the channels of tears on Maggie's dusty face as he lifted her into the back seat of the carryall beside the little girl who sat there, bashful but eager. The boy on the front seat, who held the reins to the old white horse while his father stowed away Maggie's suitcase, turned around and stared at her with a broad grin. He was a year or two older than Maggie, and his merry blue eyes were like his father's.

"I was awful lonesome," confessed Maggie. "And I was scared by the horrid sound."

"Sound? What sound?" asked the farmer, in surprise.

"A loud, zippy sound that came just now. Oh, did n't you hear it? I think it was something wicked." Maggie turned big eyes from one astonished face to another. "There it is again!" She shuddered as once more the brassy "*Ze-e-e!*" pierced the air behind them.

"Why, bless ye! That 's only a locust!" said Mr. Timmins, laughing, and the children tittered. "Did n't you ever hear a locust before?" asked Bess, smiling. Maggie shook her head.

"What is a locust? Is it a bad fairy?" she questioned. Bob burst into a roar.

"It 's a kind of a bug," said Mr. Timmins, laughingly; "and it makes that noise with its wings."

"Oh," said Maggie, much relieved. "I suppose he tries to make a pretty song, poor thing, and can't; like Jacopo, on the floor below us, who wants to sing in the opera."

The children looked puzzled. Maggie was continually puzzling them during the ride to the farm. For everything she said about the city was as strange to them as the country was to Maggie. She kept exclaiming at the woods and the little brooks over which they passed; at the big trees and the fields of grain. She could not believe that the beautiful flowers which grew everywhere belonged to anybody who wanted to pick them.

As the old white horse toiled up a steep hill, Bob swung himself down over the wheel and gathered a sprawling bouquet of clover, heal-all, butter-and-eggs, and queen's-lace, which he thrust into Maggie's hands.

"Oh! Thank you!" she gasped. "Ain't they beautiful! And just think! I can find 'em myself, all I want, for a whole fortnit! Ain't it fairy-land!"

"Fairy-land!" echoed Bob, with a laugh. "No, it 's just Bonnyburn."

"I think it 's fairy-land," insisted Maggie. "It looks just like the pictures. There ain't any houses, but there 's plenty of grass and flowers,—just what the fairies like. Did you ever see any?" She turned eagerly to Bess with the question. Bob and Bess looked at each other, and burst into shouts of laughter. Mr. Timmins's shoulders were shaking also.

"Fairies!" said Bess, at last. "Why, we don't believe in fairies. Do you?"

Maggie's pale cheeks flushed. "Yes, I do!" she declared. "I *know* all about 'em! The folks that don't believe in 'em don't *know*. Mr. Graham says so. He tells us stories at the Settlement—such lovely stories!" She clasped her hands in rapturous recollection. "I 'll bet there 's fairies here. I saw a grand white palace from the train window. It was up-on a hill, just like a picture in the fairy books. I believe a princess lives there."

"She must mean the Park," said Bob, grinning. "You can see that from the train. It 's the only big white house in town."

"The Park," said Bess; "why, that 's right near us, Maggie; at least, one part of it is. It 's so big! Here 's one of the entrances now. See!"

Indeed, just then they came in sight of an imposing gateway in the high wall which ran all the way up the hill on each side of the road. There was a high, white marble arch, with a coat of arms at the top, and gates of iron grill-work through which one caught glimpses of lawns and

big trees, with here and there a bed of rhododendrons. But what caught and held Maggie's attention were the two enormous marble lions standing grandly on either side of the gate.

"Oh!" said she, in a whisper, clutching Bess's hand eagerly. "Enchanted lions! It is a fairy palace!"

"Pooh, pooh!" snorted Mr. Timmins, giving the horse a flick which caused him to start from his creeping doze so suddenly that the little girls nearly went out over the back seat; "your head is full of fancies, young one. Them lions are jest stone, and that there place belongs to Mr. Penfold, of Boston, though he don't scarcely ever come here. And 't is a shame."

"Who does live there?" asked Maggie.

"Nobody," said the farmer, "except servants. There 's always been somebody to take care of the Park, but they won't let anybody else inside the gates. It 's a grand big house and pretty gardens, they say. It 's forty years since he bought the place. But I 've never been inside. None of the town folk has. The Penfolds hain't been here for ten years. They 've got half a dozen houses scattered in different places round the hull world; but they can't live in 'em all. 'T ain't right, I say!"

"There 's somebody staying at the Park now, Father," said Bob, unexpectedly. "I saw an automobile go in there last week."

"Who was in it?" demanded Bess.

"I dunno," answered her brother, carelessly. "Two women that I never saw before. One of 'em wore a black veil so thick she looked as if she had n't any face."

"A veiled princess!" murmured Maggie, under her breath. "Oh, ain't it just like the Arabian Nights!"

"I guess it was some new servants," said Bess, practically. "There are always new ones coming and going, 'cause they get so lonesome. Mother says she don't blame 'em a mite. She says she would n't stay there for anything."

"Oh, how I 'd like to go inside!" said Maggie, clasping her hands.

"Wall, ye cain't, young lady!" said Mr. Timmins, with a twinkle.

"That 's one thing ye cain't do while ye 're here with us. We 'll make ye as happy and comfortable as we can, to the farm. That 's what we promised Mr. Graham.

We 'll fatten ye up with good milk and eggs and berries, and welcome. And we 'll let ye run wild as an Injun and do jest as ye please all over our place. But ye cain't go into the Park. There 's signs up everywhere sayin' 'No Trespassin',' and I don't want anybody at my place to git arrested for trespassin'. Besides, ye could n't git over the wall ef ye tried. So that 's the end of it."

Bob and Bess laughed. They were used to their father's kind, blunt manner.

"Maggie won't have time to bother with the Park," said Bob; "we 've got so many things to show her, and such a lot to do. Why, two weeks is no time in Bonnyburn."

"It 's a long time in the tenement," said Maggie, "but that does n't matter now."

After a merry ride, they came at last to the top of the hill, and turned into the homely doorway of a cottage under two aged oaks, where hens and chickens were scratching busily, where a herd of patient cows waited behind bars to be milked, and where a motherly woman in a clean, white apron stood on the door-step smiling a welcome.

"Well, you *are* late!" cried Mrs. Timmins. "Come right in, Maggie, and get washed up for supper. My! you must be tired and hungry, you poor child. Bess, take her right up to your room, where she 'll find warm water and a clean towel. Come down as soon as you can, children, for I 've got hot griddle-cakes and maple-syrup waitin' for you, and they 'll never be any better than they are now."

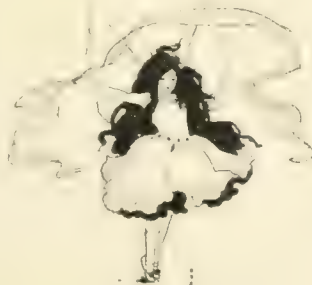
It was a cordial welcome, and Maggie's heart warmed to it. Bess pulled her little guest after her up the stairs to the clean, simple bedroom.

"Oh, ain't it sweet!" sighed Maggie, looking at the two little cots side by side. "Am I going to have a bed all to myself? I never did before. Won't it be grand!"

"But we 'll be near each other," said Bess, hugging her. "And you 'll tell me some of those fairy stories, won't you, Maggie?"

Maggie looked at her with shining eyes. "You bet I will!" she cried. "I 've got my fairy book in the bag here. But you don't need 'em here the way I do at home, 'cause this place is a fairy tale. And I know I 'm in fairy-land—everything is so clean and sweet, and everybody is so nice."

(To be continued)



"AUNT JO" AND "ONE OF HER BOYS"

A LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT

PERHAPS no autograph was more persistently sought and longed for by the young folk of a generation ago than that of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the beloved author of "Little Women"; and

Numberless copies of her letters have been published, too, in books and periodicals during the last twenty-five years, and many a story has been told of her thoughtful, unselfish kindness to

Boston Dec. 4'

My Dear Miss Lewis.

I have so many letters from unknown friends that I have to leave many of them unanswered for want of time, ~~for~~^{as} I am a very busy woman.

But your letter gave me such sincere pleasure that I must thank you for it, & tell you how happy it makes me to know that my little books can be guide the weary hours of any one who suffers.

I know what pain is for

probably few autographs are more familiar to the boys and girls of to-day. Though a quarter of a century has passed since her death in 1888, her signature is still as proudly cherished a treasure or memento in many households as it was during her busy and useful life.

the girls and boys who loved her books and wrote to her concerning them.

A hitherto unpublished letter of unusual interest and charm has lately come to the notice of ST. NICHOLAS. It was written by "Aunt Jo" for "one of her boys" in 1874, and it is here repro-

duced both in print and in the handwriting so familiar to hosts of Miss Alcott's admirers.

Boston, Dec. 4.

My dear Miss Tevis:

I have so many letters from unknown friends that I have to leave many of them unanswered for want of time, as I am a very busy woman.

But your letter gave me such sincere pleasure that I must thank you for it, & tell you how happy it makes

cheer us up, for I often long, as I sit alone aching, for some one to ache with me & be socially dismal together.

Now perhaps it would amuse him if I tell something about the little women who have grown up. Meg is living at home in Concord Mass. with her two boys who are tip top little lads. Fred is "Demi" & a regular book-worm, reading all the time; books in his pocket, under his pillow, by his plate & before his nose as he walks. When he can't get anything else he reads the dictionary & says "words are very interesting." Jack,

It has been my companion day & night - for some years & I have learned what comforters books are.

Thank your brother for his sympathy & tell him I wish I could see him & have story-telling party to cheer us up, for I often long, as I sit alone aching, for some one to ache with me & be ^{so} socially dismal together.

Now perhaps it would amuse him if I tell something about the little women who have grown up. Meg is living at home in Concord Mass. with her two boys who are tip top little lads. Fred is Demi & a regular book-worm, reading all the time;

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Thank your brother for his sympathy & tell him I wish I could see him & have a story-telling party to

or "Daisy," is a jolly chap of nine & a real worker, for he pegs away at something all the time, & is never so happy as when trying to dig a well, build a house, or move a mountain. They have no father now but their gentle mother lives for them & some good angel seems to watch over our little men.

Old Jo (42 last birthday) has a room in Boston &

books in his pocket, under his yallow, by his plate & before his nose as he walks. When he can't get any thing else he reads the dictionary & says "words are verry interesting. Jack, or Daisy is a jolly chaf of nine & a real worker for he pegs away at something all the time, & is never so happy as when trying to dig a well, build a house, or move a mountain. Then none no father now but their gentle mother lives for them & soon good angel seems to watch over our little men.

O to go (H2 last birth day) was a room in Boston & just now is writing a serial for St. Nicholas.

Beth is gone as in the story, but Amy, or May, has just got home from Europe with some fine pictures, & she has classes in painting so that she can help some poor girls through the Normal school. She didn't marry Laurie.

Mrs. March is a merry old lady who sits at home among her children & grand children & cuddles them all. Papa is at the West lecturing & visiting schools like a wise old philosopher as he is, & that is what the Marches are about.

Your letter is dated my birth day, and as I cannot come I thank you for it - personally I send your brother a photograph of his & your friend S. M. Hall

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Your letter is dated my birthday, and as I cannot see & thank you for it personally I send you brother's photograph of his & your friend.

L. M. A.

same day, November 29, was my own father's birthday, and that of Christopher Columbus, Sir Philip Sidney, Wendell Phillips, and other worthies. And almost the last story which she

The story of how this kindly epistle came to be penned is told in this statement by Miss Anna A. Tevis, the sister of the lad for whom it was intended.

It was during the winter of 1874 that a friend of my brother, Wesley K. Tevis, who was then thirteen years of age, lent him the books "Little Men" and "Little Women."

My brother was quite ill, confined to his bed for more than a year, and could not move, and at that time we saw no hope for his recovery. The two books afforded him the greatest pleasure; the characters became to him, shut in as he was, personal friends, and the author was, of course, as dear as the imaginary people she portrayed so well. My brother asked repeatedly if he could not get a photograph of her, so I wrote to her publishers, stating the facts, and they forwarded my letter to Miss Alcott. In a short time, an answer came, to the quiet town of Beverly, New Jersey, where we then lived,—a gracious and tender answer, for Miss Alcott sent not only a photograph, prettily inscribed, but a four-page letter as well, which brought untold joy to the little invalid, and happiness to all the family.

I am glad that the young readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* will have an opportunity to read this letter and its history, affording, as they do, one more example of the beautiful spirit of Miss Alcott, whose books have delighted so many girls and boys.

The letter will be welcomed by all readers of "Little Women," because it contains a whole paragraph about the doings of "the March family"; and it is of especial interest to readers of this magazine, since Miss Alcott states that she was at that time "writing a story for *ST. NICHOLAS*." This story was the well-known and popular narrative "Eight Cousins," which was originally published as a serial in 1875.

The fact may not be generally known to present-day young folk—though well remembered by their fathers and mothers—that, in its earlier years, *ST. NICHOLAS* published four long serials, and a score of shorter stories, written especially for it by Miss Alcott. Indeed, nearly all of the work of her later years was contributed to the pages of this magazine. The serials were "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," "Under the Lilacs," and a set of twelve delightful "Spinning-Wheel Stories." These, with twenty single articles and tales of various sorts, form a memorable collection in the library of the *ST. NICHOLAS* bound volumes.

In the final sentences of her letter, Miss Alcott makes mention of her birthday. Concerning this date, she once wrote to an intimate friend: "The

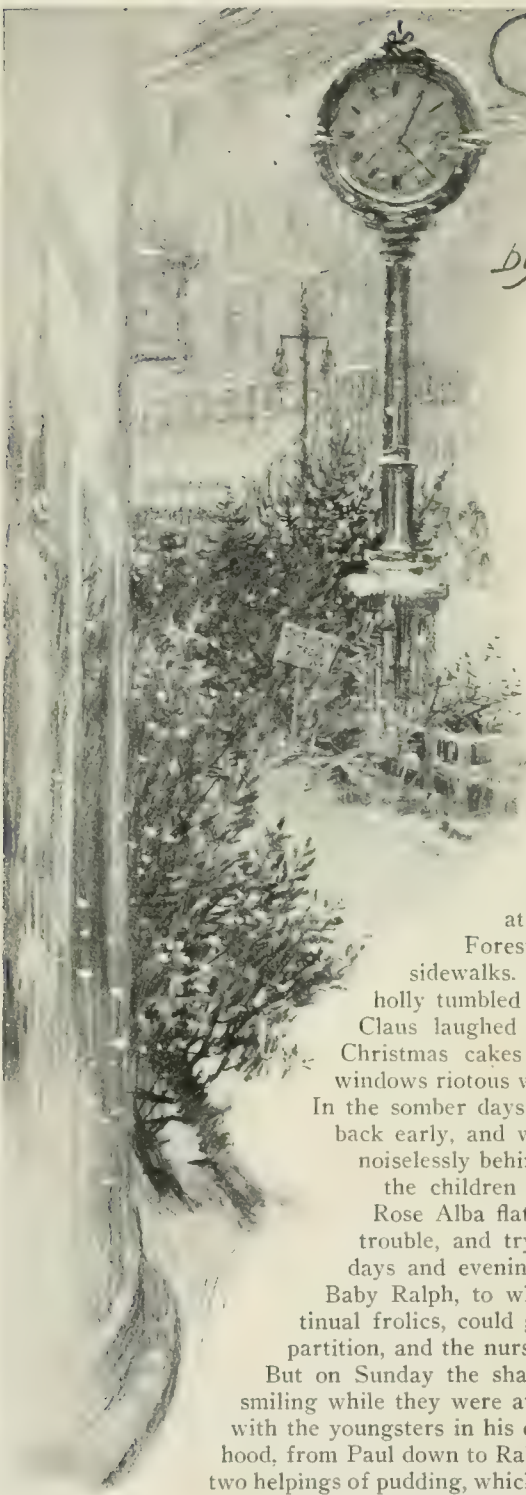


*Don't go to one
of her boys.*

THE PHOTOGRAPH AND ITS CAPTION

contributed to this magazine "Pansies," published in November, 1887,—had for its motto this saying of Sir Philip Sidney's: "They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts"—a saying that might be applied with equal fitness to all the "worthies" mentioned and to herself. As another contributor said of her, in *ST. NICHOLAS* for May, 1888:

"How many happy hours are due to her! How many young lives are the better and braver for the words she wrote and the examples she set for little men and women!"—THE EDITOR.



CHRISTMAS WAITS

— at the —

ROSE ALBA

by Eveline Warner Brainerd

BUSINESS had not been going satisfactorily through the autumn. Paul and Polly had usually about as hazy ideas of business as had Baby Ralph. But this year they understood at least that something was wrong, for Paul had to leave a gymnasium class made up of his particular school set, and Polly came down from frocks made by Aunt Griswold, whose sign read Madame, to home-made-overs.

Then Aunt Margaret had been very ill, and Mildred and Albert and David, though they stole softly back to their own beds each night, had taken their meals for two weeks with the Eatons, and David had spent the long mornings with little Ralph. He had played softly, with one ear always open for the ringing of his own door-bell, that he might creep in with doctor or errand boy, and so catch a glimpse of his mother's room, and, perhaps, if the door were wide enough ajar, of the white face on the pillows.

All these misfortunes would have been bad enough at any time, but here it was a week before Christmas.

Forests of evergreens had sprung up over night on the sidewalks. Garlands, festoons, and bundles of green vines and holly tumbled out of boxes at markets and florists' shops. Santa Claus laughed from every candy- and toy-store, plummy, shiny Christmas cakes filled the bakery shelves; red ribbons made the windows riotous with color.

In the somber days when Uncle Bert went late to the office and came back early, and when the doctor looked so grave that David slid in noiselessly behind him and crept away before any one noticed, even the children did not think much about the time of year. The

Rose Alba flats were too small to let any one get far away from trouble, and try all that Mr. and Mrs. Eaton might to make the days and evenings natural, not one of them, except happy, chubby Baby Ralph, to whom the presence of so many children meant continual frolics, could get long out of mind the sick-room beyond the thin partition, and the nurses watching there day and night.

But on Sunday the shadows lifted. The doctor and Uncle Bert came in smiling while they were at dinner. The doctor sat down to coffee, and joked with the youngsters in his old fashion, for he had known them all in their babyhood, from Paul down to Ralph. Uncle Bert, for the first time in a fortnight, took two helpings of pudding, which alone made everybody feel better. So after school on Monday, although they quite understood that their Christmas would have to be a

very quiet affair, the children could yet begin to enjoy the festivities of the streets without any ill-comprehended terror tugging at their hearts. But precisely how, in the circumstances, they were to celebrate was a matter for discussion. The doctor said it would be two weeks before the Kings could be living in their own home again, and even David could understand that Aunt Ellen, with all of them to feed and all sorts of little things to do for the nurses and his mother, could n't attend much to Christmas presents, even if business had provided for Christmas, which it had not.

"We can hang greens," said Polly, hopefully. "Maybe Aunt Margaret will be well enough to let us decorate her room by Christmas eve."

Albert and David did not look satisfied at this exciting proposal. The consultation was taking place on the steps of the Rose Alba, just as Mrs. Frisbie came down the street with a large roll of music in her hands. They had become well acquainted with Mrs. Frisbie and her husband in these past weeks, for she had often asked them down for the little time between supper and bed, or for free hours on Sunday. Even Mr. Frisbie, who was taller than his tall wife and had gray hair, had played games with them at the little dining-table, and seemed positively to enjoy being beaten. So when she stopped on the steps to ask what the solemn gathering was about, they were quite ready to tell their troubles.

"If we lived at Grandpa's," Albert commented, with discontent, "it would be all right, 'cause that 's really a house, and you can do things in one part and not disturb anybody in the other part. Flats are too little."

"Flats are all right, Albert King," defended Polly, stoutly. "Everything 's together, and you don't have to hunt all over for anybody you want."

Mrs. Frisbie laughed.

"You taught me to have a good time in a flat," she said. "Now it 's my turn to see if I can help you. I 've brought home some songs that are too difficult for my kindergarten children. I 'll sing them to you if you 'll come in."

At the Frisbie door were heard eager little cries and scratches. It was the yellow cat that stationed himself there daily to welcome his mistress. As soon as the door opened and he saw that she was really come, he arched his plumed tail and scampered away down the hall, then turned at the entrance of the living-room to wait for her, his yellow eyes shining in the dimness of the afternoon light.

"He does this always," explained Mrs. Frisbie, stooping on the threshold to rub his feathered

ears and run her hand down his silky back. "He stands just here till I come and pet him."

It was not often that she sang for them, for she had charge of the music in two large kindergartens, morning and afternoon, and was tired after her day's work. But to-day she lighted the lamp close to the piano, and throwing off her wraps, opened her roll eagerly. The light shone over the instrument and touched a bunch of checkerberries that looked gaily out from a glass bowl. In the window were sprays of loosely twined vines tied together with red ribbon.

"How pretty!" cried Polly. "Where did you get it loose like that?"

"It was sent me from my home in the country. We always went out in the woods the week before Christmas to gather the ground-pine. It runs along close to the ground, and now and then, a bit of green will prick through the snow or the dead leaves. You dig down and get hold of the stem and pull, and a long vine will tear through the winter coverings."

"The country must be a great place," admitted Paul. "Things you tell about sound as if they 'd be lots of fun."

"Why do you hang it in the windows?" said David, who was beginning proudly to manage his s's. "They are n't front ones."

Mildred looked shocked reproof at the unconscious speaker. It was not etiquette to mention to people in rear flats that they could not see the street. Even Albert was conscious that the wrong question had been asked. Only David and Mrs. Frisbie were quite at ease.

"Why not?" she asked brightly. "It 's just a way of saying 'Merry Christmas' to one's neighbors, and back windows have neighbors. See," and she pushed aside the short white curtain, and pointed across the dingy board fence that inclosed the little yard belonging to the Rose Alba. "Since I put up my greens, the woman on the second floor over there has hung that red star of immortelles, and in the next house on the first floor, they have a holly wreath."

"They 're saying 'Merry Christmas' back again," commented Mildred, seriously. "I never thought of window greens that way before."

"I suppose you had time in the country to think things out like that," remarked Paul, who seemed to regard the country as a place of endless leisure.

Mrs. Frisbie smiled oddly.

"Oh, no," she said, "they were taught me. Some of them I 've learned only lately," and she patted Mildred's shoulder as she let the curtain fall and turned back to the piano.

When all were settled cozily, with Sunshine

purring in the midst, Mrs. Frisbie began. She sang carol after carol from the pile of music on the stand, pausing between to tell how many centuries it was since this one had been sung by the folk of Brittany villages; how the English waits had gone about the towns shouting that before their neighbors' doors; and how another was written so long ago, for little French children, that no one knew who was the author, or when or where he had lived. Then she had them pick out the five they liked the best, each choosing one, and they gathered about the piano and sang together the one that Mildred had chosen, she being the eldest.

"Pretty good," said Mrs. Frisbie, swinging about on the piano seat. "Now if you would like to come every night and practise before dinner, you can learn these by Christmas eve, and we will ask your father and mother, Paul, and the baby, and your father, Mildred, and Aunt Griswold, and give a Christmas concert right here."

"Could n't we go round singing 'em, too, just the way you said they used to?" asked Paul, intently.

"I don't believe your mother would like to have you singing in the street, Paul," said Mrs. Frisbie, reluctantly.

"Oh, no," cried Mildred; "but in the house. We could sing them on every floor."

"Please, Mrs. Frisbie," pleaded Polly, whose eyes, wide and shining, were fixed on her hostess.

"We won't say anything to anybody," announced Albert, definitely. "It is a s'prise for the Rose Alba."

"Everybody 's been so good all the time Mother 's been sick, and there was n't anything we could do for everybody," explained Mildred, clasping her hands tightly in her eagerness.

Mrs. Frisbie's face took on a sudden determination.

"It is a beautiful idea!" she said. "We 'll do it, and we 'll keep it a secret from everybody. I won't tell even Mr. Frisbie, and Sunshine won't either. Only you 'll have to practise very hard, because you 'll want to do it well. You won't have any piano to help you on the landings, you know."

After that, the time was very crowded, for school kept on relentlessly till three o'clock each afternoon, the nurse summoned some of the children in for a daily call on the invalid, and Mrs. Eaton was unyielding in the matter of the hours out of doors, even though she could not always be with them, and they were then confined to the safe but monotonous limits of the block. But they managed to be waiting at the steps each evening for Mrs. Frisbie, and two

nights when Mr. Frisbie was out, they came down after supper; so that by the day before the festival, with Paul's strong voice for leader, they sang very well together. David now and then became absorbed in his own reflections, and let his notes trail off in paths of their own, but with the quartet attending strictly to business, his originalities did not seriously matter.

The children begged for an early supper on the twenty-fourth, as Mrs. Frisbie wanted them for something, and Mrs. Eaton was not to mind if they were out a little later than usual. Mrs. Eaton seemed distinctly pleased.

"How kind Mrs. Frisbie is!" she said. "I don't see how we could have gone through these weeks without her help."

So they scurried about, with little of the usual chatter, helping set the table, for the darkness was closing in and the great evening was surely upon them. In the center of the table, Mrs. Eaton set a little Santa Claus, holding a lighted candle in either hand. He looked so jolly and so like the little figures of other years, when there was a tree waiting on the other side of the partition, and when all the Kings came in for supper with the Eatons, and then all the Eatons went back with the Kings for the great celebration, that Mildred could hardly help telling Aunt Ellen, to comfort her, what a beautiful time they were to have after all. Albert seemed to divine her temptation, for he gave her a warning kick under the table as she started to introduce the subject by some praise of Mrs. Frisbie's singing.

It was quarter-past six when five eager youngsters crowded the narrow hall down-stairs. Their friend led them into one of the little white bedrooms, and held before them a wide green cape with a red lining and a green cap with a red feather.

"What do you think of these?" she demanded, smiling.

"They 're just big enough for David," commented Paul.

"And there is one just big enough for each of you if you like to wear them," she said, pointing to the bed, where lay four more green cloaks and four jaunty caps. "They were used in a play at one of my schools, and I borrowed them for you."

Polly had already set a little cap on her bright curls and swung the cloak over her shoulders. David, for thanks, backed placidly up to Mrs. Frisbie, his arms stretched back as if the garment had sleeves and he wanted to get into it as quickly as possible. When all were arrayed, their trainer surveyed the group with pride.

"Fine!" she announced, her head held critically on one side. "I do wish David's mother could



"THEY SANG THE CAROL THROUGH, THERE ON THE ROOFTOP,
IN THE FROSTY NIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

see you! Now, ready? I'll start you with the piano on this floor."

Down the hall marched the little procession, and, leaving the door open, gathered near the Rose Alba entrance. The fresh young voices struck up a little quaveringly:

"Shepherds, shake off your drowsy sleep,
Rise and leave your silly sheep."

But the chorus came out strongly:

"Sing, Noel! sing, Noel!"

Doors had opened at the first chords, and men and women stood smiling at the gaily dressed little people singing so seriously in the dimly lighted hall. When the carol ended, there was a clapping from the doorways, and cries of "Thank you!" and "Merry Christmas!" followed the children, as, overcome by shyness, they fled down the outer stairway that led to the janitor's quarters in the basement.

"I do hope he won't be as cross as usual," whispered Polly.

"Oh, he will," returned Albert. "I would n't come to sing here if it was n't for his wife and the little girl."

"Sh-h!" commanded Paul. "Now begin!" And they began, a trifle breathlessly, but with determination.

"Come, Anthony, come, Peter,
Hurry, John, and James, and all!
Awaken now, awaken,
And be off, nor lag at all."

Louder grew their voices and faster the words.

"Haste away now,
No delay now,
For on this night,
In lodging lorn
Was Jesus born,
'Neath golden stars so bright."

The janitor had flung open the door at the second line, and only by singing fast and loud had the children been able to stand unmoved before his scowl; but his face changed at the slow soft words of the last lines, and he called to his wife:

"Come here, you and Minnie! I thought it was some street fellows, but it's those top-floor kids."

Poor tumbled Mrs. Kapinski stood there smiling and with tears in her eyes, too. "My, ain't it pretty!" she said. "Now, Minnie, you just bring that piece of holly. All they need is a piece of holly for Paul here to beat time with."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Mildred, with presence of mind, forcing the branch into Paul's reluctant hand. "We will sing you another if you like, Mrs. Kapinski."

So they sang another, and then the janitor himself wished them "Merry Christmas," and they all shook hands with him, and Mrs. Kapinski held a light to guide them along the dark outside stairway again.

"He's quite a good man when you really know him," observed Albert.

On Aunt Griswold's floor they sang "The Holly and the Ivy," because it was about out of doors, as Polly put it, and the dressmaker was so pleased, as were the people in the other flats, that they had hard work to get away at all. There were children on the next floor, children who had just come to live in the Rose Alba, and their mother smiled cordially at the little singers, recognizing them as the boys and girls who had raced up and down by her door many times a day.

"If your mothers will let you," she said, "come in to-morrow afternoon and see our tree."

"She looks real kind, and the children are about as big as David, so I guess Mother will let us know them," said Polly.

"Hurry!" said Paul. "I've got an idea." And he led them past their own doors to the roof. "See here! All the folk liked it so, and it's early yet; let's go down through the next house. Mother won't mind because we go there anyway to see Annette."

A schoolmate lived in the Reine Blanche, which was a door nearer Amsterdam Avenue, and perhaps deserved its title rather less than the Rose Alba lived up to its name.

Mildred agreed, but she lingered an instant, looking out over the roofs, and up to the sky, so darkly blue that you had to stop and think about it to realize it was blue and not simply dark. The stars were shining thickly, and one, brighter than the rest, stood above the house.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,"

she began, and the others took up the words and sang the carol through, there on the housetop, in the frosty night. Then they scrambled over the division wall and down through the doorway. By this time, not a bit afraid were they, but ready to return the greetings of the strangers who came with pleased faces to the doorways. They were bewildered for a moment when some well-meaning folk threw a handful of coins, and the necessity of keeping David from pocketing these rather spoiled the last verse of "Anthony and Peter." But for this, the trip was a triumphal progress. Annette Coles, their schoolmate, joined them on the top landing, and if she could not sing the quaint words of the songs, she helped out

mightily in the fun and greetings. She hurried them down the last flight.

"There 's an old man on the first floor who plays the violin," she explained. "Sing right in front of his door, won't you? He 'd like it."

So they gathered and sang right at the cheaply painted panels of the narrow door.

"Good rest you merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For I trust the Lord, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

Not till the last verse did the door open, and there stood the bent old musician, his gray hair tumbled, his shabby coat sagging from his shoulders, his eyes shining.

"Come in, come in," he cried. "You must sing it with the violin."

Annette stepped ahead.

"Do," she encouraged. "It is all right. Mother lets me come sometimes to see Herr Grau."

The flat corresponded to Mrs. Frisbie's, but very different it looked. The walls were dark, and made the space seem even narrower than it was. The front room looked quite crowded somehow, what with a piano and two violin cases and a table, and music, music everywhere, littering chairs, and couch, and floor. But in the center of the table, perched unsteadily on a mass of music and papers, was a tiny artificial tree, such as was to be seen in the windows of the cheaper candy stores. The old man pointed to it.

"It was a leetle Christmas, even here," he said, "but now with all you children it is a great Christmas. I haf not had a child for Christmas it is many, many years."

He took up his violin tenderly, and drew his bow across the strings.

"Now, now!" and he nodded to Paul.

So it happened that when Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Frisbie entered the Reine Blanche doorway, their anxious expressions cleared quickly, for the tones of a fine instrument were blending with the

treble of the childish voices, and the last verse of the old carol rang out joyfully:

"Now to the Lord sing praises,
As you wait in this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
I hope other good carols."



"THE TONES OF A FINE INSTRUMENT WERE BLENDING WITH THE CHILDISH VOICES."

They entered Herr Grau's open door and, following along the hall, came upon a pretty picture. The six children were gathered about the old man while he played them a German lullaby for the *Krist Kindlein*. But the violinist saw the visitors and quickly came forward, his precious violin held still in his worn hand.

"You are looking for *die Kinder*," he said. "They haf given me so much pleasure! And the boy, is he your son?" He looked eagerly at Mr. Eaton, and laid his hand on Paul's shoulder.

"Yes, he is my boy," said Mr. Eaton, smiling at the lad, who was a little disturbed before the sudden realization that here they all were in a strange flat, always forbidden ground.

"But he has a voice!" cried Herr Grau, grasping Paul's shoulder quite tight in his eagerness. "It must not be wasted. He must go to the Cathedral School or St. Agnes. They haf need of such voices, and they will train him well."

The old man's eyes burned, and the father looked curiously from him to Paul.

"He sings pretty well," he said easily, "but I don't think it is anything remarkable."

"Herr Grau is right," interposed Mrs. Frisbie, "I am so glad he has heard Paul, because he is a judge. You see I know you," she went on, smiling at the musician. "I have heard your violin, and have asked about my neighbor."

"And it is you who haf the rooms next, and play and sing?" cried Herr Grau, his face lighting. "Is it not so? You know the father and mother, and you will persuade them," he pleaded. "The choir master at the Cathedral is my friend, and I would myself go with the boy."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Eaton, gently, impressed despite himself by the stranger's intensity. "I promise you I will talk it over with Paul's mother. But now I must take these revelers home and put them to bed."

"Ah, but it is a beautiful thing they haf done. They haf brought Christmas to every door, even here," and the old man motioned with his violin to the shabby, disordered room.

Mrs. Frisbie's quick eyes had seen in that little place more than had the excited children. The pathetic little tree a-tilt upon a pile of music met her eyes first, and then on the wall above the piano she saw two faded photographs of a young woman and of a little child, with sprays of holiday green stuck awkwardly about them."

"Come back with me, Herr Grau," she begged. "You and I will finish the carols with my husband. Come, you must not be here alone on Christmas eve, with us just next door, you know."

He hesitated, looking wistfully at the bright faces before him, but fearful of intruding. David gave a little tug at the down-hanging corner of the faded frock-coat.

"Come," he commanded, "you 'll see Sunshine. He 's the very nicest cat I know."

Herr Grau laughed with the others. "Since you are so kind, Madame," he said, bowing; and taking his dusty soft felt hat from the mantel where it lay, he followed them down the hall.

Paul walked ahead with his father, in earnest consultation, and when they paused at Mrs. Frisbie's flat, he stepped back to Herr Grau.

"Father says we may sing before Aunt Margaret's door. She has been very sick. Could you come up and play for us? It is on the top floor," he added honestly.

"Surely, surely," cried the musician, "but I haf played but one with you."

"We 'll sing that over," said Mildred. "Mother has n't heard any, so it 's all right."

Up the stairs they climbed, and Mr. Eaton rang the Kings' bell softly. Mildred's father came to the door and stared out amazed at the picture—the five children in their gay red and green, Paul in front waving his holly branch, and behind them all the old violinist with his bow raised. The nurse in her blue-and-white uniform, a bit of Christmas green in her cap, came down the hall to see what was happening. At the sound of singing, Aunt Ellen opened her door, bringing Ralph, who opened wide his sleepy blue eyes. The folk on the other side of the landing looked out eagerly, and then called "Merry Christmas," quite as though they were part of the family. Then Mrs. Frisbie and Herr Grau went downstairs, and Annette Coles, who had come along to miss none of the fun, skipped across the roof to her own home. The nurse beckoned the children in.

"Your mother expects you all," she said, as Mildred hesitated, so in they filed to where Mrs. King lay propped high on her pillows, and looking brighter than in many days. Beside her on a stand was a tiny tree, just like a big one, only everything on it was little; wax tapers for candles, balls, no larger than marbles, of red and silver and gilt, and lots of tinsel and shining trinkets. Five packages lay within the reach of the thin hands.

"Oh, Mother, did you like it?" cried Mildred.

"Did you hear the violin?" demanded Paul.

"You heard me, did n't you, Muvver?" inquired David, anxiously, coming as close as he thought the nurse, of whom he stood in wholesome awe, would permit.

"I heard you all, every one of you. It was beautiful, better than any present could possibly be." And she looked so happy, and Uncle Bert looked so happy, that Paul felt that somehow the evening was much more of a success than they quite understood. Then Aunt Margaret handed each a package, and at a word from the nurse, Uncle Bert took up the tree with its merry lights and bore it before them as they marched out, with David trailing along behind, opening his bundle as he went, and singing "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," over and over to an original tune, reminiscent of all that had been sung that evening.

CONTRASTS

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN



HERE is the picture of Jeremy Downes,
Whose face shows the trace
Of a thousand frowns.

He frowned in his childhood,
He frowned in his youth;
His expression 's a lesson,
And that 's the truth.

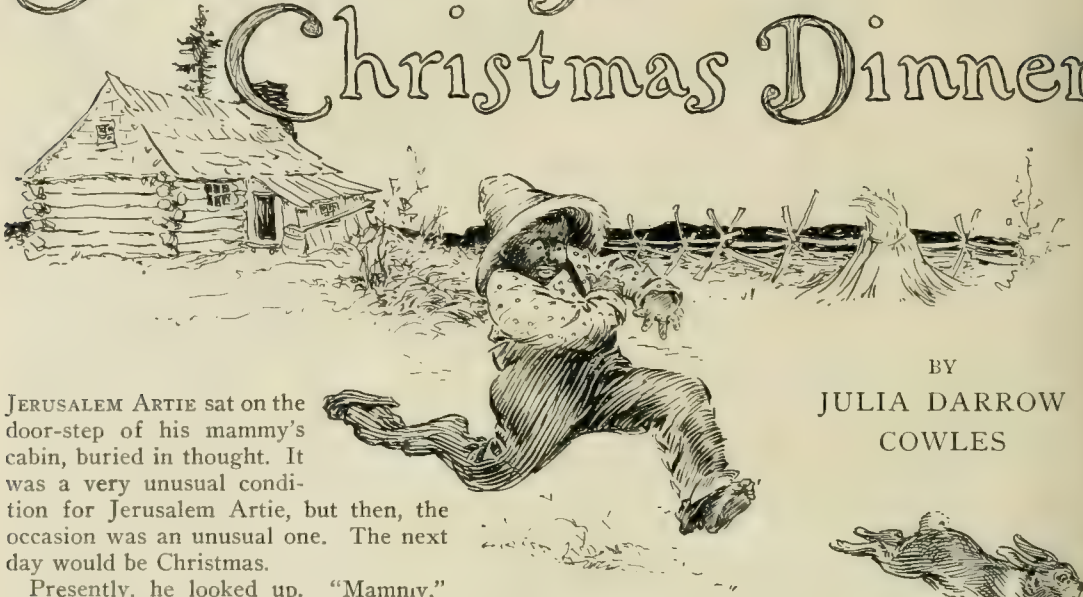


Now look at this picture of Gregory Miles:
To the tips of his lips
He is beaming with smiles.

Now is n't this portrait
A pleasanter sight?
Not a trace on the face
That 's not happy and bright.



Jerusalem Artie's Christmas Dinner



BY

JULIA DARROW
COWLES

JERUSALEM ARTIE sat on the door-step of his mammy's cabin, buried in thought. It was a very unusual condition for Jerusalem Artie, but then, the occasion was an unusual one. The next day would be Christmas.

Presently, he looked up. "Mammy," he questioned, "what 's we-all a-gwine hab fo' Chris'mus dinnah?"

"Lan' sakes, chile!" his mammy answered, "how-all 's I a-gwine know dat? Yo' pappy ain't got nothin' yit, an' I ain't a-reckonin' he will git nothin'."

Jerusalem Artie looked down, and was once more lost in thought.

He made a comical little figure there on the door-step, but to this fact both he and his mammy were blissfully oblivious. On his head he wore an old straw hat which his pappy had discarded for a fur cap at the approach of winter weather. In the spring, the exchange would be made again, and Jerusalem Artie would wear the fur. But this did not trouble the boy. When it grew too hot, he left off any sort of head covering; and when it grew too cold, he wrapped one of Mammy's gay bandanas about his woolly head, and set the battered straw on top of it.

His shirt, and one-sided suspenders, and even the trousers that he wore, had also belonged to his pappy. As Jerusalem Artie was only eight years old, the trousers were a trifle long. He had once suggested cutting them off, but his mammy had objected:

"'Co'se yo' cain't, chile! Yo' pappy might hab to weah dem pants some mo' hisself yit, an' how-all 'd he look den?"

The question was unanswerable.

"An' what-all 'd I weah den?" he had queried, dismayed at the possibility.

"How yo' s'pose I 's a-gwine know dat?" his mammy had responded. "Maybe yo' skin."

So Jerusalem Artie had rolled, and rolled, and rolled the bottom of the trouser legs till his little black toes emerged from the openings.

But now, as he sat on the door-step, his mind was not upon his clothes, not even upon the offending trousers. It was upon the Christmas dinner which did not exist.

"All de neighbo' folks a-gwine hab Chris'mus dinnahs," he was saying to himself. "De boys done tol' me so. An' we 's gwine hab Chris'mus dinnah, too," he added, straightening up.

He got up from the door-step and started slowly toward the bit of tangled underbrush that grew back of the cabin. He did not know, yet, where the Christmas dinner was coming from. He had gotten no further than the resolve that there should be one.

"Folks hab turkey, er goose," he was saying to himself, "er chicken, er—rabbit pie!" he ended with a sudden whoop, and made a dash toward the tangled brush, for, at that very moment, a rabbit's small white flag of a tail had flashed before his eyes.



"CHRIS'MUS PIE!
CHRIS'MUS PIE!"
HE SQUEALED.

leaps above it, each leap marked by a flying trouser leg.

Suddenly Molly doubled on her tracks, for her pursuer was close at hand. Jerusalem Artie attempted to do the same, but his free foot became entangled with the elongated leg, and down went Jerusalem Artie—squarely on top of Molly Cottontail.

It pretty well knocked the breath out of both of them, but Jerusalem Artie recovered first, naturally, for he was on top.

"Chris'mus pie! Chris'mus pie!" he squealed, as he wriggled one hand cautiously beneath him

and got a good firm hold of Molly's long ears. Then carefully he got upon his feet.

The rabbit hung limp from his hand. "Knocked yoah breafe clean out fo' suah!" he exclaimed, deliberately surveying his prize.

Then slowly he made his way to the road, for the chase had taken him some distance from the cabin, and the dragging trouser leg made walking difficult.

Reaching the roadside, he held aloft the still limp rabbit. "Reckon she 's done fo' as suah as I 's a niggah chile," he soliloquized, and laying his Christmas dinner on the grass beside him, he proceeded to roll up the entangling trouser leg.

While he was in the midst of this occupation, there was a startling "honk, honk," close at hand, and a big red motor-car flashed into sight.

The sudden noise startled Jerusalem Artie. It also startled Molly Cottontail. Her limp and apparently lifeless body gathered itself, leaped, and cleared the roadway, barely escaping the wheels of the big red car.



"KNOCKED YOAH BREAFE
CLEAN OUT FO'
SUAH!"



"JERUSALEM ARTIE ROSE TO HIS FEET AND SHRIEKED: 'MAH CHRIS'MUS DINNAH!
MAH CHRIS'MUS DINNAH!'"

Jerusalem Artie rose to his feet, the trouser leg half rolled, and shrieked: "Mah Chris'mus din-nah! Mah Chris'mus dinnah!" for Molly Cottontail had disappeared.

As he stood looking helplessly after the offending cause of his loss, a man in the back seat turned, laughed, and, leaning over the side of the car, threw something bright and shining back into the road.

Jerusalem Artie pounced upon the spot, dug with his disentangled toes in the dust, and brought to view a silver half-dollar.

"Chris'mus dinnah yit," he exclaimed, "as suah as I 's a niggah chile!"

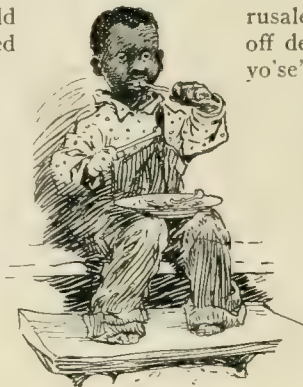
Then, with the half-dollar held hard between his teeth, he finished rolling up the leg of his trousers.

"Mammy!" he cried, a moment later, as, dusty and breathless, he reappeared in the cabin doorway, "see what-all I foun' in de road."

And Mammy's look of dark suspicion faded as Jerusalem Artie recounted his brief and tragic adventure with Molly Cottontail.

'Yo'-all 's a honey chile," said Mammy, when he had concluded; "an' we-all 's a-gwine right now an' git a plumb fat chickun."

THE next day, as Mammy cleared away the remains of the Christmas dinner, she said: "Now, chile, yo' c'n tote dese yere chickun bones out on do do'-step an' pick 'em clean. An', Jerusalem Artie, yo' pappy says yo' c'n cut off de laigs o' dem pants, an' hab 'em fo' yo'se'f."



THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

ARE you ready for "Nineteen fourteen"?

Are your pencils in order? slates clean?

For he 'll set you some sums, as soon as he comes,

Not easy to answer, I ween.

"If two little boys are at play,

How many are needed," he 'll say,

"A quarrel to make?" You 'll make no mistake

If you work this the Golden Rule way.

"If idle Penelope Pratt

Wastes her study-time teasing the cat,

How long will it be ere a dunce you will see?"

Can you give him an answer to that?

"If every kind word that you speak

Were added, the end of the week,

Would their sum be ahead of the cross words
you 've said?"

Here is surely a problem unique.

"If Algernon Chestérfield Gray

Gives half of his goodies away,

How much of the joy, that belongs to this boy,

Will be doubled, on every new day?"

"If work that dear mother must do

Were always divided by two,

Would the quotient of this be a glad, rested
kiss?

And would it be given to you?"

Are you ready for "Nineteen fourteen"?

With his questions so searching and keen?

If you answer aright, his smile will be bright;

And a year of content that will mean.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

PART TWO

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER I

A DISASTROUS MORNING

If any one had told me, when Dr. McGregor so unexpectedly offered to send me to college, that inside of a week I would be begging to be let off, I should have told that person that he had softening of the brain, or something to that effect.

A course in college was the one thing above all others that I had longed for, and when I realized that my dream was about to come true, there was not a happier boy in the whole world. All that day, I was "treading air," as the saying goes, and Will seemed almost as delighted as I was.

"By George!" he kept saying; "it's great, Jim. I was sure that Uncle Edward would send me, and I did hate to think of going to college alone after we had been chums so long. I had a feeling all the time that maybe Uncle Edward would foot your expenses too, and, you see, he would have, if Dr. McGregor had n't got ahead of him."

We stayed up until the small hours of the night, talking over the splendid times ahead of us, and getting ready to leave on the following afternoon. There was one more thing we expected to see before leaving the city. In the aqueduct tunnel, on the Brooklyn side, there was a curious shoveling machine that did the work of a whole gang of men in clearing away the broken rock after a blast. Mr. Jack Patterson, the superintendent at Shaft 21, had promised to take us over and show us this novel machine. We were rather sorry, now, that the trip had been arranged; for, with the opening of college only eight days off, we were impatient to get home.

Shaft 21 was just at the brink of the East River, on the New York side, a deep hole, already 550 feet down, and still to be sunk 150 feet or more before turning at right angles to go under the river to Brooklyn. When we arrived at the shaft, we learned that there was trouble on hand. The last blast had uncovered a subterranean stream that came pouring in so fast that, before the pumps could be installed, the water stood fifteen feet deep, and was steadily growing deeper.

They were just getting ready to lower a shaft-sinking pump when we came upon the scene. The "sinker," as Mr. Patterson called it, was a big

brute of a machine, weighing two tons. At one end was the compressed-air engine, whose piston drove the plungers of the water-pump at the opposite end. A short length of rope-wound hose hung down from the intake end of the machine, while from one side near the middle extended an outlet hose, eight inches in diameter, and between five and six hundred feet long, for it was to reach all the way from the water-level to the top of the shaft. The "sinker" was suspended in slings from a derrick.

"Jump on, boys," called Mr. Patterson. "You are just in time to have a ride to the bottom of the shaft."

We accepted the invitation with alacrity, and clambered aboard the broad back of the machine, holding on to the slings while the derrick lifted us up over the shaft and then down into the yawning hole. When the "sinker" touched the water, Mr. Patterson turned on the compressed air that was led down to the machine through a rubber hose, and the pump began to chug.

"My, but there must be an enormous pressure in that hose!" cried Will. "Look at the way she stiffens out."

"A five-hundred-foot column of water must weigh something," I remarked.

"Yes, siree; there must be a pressure of at least two hundred pounds to the inch."

Will and I were standing at one side of the hose, while Mr. Patterson and his assistant were on the opposite side. I was just about to turn toward the intake end of the pump, when, suddenly, without any warning at all, the hose burst loose with a roar. That huge eight-inch hose lashed around like the tail of a harpooned whale, and knocked Will off the pump, while the torrent that poured out of it nearly swept my feet out from under me, and would have carried me overboard too, had I not clung desperately to the cable sling. Will was hurled clear across the shaft, ricocheting on the water, like a shell from a thirteen-inch gun, until he struck heavily against some timbers, and then sank out of sight.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Patterson jumped in after him, not even stopping to take off his coat or shoes (fortunately he was wearing shoes instead of boots). The deluge that gushed out of the squirming hose, like a young Niagara,

did not simplify his task in the least. Will did not come to the surface, and Mr. Patterson had to dive in search of him. The shaft was fairly well lighted with a cluster of electric-light bulbs, but they made little impression on the black water below. Nevertheless, I could not stand by idly with my chum drowning, so I slung off my coat and shoes, and plunged in, without giving a thought to submerged timbering or any other obstacles I might strike. It was impossible to see anything under the surface. All I could do was to grope blindly. At length, Mr. Patterson came up with Will's unconscious body. In the meantime, the assistant superintendent had signaled for the bucket. In this my chum was placed, and we were hauled quickly to the surface with him.

As Will was being lifted out of the bucket, I noticed that his leg hung down like a rag, and I pointed it out to the doctor who came running up just then. He looked very grave and shook his head, but he bent his first efforts to restoring his patient to consciousness. Then, as Will began to breathe, he cut away his clothing and found a compound fracture of his leg. While he administered some sort of an opiate to allay the intense suffering, as Will was now entirely conscious, Mr. Patterson hurried off to summon an ambulance.

"If he has any folks around here, you had better send for them," the doctor said to me in a low voice, so that Will could not hear him.

"The only one in the city that I know of is his uncle," I replied.

"Telephone to him to meet you at the hospital. It is a bad break. He 'll be laid up for two months at least, maybe three."

"Three months!" I gasped.

"'Sh-h!" The doctor held up a warning finger. "There is no use in his knowing it just yet."

"But he is going to enter college next week."

"Oh, no, he is n't!" the doctor contradicted me. "He will have to forget about college for a while."

It was with a sinking heart that I went to the telephone to call up Uncle Edward. As luck would have it, he was out; but the man at the other end of the wire said he would make every effort to find him. At any rate, he would be able to catch him at the club at one o'clock.

I had barely changed my wet clothing for some dry togs that belonged to Mr. Patterson, when I heard the bell of the ambulance clanging madly as the vehicle raced through the crowded East Side streets. As it entered the yard, a swarm of people pressed in after it, and it was all I could do to shoulder my way through the press, but I was determined to board the ambulance, and ride with Will to the hospital.

At the hospital, I was headed off into a sort of reception-room, while Will was hurried into the operating-room. There I waited ages before an attendant beckoned to me, and conducted me to a room in the private ward where poor Will lay motionless on a cot.

"He is just coming out of the ether," a nurse informed me.

I sat down beside him. It made me grit my teeth and feel sick all over to hear him moan, now and then, and beg half deliriously for water.

But finally, "Jim," came faintly from my helpless chum.

"Yes, old chap. Here I am."

"Jim," he faltered again, "how long am I laid up for?"

I tried to reassure him. "You 'll be out before very long. Your leg is banged up some."

He was silent for a while, then, "It 's broken?" he asked in a weak whisper. I nodded.

A sudden twinge in his broken limb forced an involuntary cry of pain from him.

"Oh, don't take it so hard, Will," I remonstrated. "The doctor has fixed it all up, and you 'll be well almost before you know it." I was stretching the truth to the limit, and Will knew it.

"It 's a bad break, I know, and I 'll be laid up for four months, just as my cousin was, and—"

"Not more than three months, the doctor says," I interposed.

"And," he went on, "next week, you will be in college, while I—"

"Will, you old chump, I 'm not going to college this year." I made up my mind on the instant just what I was going to do. "It 's all settled. I am going to wait over until next year. Do you suppose I would go and leave you here all alone? No, siree! We are going through college together, just as we did through prep school." I was talking very bravely, without knowing what Dr. McGregor would have to say to my plan.

"Jim, you 're all right," said Will, "but—"

Just then Uncle Edward came in and interrupted Will's remonstrances.

It was with no little trepidation that I rang Dr. McGregor's door-bell that night. I even forgot to say good evening, when I saw him, but burst right in with my question: "Dr. McGregor, would it make any difference to you if I should put off college for another year?"

"Eh? How 's that? Are you afraid you cannot enter?"

"No; it is n't that. Will has broken his leg, you know, and is laid up in the hospital for three months—" I paused.

"Yes; very unfortunate indeed. But what has that to do with you?"

"Why, he won't be able to enter this year, and you know we have always been chums in school, and we cannot bear to be separated in college; we want to be classmates, and—"

Dr. McGreggor did not relax his stern look. "Young man, what are you going to do in the meantime? Are you going to hang around on your father's hands, or do you expect me to furnish your keep?"

I flushed with anger, and could not help saying, "I am no beggar, Dr. McGreggor; I am going to support myself. Surely I can find some sort of a job here in the city, and if I can't, why, I'll go home and work in the paper-mill."

To my surprise, Dr. McGreggor's stern face broke out into a kindly smile, and I realized that he had been merely putting me to a test.

"You'll do!" he said, patting me on the shoulder. "Go ahead, and take care of yourself. My offer will keep five years, if necessary."

CHAPTER II

OVER THE SEA BY RAIL

Nor because I could n't find a job in New York, but because Mother thought that I had been away quite long enough, I returned home a few days after the events recounted in the previous chapter. But I stuck to the resolution made before Dr. McGreggor, and found a job in the office of a paper-mill about a mile up the river from our house.

Will's leg mended very slowly. I did not hear from him often, for he never was much of a hand at letter-writing.

Time sped by faster than I had any idea it could. When Thanksgiving Day arrived, who should walk in but Will with his Uncle Edward, and Will walked without the trace of a limp, although he still carried a cane. I was taken completely by surprise. But there was an even greater surprise coming.

"What do you suppose, Jim?" Will burst in as soon as he saw me. "We're going to Panama to see the canal!"

"Are you really?" I exclaimed. "My, but that's great!"

"But I mean *we* are going, you and I, all by ourselves," explained Will.

"Yes, it's true," broke in Uncle Edward, laughing at my astonishment. "But don't thank me. It is Dr. McGreggor again. He has taken a great fancy to your boy," he continued, turning to Mother and Father. "A man came into our office a couple of weeks ago, and said he had just spent

a month at Panama, going over the work in detail; and his twelve-year-old son, who accompanied him, was almost as enthusiastic as he over the trip. That seemed to set McGreggor thinking, and three or four days later, he asked me how soon Will would be on his feet again. 'He is walking around now,' I told him. 'Well,' he said, 'why don't you send him to Panama to recuperate?' 'That's exactly what I decided to do, three days ago,' I replied. 'And Jim will have to go, too,' he said. 'Certainly,' I answered. 'I have already written to his parents about it.' At which he flared up and actually had the nerve to call me down for meddling in his affairs. 'If Jim can go,' he declared, 'I will send him!' So here, Jim, is a letter to you from him. He could n't very well deliver his message in person."

The letter was very characteristic of Dr. McGreggor, short and to the point, informing me, in very businesslike language, that he had arranged to give me a trip to Panama and such places as I might wish to see on my way there and back, and that he hoped Will and I would comport ourselves as creditably on this outing as we had during our summer vacation.

I was simply overwhelmed with delight. Will had brought time-tables and guide-books along, and we sat down right then and there to plan our trip. "When can we start?" I asked Uncle Edward, in breathless excitement.

"To-morrow, if you like," he laughed; "to-day, if you must."

We did n't waste much time getting ready. A week later, you could have found us aboard the "Oversea Limited," racing along the spine of Florida and down the kinky tail of coral reefs that reaches a hundred miles out to sea. We had come overland just to see this "ocean-going railroad."

According to schedule, we were to leave the mainland at about four o'clock in the morning, arriving at Key West at 8:30 A.M. Will and I were determined to see it all, even if we had to rise two hours before dawn and view it by starlight. When we did tumble out of our berths at five, instead of four, and rush out to the observation platform, we were disappointed to find, instead of a roaring ocean around us, nothing but an endless stretch of marshland, with a wide canal on each side of the road-bed.

There was one man evidently as anxious as we were to view the scenery. "Is n't it wonderful!" he exclaimed, as we sat down beside him.

"What, this?" I asked in astonishment. "I don't see anything very wonderful about this swamp. I thought we were to cross the ocean, or, at least, a part of it."

"We have n't reached the ocean yet," the man replied. "Fortunately, the train is two hours late, and we shall have a chance to see the spectacular part in broad daylight. But there is much to admire right here."

We thought he must be out of his head, but he went on to explain: "These are the Everglades, you know, the queerest kind of country you ever heard of. A man once told me, 'There is not enough water in 'em for swimmin', and *dee-*cidedly too much for farmin'."

"I should n't think they could do much farming in a marsh," commented Will, "except to raise salt hay."

"But this marsh is not anything like the kind we have up north. The water in it is not salt or stagnant, but good, pure, sweet, drinking water that is flowing all the time. Do you see these canals on each side of us? They were dug to furnish the road-bed we are traveling over. The quickest way to dig a canal is to dredge it. But there was not water enough to float a dredge, so what did they do but dig holes in the ground, which immediately filled with water, of course, after which they built dredges in these holes. Then these dredges began a march to the sea, eating their own channel through the mud and sand, and throwing up the material they excavated to build this roadway between them."

"Pretty clever," we commented.

"Yes, but it was not all as easy as that. Once in a while, they struck a ledge of rock. How do you suppose they got around that difficulty?"

"Could n't they haul the dredges over?" I asked.

"A dredge is a pretty heavy proposition. No, they did something smarter than that. They built locks over the ledges, regular canal-locks. The dredge would enter the lock, the gate would be closed behind it, water would be pumped into the inclosure until it was deep enough to float the dredge over the rock, and, then, after the water in the lock had been lowered again, the dredge would be let out of the gate at the opposite end."

While the method of laying the road through the Everglades was interesting, the scenery was monotonous. But our new acquaintance whiled away the time by telling us about the man who had conceived this wonderful railroad over the sea, about the young engineers who had carried the work through in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and about the surveyors who got lost for days at a time in the maze of reefs.

We passed a station just then, and saw on a siding a train of flat-cars, each with a huge wooden tank on it.

"That is the water train," explained our enthusiast. "They have to transport all the water from the mainland along the line of the railroad, because they cannot get any decent water on the keys. The water and food problem was a pretty serious one when they first started building the line. Sometimes it took the supply-boat half a day to make its way around the reefs from one key to another only a mile off."

Presently, we left the mainland and crossed over a drawbridge to the first of the keys; but still there was very little of the ocean to be seen, except for a glimpse now and then.

"I suppose it must be pretty shallow along the keys," I remarked, "or they would never have dared to build this line."

"That is true enough along here," he informed us; "but farther down, in some places, it is thirty feet deep at low tide. Yes, when they first started building along here, they thought that, in such shallow water, fills would do as well as bridges. So they dredged up mud and sand from the bottom and piled it up to make a roadway. Then they dumped riprap, or large rocks, along each side of the fill to protect it from the waves in stormy weather. Then, one day, a hurricane came along and began to amuse itself with the work those industrious men had been at for a year and a half. That was a real hurricane, and it instilled into the workmen, and engineers as well, a wholesome respect for West Indian storms. Many of the men were housed in quarter-boats, and it was supposed that they could ride out the storm at anchor in sheltered places offshore. But it was soon found that the flat keys offered no shelter at all. One boat with a hundred and forty-five men on board was torn from its moorings, carried out into the boiling sea, and wrecked on a reef. There was an engineer aboard, and he was a hero—Bert A. Parlin was his name. Most of the men were in a panic, and huddled, terror-stricken, in the cabin. The wind was tearing the upper structure to pieces, and they were in peril of falling timbers. Those with cooler heads stayed outside on a balcony, to windward, where no flying timbers were likely to hit them. But the young engineer, even though he knew the risk he ran, went below to calm the frightened men and urge them to come out. When the boat broke up he perished, as did every man in the cabin, while the others clung to bits of wreckage. A number of them were picked up by steamers and carried to various ports all the way from Liverpool to Buenos Aires. There were many heroes who perished that night. One man was all alone on a barge that carried an electric-light plant. He kept up his courage by

stoking up his furnaces and keeping every light burning. People on shore watched the illumination through that dreadful night, until suddenly the lights were quenched, and the watchers knew that the relentless storm had swallowed the barge, and with it a brave man.

"After the storm had cleared, the engineers went over the sad wreck it had left in its wake. All the fills had been washed away. The water had dashed over the riprap, and the receding waves had sucked out the filling of sand. Even in the shallowest places the fills had disappeared. Evidently a different form of construction would have to be devised."

"Is n't this a fill we are going over now?" asked Will. We were passing over a narrow lane built right out in the water. It was a most fascinating sight in the light of the dawning sun.

"Yes, this is a fill," went on the enthusiast; "but, you see, there is no riprap at each side."

He was right. The side of the fill looked like a smooth white beach.

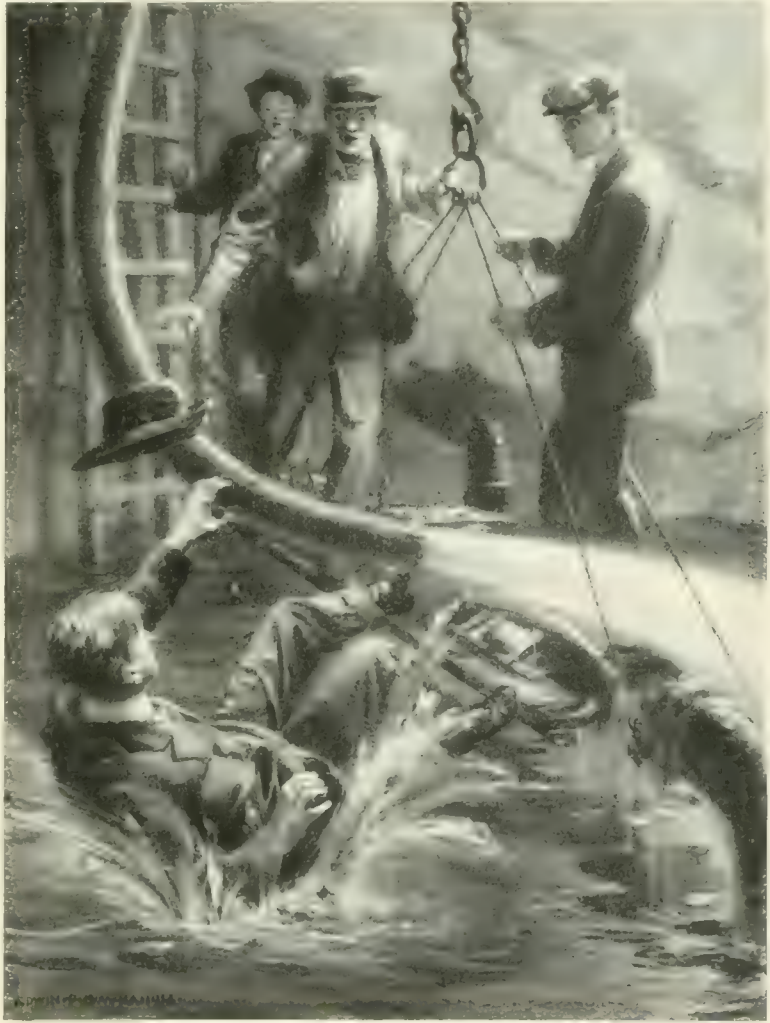
"That is a calcareous marl that they discovered here. It is soft and putty-like when fresh, but it hardens on exposure to the air. When it is plastered over the fills, it makes such a smooth finish that the waves can do nothing with it. When first put on, that marl had a terrible odor. The stench that went up from those fills attracted a host of turkey-buzzards who puzzled for days trying to locate the cause of it.

"The next hurricane that struck the keys found the men ready. They scuttled their boats and took to dry land, because they realized that, in that region, the only safe harbor for their boats was under water, where neither wind nor wave could reach them. As for the fills, they stood the ordeal splendidly. The waves wrestled long and vigorously with the smooth marl beaches, but when the ocean finally

acknowledged its defeat and calmed down, it had made little impression on them."

"But all the gaps between the keys are not closed with fills, are they?" I asked.

"Oh, my, no! There are eighteen miles of bridges, mostly heavy concrete arches, tied down with wooden piles driven into the rock."



"THAT LIGHT INCH ROSE, FLASHED AROUND LIKE THE TAIL OF A HARPOONED WHALE."

"Wooden piles driven into rock!" I gasped.

"Yes, like everything else in this queer place, the rock is very peculiar. It is a sort of coralline limestone that has a hard crust, but underneath is quite soft. What they did was to punch holes through the crust with a steel punch, and then drive the piles through the holes into the soft rock with a steam-hammer."

"You mean a pile-driver?" suggested Will.

"No; a steam-hammer which gives quick, sharp blows. If they had used a pile-driver, the piles would have sprung too much. With the steam-hammer they drove those piles in, twelve or fifteen feet. But before the piles were driven, they cleared all the sand off the rock at the site of the

knew the definition of "tremie." The question-mark showed only too plainly in our faces; so he went on to explain that a tremie is a pipe through which concrete is let down under water to the bottom of the coffer-dam. "The first batch that goes down the tremie, acts as a piston to clear out the water in the pipe. As it spreads out on

the bottom, it may lose much of its cement, but that does not matter, because it is to serve merely as a cover for the concrete that follows. The end of the tremie runs almost to the bottom, so that as fresh concrete comes down the pipe, it pours out under this cover, and is not affected by the water.

"After the coffer-dams were sealed with a layer of concrete three to five feet thick, the water was pumped out and the piles were sawed off well below low-water level. Then the coffer-dams were filled solid with cement up to the 'springing' line, that is the line from which the arch was to spring, and, after that, they put in the forms for the arches."



A CONCRETE CENTIPED REACHING ACROSS THE SEA.

pier and sunk a coffer-dam over the spot. The coffer-dam in this case was a big box without top or bottom. When this had been sunk, the piles were driven. Then a layer of concrete was laid on the rock to seal the bottom of the coffer-dam so that they could pump out the water."

"Do you mean they laid the concrete under water?"

"Why, certainly. Concrete will set under water as well as in air, provided the water does not wash away all the cement before it hardens. They used 'tremies' for the purpose."

It was unnecessary for him to ask us if we

The first big bridge we struck was the Long Key Viaduct, a noble structure over two and a half miles long, made up of 180 semi-circular arches of fifty-foot span, that carried us over the open sea, thirty feet above high-water mark. But, of course, we could see none of the grandeur of this bridge, as it was all underneath us. We were running straight out into the ocean. We might just as well have been on a very steady steamer. To the north was the Gulf of Mexico; south of us the broad Atlantic, as quiet as a mill-pond, giving no hint of the fury it could lash itself into when driven by the winds.



SETTING UP THE FORMS FOR THE FIFTY-FOOT CONCRETE ARCHES.



LONG KEY VIADUCT OF GREAT TWO AND A HALF MILES LONG

By this time, many other passengers had crowded out upon the observation platform, which we were almost selfish enough to resent. The man who had been giving us all our information did not seem to care, though, and went on shouting his story above the roar of the train. Soon he had an interested group around him, even though he addressed all his remarks to us.

"It's all wonderful," said our guide, "but wait until we get to the big Knight's Key Viaduct." And that proved well worth waiting for. Seven miles of practically unbroken water was enough to make any one marvel. The indomitable engineer had actually mastered the ocean.

A turn in the road gave us a chance to see what we were riding over. A large part of the bridge was made up of steel spans. This was a concession to the ocean. The piers for the spans could be spaced farther apart than the piers of the concrete arches, thus offering less resistance to the waves in time of storm.

"What if a hurricane should strike a train on this bridge?" I asked.

"If it were a real hurricane, I am afraid it would be 'Good-by train.' But such a thing could not happen. This road is in touch with the Weather Bureau, and warnings are sent out well in advance of a serious storm. When such warnings are received, the train service is halted. Then, too, there is a block-signal system auto-

matically controlled by wind gages that show a danger-signal when the wind over any of the bridges reaches or exceeds fifty miles an hour."

A few miles farther on, we ran upon another viaduct, only a mile long, but an important one because, at that point, the water was thirty feet deep. From there on, the formation of the keys seemed to change. They ran across our path in-



A STEEL BRIDGE WHERE THE OCEAN LATTLES MOST FURIOUSLY

stead of lying in the line of the railroad. There were many short bridges and fills that took us from key to key, until, finally, we reached Key West, the end of the line. We had traveled 106 miles off the mainland, using thirty keys as stepping-stones to take us to the most southerly city in the United States.

Our train took us out to the end of a pier where a boat was waiting to carry us the rest of the way over the sea. Not until then did we realize that we had had no breakfast, and here it was five minutes after ten!

(To be continued)

The Ballad of Belle Brocade

By Carolyn Wells

Illustrated by C. CLYDE SQUIRES



Oh, list to the ballad of Belle Brocade,
A mere little, dear little, queer little maid.
She had in her wardrobe a marvelous stock
Of every description of gown, dress, or frock;
But when she was asked to go to the fair,
She dolefully said: "I have nothing to wear."

Now, Miss Belle Brocade had no reason for
frowns:
She had chic Paris costumes, and smart London
gowns.
She had outing frocks, tailor-mades, chiffons,
and tweeds,
For all sorts of functions, and all sorts of needs.

She had velvet and voile, she had linen and lace,
For every occasion, and every place.
She had a charmeuse with Bulgarian sash;
She had a tub gown of an oyster-hued crash.

She had a pink satin with black velvet bows;
She had a white linen with bands of old rose.
A gay Dolly Varden, with pannier effect;
A lovely white voile, short-sleeved and Dutch-
necked;

A one-piece affair of straw-colored ratine,
And a stunning éponge of deep emerald green.
An exquisite gown of pink meteor crêpe;
And a pale yellow tissue with gold-spangled
cape;

A dear little frock of frilled Brussels net;
And a blue messaline—the prettiest yet!
But Miss Belle Brocade, when a gown she would
don,
Declared she had nothing at all to put on.

This one was too heavy, and that was too light;
And this was too somber, and that was too
bright.

And this was too fussy, and that was too plain;
And this was too fragile—in case it should rain.

Then one was too short and one was too long,
And one had the trimming adjusted all
wrong.

And one was eccentric, and looked like a fright;
And one never did seem to fit her just right.

That glaring red check was a positive freak;
And the gray crêpe de chine was too awfully
meek.

The Persian embroidered one looked too bizarre;
And the black-and-white plaid was too common
by far.

Miss Belle Brocade tossed them aside in
despair,

And vowed she had nothing whatever to wear.
So, though it was lovely and pleasant outside,
Miss Belle Brocade frowned, and she stormed,
and she cried.

"Not one of my frocks is fit to be seen!"
She, whimpering, said; "and I do think it's
mean!"

I have n't a thing that is decent to wear;
And I'll just simply have to stay home from the
fair!"

Now guess at the moral, my dear little maid,
That 's hid in this ballad of Belle Brocade.



SHE DOLEFULLY SAID: "I HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR."

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER V

THE PROBLEM

THE boy smiled faintly. He felt far removed from himself, and not really concerned with the smile; still, the voice was cheerful, and it was pleasant to hear. But in a moment he forgot all about it, and was surprised to see a figure at his bedside. It recalled him from the beginning of another sleep. Why was the man bowing and jiggling so? He frowned, waked himself again, and the figure stood still.

The man was tall and lean, bronzed and active. Keen eyes smiled down at the lad, and a hard but not ungentle hand was laid upon the forehead. "H-m!" said the man. "Better, ain't ye?"

"I think so." To himself, the boy's voice sounded as if it came from another room.

"Well," said his nurse, "I've been expecting your arrival any time to-day. The broth is warm—I'll bring ye some."

Presently, the boy found himself accepting spoonfuls of an appetizing liquid, which slipped down easily. "More," he said, when the supply ceased.

The man shook his head. "Enough's enough. Now, are ye comfortable?"

The boy struggled with his ideas. "I've been—sick?"

"Rather."

"There's a bandage on my head?"

"We'll have that off to-morrow."

"What's wrong with my hand?"

"Another bandage."

"Something happened to me?"

"Look here," said his nurse, "the doctor said you're not to talk. Jes' lie still, won't you?"

"But I don't remember—"

"Don't try."

The boy nodded and said no more, but lay still. Drowsiness came, and he willingly yielded to it.

For another day continued periods of sleeping and waking. He was visited, fed, and grew stronger. But he asked no more questions about himself. Still another day went by, and even when the doctor came and examined his wrist, the lad asked no questions about it. On the third day, in the middle of the morning, he waked from a doze to see two persons by his bed looking down at him. One was his nurse, Nate, but the second was a stranger.

Nate bent over the bed. "Here's Mr. Dodd, come to see you."

Mr. Dodd, stocky and grizzled, and quite as keen of gaze as Nate, sat down beside the bed. "How do you do this morning, Wilson?" he asked.

The boy was plainly surprised. "Wilson?" He looked at Nate. "Is that—?" He was struggling with ideas.

"Is n't that your name?" asked Nate.

The boy doubtfully shook his head, and looked appealingly at Mr. Dodd. "My name—" He hesitated. "I—"

He was painfully groping in thought, when the doctor, who had just entered, interposed. "Don't worry him," he said briskly. "My boy, we waked you from a nap. You'd better finish it." He turned away from the bedside, and the others followed him into the next room. There for a moment their voices murmured faintly; but when the three became interested, and forgot caution, the sounds floated clearly to him.

"Then you'd rather, Doctor, that we did n't ask him about himself?"

"I'd rather," replied the doctor, "that he was n't urged to try to remember. A question, carelessly put, might perhaps be asked once in a while. If he has lost his memory, from the blow on his head, or fever, or both, it is probably only temporarily. Since the first day, he has n't asked about himself, and does n't seem to think of how he came here. Let him alone. He'll come to himself gradually."

"The name Wilson did n't seem to suggest anything to him."

"If his memory's lost, it would n't, even if it were his name. But you must consider that this may not be the boy that got off the train. It's ten days ago, and the man Wilson has n't been heard from. He's found his brother, I'm convinced."

"Yet somebody must be worrying about this lad."

"True," admitted the doctor. "But equally true that no boy is reported missing. Since no one is inquiring about him, what can we do but wait? Would you advertise?"

"Found, a boy!" laughed Mr. Dodd. "No, they know all about the lad over at Farnham and Winton, and can tell about him to any one that inquires. On the other hand, if the newspapers

report the loss of a boy, we shall see it. But with the boy himself what shall we do?"

"Feed him, nurse him, let him come to himself. If his memory is wrong, don't appear to worry about it, or you'll worry him. Let him see your son and your nephew—the sight of them may

me run in and take a last look at the lad, Mr. Dodd, and then we'll go back."

In a moment, he came tiptoeing from the room. "Asleep."

But when the doctor's carriage had gone, carrying Mr. Dodd, and when the thumping of Nate's machinery had begun, the boy in the chamber opened his eyes. Then he turned his head so that he could look out of the window, and now he lay gazing into the landscape, while his brow was thoughtfully knit.



"HOW DO YOU DO THIS MORNING, WILSON?" MR. DODD ASKED.

bring him to himself. Another thing—let him see Harriet."

"Well," Mr. Dodd was doubtful.

"She says they spoke together," explained the doctor. "She brought him his coat. To see her may be just enough to jog his memory."

"We'll try the boys first," said Mr. Dodd.

"Certainly," agreed the doctor. "Now just let

CHAPTER VI

THE BOYS MEET AGAIN

It was three days later, and the lad had just had his breakfast. He was at last able to feed himself, although clumsily, having but one good hand. When he had finished, he lay back on his pillows and looked at Nate.

"I've never asked," he said, "what is the work I hear you doing."

"Now you're talking!" exclaimed Nate. "It's nice to have you show interest. You know the mills down in the valley?"

"Yes," answered the lad. "I hear their whistle four times a day."

"Well," explained Nate, "they make cordyroy, velvet, and plush. Now I do some of their dyein'. That machine you hear, she runs my jigger."

"Jigger?" asked the lad.

"My dyein' machine," said Nate. "I'll show it to you soon. You'll be movin' about before long."

"I can get out of bed to-day," answered the boy. "I've been living on you long enough. It's time I was—moving on."

Nate, who was about to go away with the breakfast dishes, turned and set them down upon the bureau. Then he came and stood beside the bed, looking attentively at the boy.

"Meaning?" he asked.

The boy returned his gaze firmly. "I must be going."

"All right," said Nate, with sudden willingness. "Here, I'll help you."

The boy's eyes flew wide open with surprise; then, slowly flushing, he let them drop. "I know,"

then, as Nate met his look steadily, with a touch of resentment, "How do you know that I don't want to stay?" he demanded.

"You said you wanted to go," replied Nate, undisturbed. "Come—up she goes!"

He lifted the lad's shoulders as he spoke, and turned him in bed. Clumsily the boy swung his feet out of bed, found the floor, and slowly rose. He stood for a moment, apparently asking himself if he were steady, and then took a step forward. But instantly he cried out, and had not Nate caught him, would have fallen.

Nate lifted him, laid him in bed, and covered him over. Then he looked at him quizzically. "Goin' far?"

"My ankle 's hurt!" exclaimed the boy.

"Of course," answered Nate. "What for do I rub it three times a day? Clean dislocated when we got you home. But don't fret. It's almost back to its natural size, and before long you can hobble about. I've made a crutch for ye."

Turning his face aside, the lad closed his eyes; but from under their lids trickled two tears.

"There, there!" soothed Nate, kindly. "Stick it out! It won't be very much longer."

"I thought," said the boy, huskily, "that you wanted to get rid of me."

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat!" cried Nate. "I thought the same of you. Well, then, ain't we square?"

The boy nodded. But then he murmured: "I ought to be going."

"Where?" demanded Nate.

Still with his eyes closed, the boy shook his head. "Just going."

Nate sat down upon the side of the bed. "I s'pose you've got an appointment somewhere, or with some one. Can't I send for him to come to you?"

"No," said the other. "It is n't that."



"PLUMPING DOWN ON THE GRASS BESIDE THE INVALID, PELHAM BEGAN TO TALK." (SEE PAGE 250.)

he mumbled, "that I've been a lot of trouble—and expense. But I mean to repay it."

"Don't mention it," responded Nate, heartily. "You're welcome, I'm sure. But I don't like to keep fellers in my house that don't want to stay. Come, let me help you up."

The boy looked at him first suspiciously, and

"You 're restless, of course," soothed Nate. "But take it easy for a time longer. It 'll pay in the end."

The boy showed a little vexation. "I 've got to."

"Never spoke truer," agreed Nate. "Settle to it, then." He took up his tray and turned to go, then turned back once more. "Say," he asked, "what shall I call you?"

The boy's eyes flew open, but he did not look at Nate. Doubt showed on his forehead. He looked out of the window, and slowly shook his head.

"I mean," asked Nate, "can't we jes' make up a name between us, for convenience? I don't want to say 'Here, you,' or 'Say.' S'posin' we call you Jack, or Jim."

The boy spoke in a voice low, but clear. "Call me Rodman."

"Good," agreed Nate, heartily. "Might be a fust name, or a last. If ever you think up another name to go behind it, or in front, jes' let me know. We can use the combination for your post-office address. Good-by—Rodman."

In a half-hour, Nate came back, carrying an armful of clothes. "Might as well get up," he said. "It 'll be more cheerful than lyin' here." He assisted Rodman to dress, and then brought him a crutch. "Thar," he said, "thet crutch is lighter an' stronger than anythin' you 'll find in the stores. And now, young man, hobble!"

Rodman looked about him as he went. The next room was a kind of sitting-room, with a desk in one corner. Next was a little kitchen. An open door beyond showed the interior of a shed in which were bands and pulleys above a square tub that stood in the middle of the floor. "The workshop," explained Nate, waving his hand in that direction. "But we 'll go outside."

Out on the grass stood a chair on which Rodman's attention immediately fastened. The back sloped at an easy angle, and was intended to hold the sitter in a half-reclining position. It was made of natural wood, the frame being of unpeeled sticks skilfully bent, and the back and seat of thin strips of wood, with the bark on, cleverly woven together.

"Good, ain't it?" asked Nate, frankly. "I made it myself."

Rodman looked at the chair. "It looks comfortable," he agreed. "But it 's quite new."

"Certainly," said Nate. "I thought you 'd need one. It 's better than store chairs—fits your back better."

Slowly, carefully, the boy sat down. He lifted his leg into position, and settled himself so as to put no strain on the ankle. But all the time,

though he said nothing, his face was working. And again two tears stood on his cheeks.

"Cheerfully!" warned Nate.

Rodman looked up into his face. "You do a great deal for me. And I 'm a perfect stranger to you."

"Are ye?" inquired Nate, shrewdly. "How do you know that?"

The boy's face flushed; he was startled. Nate laughed. "Of course you 're a stranger," he said. "Otherwise I should know your name. Do you like the chair?"

"Yes," answered the lad, still confused. "I never saw a better in a city store."

"Boston?" inquired Nate.

Again the look of doubt. "New York—I think."

"It 's no consequence," Nate said. "Now the doctor wanted you to be in the sun for a while, and outdoors as long as you can stand it. The sun will be on you for half an hour or so, but not in your eyes. When it 's gone, I 'll bring a book. If I was you, I 'd sleep if I could." He went away.

Rodman could not sleep; his pleasure was too keen. To be free of the house, to feel the breeze on his cheek, to see the birds and the hillside and the valley,—all this was pure enjoyment. Again, his heart was warmed by the kindness which surrounded him. He had fallen among friends. He was so satisfied that, even when Nate brought him a book, he did not read. And there was the valley to look at, a narrow place, to be sure, but much larger than his world of the last fortnight. Below him fields alternated with woods; the mill-pond was broad and still; the town itself had so many shade-trees that it seemed to stand in a grove; and even the mill buildings, covered with vines and standing among elms, were scarcely to be distinguished. Out of the tree-tops rose a spire and a belfry, a pair of cupolas, and perhaps a couple of dozen roofs. There must be dozens more that he could not see, and even the streets were completely hidden.

He could see, however, the roads that led away from the town. There were four of them, running to four quarters of the compass until lost in woods. He fell to watching passers on them, men or boys on foot or in wagons of all kinds. At length, he noticed a light carriage which, drawn by a single horse, was coming in his direction. The occupants he could not make out. He had discovered that this road, as it reached the bottom of the hill, turned aside, and after running for a hundred yards in woods, again appeared, to skirt the base of the ridge. The carriage disappeared, but though he counted on

seeing it emerge before long, to his regret it did not reappear. "It went," he thought, "to some house that I cannot see."

But presently, to his satisfaction, he noticed the horse's head and the upper part of the carriage coming diagonally up the hill. "I've learned a new road," he thought.

There were two persons in the carriage; not women, certainly. He narrowed his eyes. "Men! And one is citified." One of them was, indeed, wearing a stiff straw hat and a tall white collar.

Then the carriage turned, and came quartering up the hill in a different direction. The truth came to him at once: "The road zigzags, and they're coming here!"

He looked about him as if for escape; he thought of calling Nate. As if brought by sympathy, Nate came out and looked at him. "All right?" he asked. He saw in the boy's face what others had already noted there, the hunted look, the desperation mingled with appeal. "Why, what's wrong?"

"That carriage is coming here!"

Nate looked down the hill. "Sure enough, it is."

"It's some one after me!" cried Rodman.

"After you?" asked Nate, looking at him narrowly. The boy was white. Nate put his hand on his shoulder. "It's only visitors. Friends of mine."

"One of them is from the city," insisted Rodman. His breath was coming quickly, and he began to try to rise.

"Surely," answered Nate. "But ye need n't be afraid of him. It's Brian Dodd, and if he is rather citified in his dress, it don't mean nothin'. He ain't half so smart as his cousin Pelham, that comes with him."

Rodman sank back. "Oh, that's who they are?"

Nate nodded. "Pelham's sixteen; jes' about your age. His father was here the other day; he owns the mills. The other feller, he's out of New York. Half a year older, maybe. Stayin' here for the summer."

Rodman looked again at the approaching travelers. Now that they were nearer, he saw clearly that they were boys.

"If you don't feel up to seein' 'em," said Nate, "I'll send 'em back. But if I was you, I'd see 'em. It ain't no disgrace to be sick, not as I've learned yet. An' perhaps the visit'll set you up."

Rodman appeared to pull himself together. "All right," he said. "Tell me what they're like."

"Pelham, he's all right," answered Nate. "That city chap—well, you can judge as well as

I. I ain't seen much of him." Nate went again into the house.

Presently, coming around the corner of the house, the two boys approached on foot. Pelham came first, with an eager and interested look. He went straight to the invalid and held out his hand. "I'm Pelham Dodd," he explained. "My father told me that perhaps you'd like company. So I came with my cousin. Brian, this is—"

He paused, embarrassed. The lad spoke for himself. "Nate is going to call me Rodman."

"Rodman, then," said Pelham, relieved. "This is my cousin Brian."

With elaborate ease Brian shook Rodman's hand. He was a little taller than Pelham, a little softer and slower. He dressed in an older fashion, as Rodman had already seen at a distance; he had more of a manner, and spoke as to a younger boy, saying, "Sorry you're ill." He went and leaned against a near-by tree.

In justice to Brian, it must be considered that the meeting was a difficult one. He and Pelham had been carefully instructed not to question Rodman about his past; they were not to suggest that they had met him before, they were simply to take him for granted. All this was not easy, especially when both the boys had been full of their knowledge concerning the lad, of curiosity to know whether he was the boy of the railroad story, and when now at first glance they recognized him.

Pelham threw himself into the breach. Plumping down on the grass beside the invalid, he began to talk. "Nice place this, up here. Good view, is n't it?"

"Very good," agreed Rodman.

"Lots of times I've sat here with Nate and the boys," went on Pelham. "If ever we chaps are out in the woods, we usually try to come home by Nate's, so as to spend half an hour here, talking with him. Best view in the town, I think, and best man to talk to. Don't you like his stories?"

Rodman smiled and shook his head. "I've not heard any yet, but I'll make him tell me some."

"It's worth it," said Pelham. "And, see here—if you say, I'll bring the whole gang up here to see you on Saturday morning. You ought to know them."

Rodman smiled. "Thanks."

"We play ball that afternoon," explained Pelham. "Perhaps you could get down to see us."

"Perhaps," agreed Rodman.

"And later you can play with us," Pelham went on, warming with enthusiasm. "We have a match every Saturday, when we can arrange it. Any fellow can get a place on the nine who plays well enough. You do play, of course?"

"Of course," said Rodman.

Brian spoke suddenly. "Where have you played?"

Rodman, flushing, hesitated for an answer. Pelham struck in quickly: "What 's the difference? And say, Rodman, there 's swimming, and hare and hounds. We have pretty good times."

Rodman spoke slowly, and with evident reluctance. "I suppose my ankle will be well again soon, and my wrist. But, you know, I can't spend my time playing, for I have n't any money. I can't live on Nate here, I must go to work."

"Whew!" whistled Pelham. But he raised no objection. He knew plenty of lads in the town who, though no older than himself, were beginning their work in the mill. Nevertheless, Rodman seemed not that kind of boy. Surely he was better bred than they. "What shall you do?" he asked. "There 's work in the mill, of course, and you 're above legal age. I 'm sure Father would give you a job. But you would n't care for that sort of thing."

"I 've done worse," stated Rodman. "I 've been waiter in a city restaurant—hot, greasy, doleful work!"

"I should think so!" agreed Pelham, heartily.

"Where was the restaurant?" demanded Brian.

Again came the hesitation to answer, and again Pelham interposed: "The mill would be better than that. Or you might find light work outdoors."

Nate, approaching from the house, heard the last remark. "Rodman 's going to stay here with me," he said positively. "I can give him work."

"You!" cried Pelham. "Why, Nate, you 've always refused to take any one to work with you!"

"'S all right," declared Nate, sturdily. "I never before saw a feller I could believe in. Every one that ever applied to me was of the kind that only wanted to learn my secrets in order to sell 'em. But I know when I can trust; and Rodman, he can work with me if he wants to." He looked at the boy. "We have holidays here whenever we want 'em. The air 's better here than in the mill, an' the pay 's jes' as good."

"Will you take me in?" laughed Pelham.

"Cert'," answered Nate. "But first you ask your pa if he 'd let you come. And now—" His hand, which he had been holding behind his back, he suddenly revealed as holding bottles.

"Root-beer!" cried Pelham, springing up. "Oh, Nate!"

"One for you," said Nate, smiling. "Rodman, he had n't better have some till next week. But your cousin can have the other bottle, if he 's willin' to drink out of it."

"I 'll try it," said Brian, gingerly.

"Drank only a couple o' swallers of it!" grumbled Nate, a half-hour later, when the boys had gone. He emptied the bottle upon the grass. "Fust boy I ever see that did n't like my root-beer. Rodman, I guess you an' I will agree on that young gentleman."

On his way homeward, Brian tried to make Pelham agree with him about Nate. "Confound his root-beer," he said. "I never drink the stuff."

"Then you need n't have spoiled a bottle for him," suggested Pelham. "We all like it."

"I don't see what you can find in him," went on Brian. "He 's quite rough and uncultivated."

"Of course," laughed Pelham. "Otherwise he would n't be Nate. But, Brian, why did you try to make Rodman recollect about himself? Father specially told us not to."

"That fellow has n't lost his memory," declared Brian. "If he remembers what he has done, he can remember where and when he did it."

"Not necessarily," retorted Pelham. "Did n't you hear the doctor explain last night that a man could remember the one and forget the other? Persons and places, names and dates, he will forget, while he will remember that he can do, or even that he has done, one thing or another."

"How are we," asked Brian, "to know that he 's forgotten things unless we ask him?"

"If he gets to worrying about his memory," replied Pelham, "he 's much less likely to get it back. That 's why they want us to ask him nothing."

"Why does n't he ask about himself?" demanded Brian.

"I can't tell you," answered Pelham. "I think such things are none of our business. And I tell you again, Brian, that if once you really run up against Father, you 'll get a jolt."

Pelham spoke good-naturedly, but the warning was plain. Brian gave one last grumble: "I think he 's putting it all on."

CHAPTER VII

NATE HAS A PLAN

"You see, it 's this way," said Nate.

The others, with one impulse, turned to attend more closely. It was in the living-room of the Dodd house, and Nate, in speaking with Mr. Dodd, lifted his voice a little higher than he needed to. Mrs. Dodd, who had been standing listening by her husband's chair, drew up another and sat down. Brother Bob came out of his newspaper, Pelham emerged from his book, and Brian, carelessly lounging nearer, leaned against the mantel. Even Harriet, retiring as she often

was, laid down her sewing, and came and stood by her mother's chair. Nate, looking around upon them with a smile, turned to Mr. Dodd.

"If you 'd rather we talked this out by ourselves—"

Mr. Dodd hesitated. He could say, "Run away, youngsters," and so could have the room to himself and his wife, with, perhaps, Bob also. But the younger ones, as he knew, were intensely interested in the boy up at Nate's, and he wished Pelham and Harriet to hear what was to be said. Further, he trusted absolutely to their secrecy, for he had long ago trained his children to say nothing of what went on in the family circle. He wanted them, therefore, to stay. It was Brian that he doubted. He did not know his nephew very well, and was not sure whether closer acquaintance would make him think better of the boy, or worse. But for that very reason, he did not wish to show doubt of him. And again, was there any great need of secrecy? Probably not. He said, therefore, "Oh, this is all right."

Nate nodded. "Well," he began, "this boy Rodman, he wants to go away."

They all exclaimed in surprise. "I thought," said Mr. Dodd, "that the boys said he was going to work with you."

"We talked of it when they was there," agreed Nate, "but you know you can't really settle things when others is about. He did n't say nothin' about it for two days more; but I noticed him a-tryin' of his ankle every little while. It 's been gittin' well fast, an' he seemed to be takin' a lot of satisfaction in that. So I says to him last night, 'What 's your awful hurry to git well?'"

"He would n't tell at first. He 'llowed 's any one wants to git well, and things o' that sort. But I kep' at him, fur I suspicioned the real reason, an' at las' he admitted it. He says he wants to go."

"Did he give a reason?" asked Mr. Dodd.

"No, he jes' wants to go. Whether he 's nervous here, a-wantin' to git to some remoter place—"

"Remoter from what?" interrupted Mr. Dodd.

"Don't ask me," replied Nate. "Still, I 've got it in my head that he 's nearer to somethin' than he likes to be. It ain't any of us, 's I can see. He says we 've all been mighty nice to him. I says, then why go away from us? An' he jes'

comes back to the same idee, he wants to git away."

"What shall you do?" asked Mr. Dodd.

"I?" asked Nate. "I ain't got no say in the matter. If he wants to go, I can't stop him. Still, I feel so bad I thought I 'd ask his owner to come up an' see what can be done."

"His owner?" inquired Mr. Dodd. "Who is that?"

"Harriet captured him," answered Nate. "He 's her property, if he 's any one's. I thought I 'd ask her to come up an' take a look at the situation."

Harriet, with all eyes on her, felt that she turned scarlet. "Why," she gasped, "I—I—"

"But, Nate!" began Mr. Dodd, a little impatiently. Then he stopped. Nate usually knew what he was about.

"I was jes' foolin' about her ownin' him," explained Nate. "Wanted to make her feel a little responsibility for him, that 's all." He smiled at Harriet, but continued addressing Mr. Dodd. "What I 'm really after is this: you know the doctor said that seein' her might bring back Rodman's memory. Well, I want to see if it will."

"But there 's no hurry," objected Mr. Dodd.

Nate shook his head. "I 'm not so sure. I feel 's if I might wake some mornin', when once he 's rightly got the use of his leg, an' find him gone. Seems 's if I could n't bear it if he got away without our makin' this last try."

"Well," said Mr. Dodd, slowly, "her mother shall go up with her."

"Askin' your pardon," persisted Nate, "I 'd rather not have grown folks around. They two ought to meet sorter natural, an' entirely by themselves. Why, Mr. Dodd, you can trust Harriet with me!"

"Of course," agreed Mr. Dodd. "But I don't know anything about this boy."

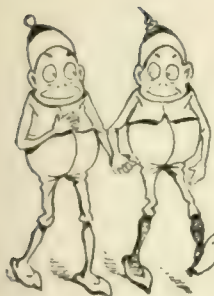
"Rodman 's all right," declared Nate, emphatically. "I can't say more than that about anybody."

Mr. Dodd looked at his wife. She, who had been listening thoughtfully, slowly nodded. "I like what I 've seen of him," she said. "Let her go. Nate will be there."

Nate looked at Harriet. "I ain't proposin' to be eavesdroppin'," he exclaimed, "but I 'll be handy. Harriet, will ye go?"

(To be continued)





THE BROWNIES AND THE RAILROAD

BY PALMER COX



At dusk, as they were
passing by,
The band a village chanced
to spy.

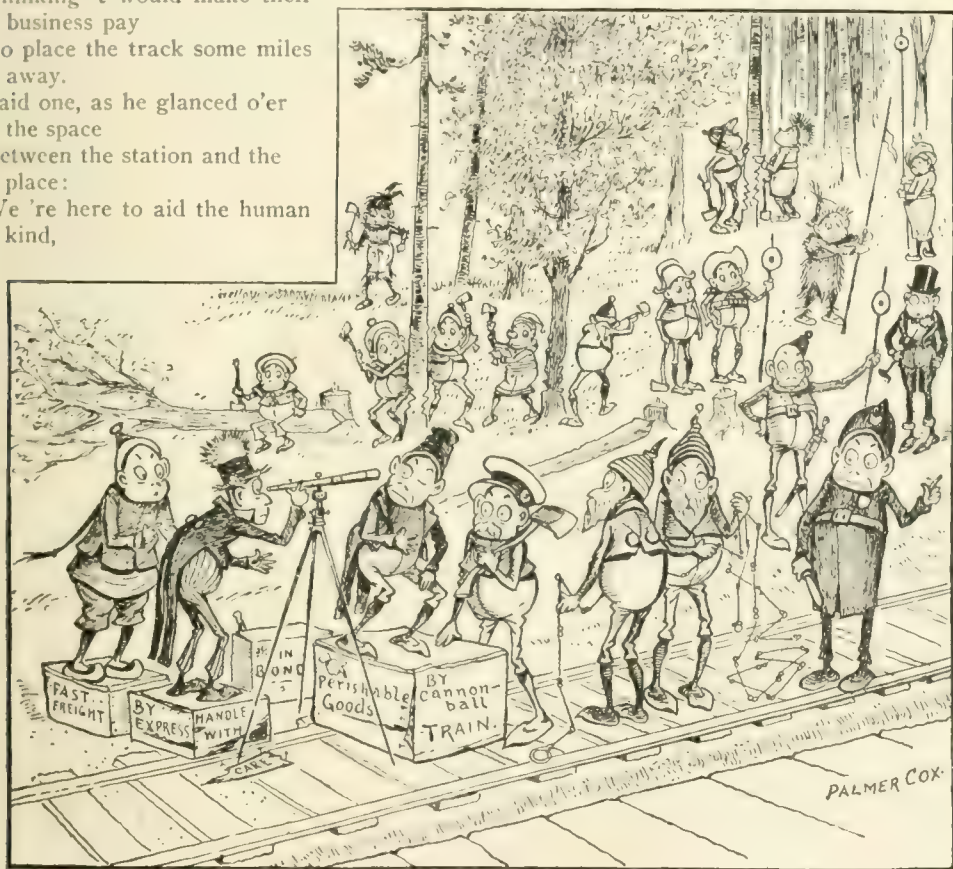
The town itself was well enough,
And nestled by a wooded bluff,
But when the railroad was surveyed,
In order to avoid a grade
And thus insure a speedy trip,
They almost gave the place the slip,
Thinking 't would make their
business pay

To place the track some miles
away.

Said one, as he glanced o'er
the space
Between the station and the
place:

"We're here to aid the human
kind,

And move the railroad
track to-night.
I know their business
through and through—
There's not a train till morning due.
Our mystic power will help us out,
We'll swing the whole concern about.
We'll change the track from straight ahead,
And make a sweeping curve instead;
Of grade we'll take but little heed,



PALMER COX

To note the want, to ease the mind;
The more we serve, believe me still,
The better we our mission fill."
Another said: "Right well I know
What's in your mind. We'll not be slow
To act upon the hint so bright

But move the ties and rails with speed,
The signals and the switches lift
And rearrange to suit the shift.
We'll let the track rest where it should,
Near by the town for service good.
Who wants to run a mile at least

To catch a train if going east?
 Who wants to race and sprint his best,
 Then lose his train, when going west?
 Before the sun looks o'er yon hill,
 Where pine and spruce are growing still,
 We 'll work a change, and make

a move
 That will to all a blessing
 prove."

We 're not prepared with time,
 or strength,
 To give each separate act at
 length.

Enough to say that shovels
 flew,

That picks were plied, that
 spikes they drew.

The rails were bent and newly
 laid,

And some attention paid to
 grade,

Though certain things they had
 to slight

To finish all ere morning
 light.

Said one: "When war is under
 way,

Some tracks are laid
 without delay,

And armies make a
 hasty move,

Their chance of victory
 to improve;

But, in the piping time
 of peace,

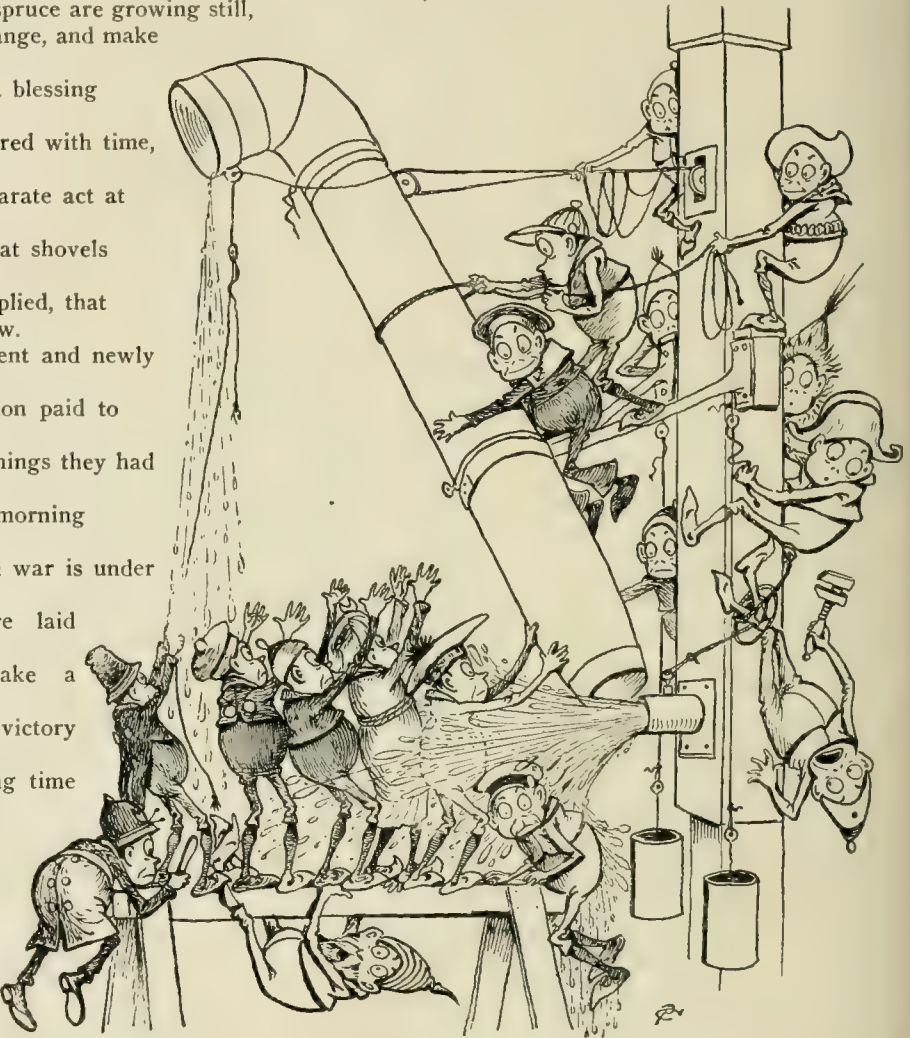
Plain people's
 comfort to in-
 crease,

Not often is
 track-laying
 done

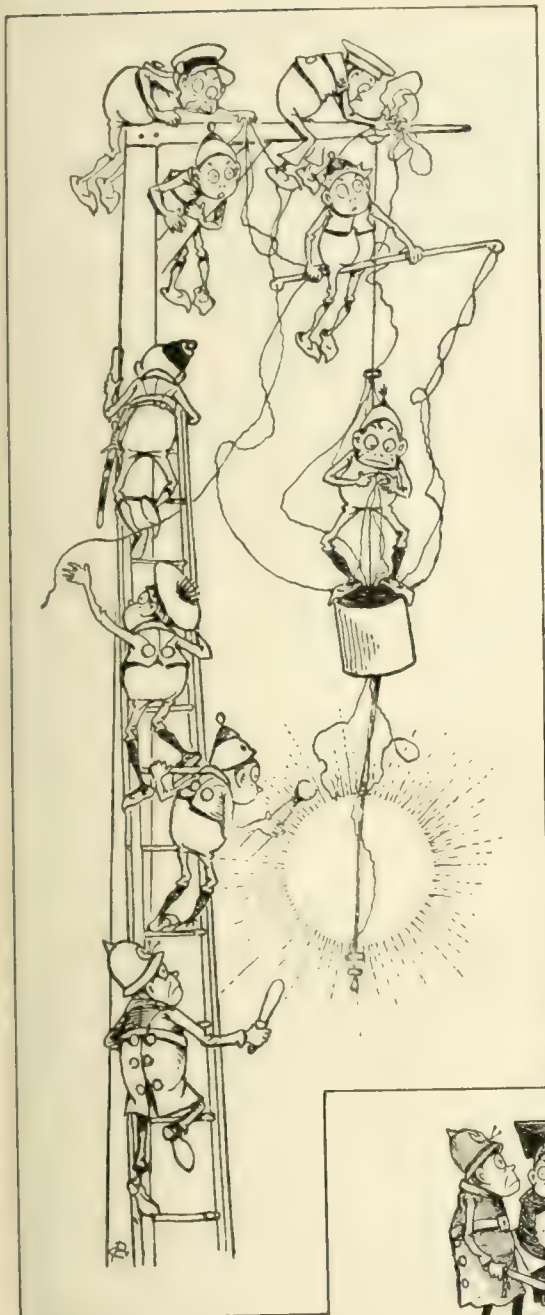
Between the set
 and rise of
 sun."

They moved the railroad-crossing' sign
 And switch, to suit their own design;
 They changed the signal boards that clear
 Directions give the engineer—
 Just where to toot, slow up, or bide,
 Or where to pull the throttle wide.
 To some the work was strange and new,
 But all were there to buckle to,
 And each was willing to improve,
 To lend a hand, to shove, or move.
 A busy half-hour's time was spent
 In moving wires that danger meant,
 For all with currents strong were charged,

Which much the Brownies' risk enlarged;
 At times, a tumble to the ground
 Would seem to bring the stars around.
 But it must be a quick affair



That takes a Brownie unaware,
 And, though some plans were broken through,
 No injury befell the crew.
 'T was fortunate no iron span
 Or wooden bridge was in the plan;
 A culvert, and a pipe or two
 To let the water ripple through,
 Was all they found to cause delay,
 Except a bed of sand and clay.
 And, as the stars made their escape,
 The curve took on a better shape,
 And by the time the dawn began
 To crowd itself on drowsy man,



WHEN next the train came down that way,
 There was some doubt, if not dismay,
 When no familiar points were seen,
 For which the eye is ever keen.
 With hands upon the wheel in dread,
 The brakeman's eyes stood from his head;
 The poor conductor, rattled more,
 Was punching tickets o'er and o'er.
 The engineer, who thought he knew
 The road as well as I know you,
 Was puzzled much to find so great
 A curve where all had been so straight.
 He blew the whistle, strained his eyes,
 Put on the brakes in great surprise,
 Shut off the steam, and was about
 Upon the point of jumping out,
 Believing in his heart it led
 To some deep ditch or river-bed!
 But when it stopped, as he could see,
 Close to the town where it should be,
 He hardly knew what should be done—
 Stay in the cab, or jump and run.
 The company, of course, were wild,
 And blamed the town, and papers filed,
 And would have gone to law, no doubt,



If they had proof
 But, having nothing
 They very wisely
 For there was
 If any, could see

to help them out;
 of the kind,
 changed their mind—
 mystery that few,
 fairly through.



And early birds commenced to sing,
 The railroad was a finished thing.
 Now folks could step forth from the
 door
 Of private home, hotel, or store,
 And take the train at leisure there,
 And still have time and breath to spare.

And so the bags of mail were dropped
 And baggage where the train had stopped,
 And then the station was moved down,
 And stands to-day beside the town.

TWO MEN WITH BRAINS

ONE was an engineer serving under the Emperor Napoleon, the other was the great general himself.

The engineer found himself summoned one day into the presence of his commander. Napoleon stood on the bank of a wide river gazing across to where the enemy had planted batteries, which he desired to attack with artillery.

"How wide is that river?" was the question put to the engineer.

"Let me get my instruments," was the reply, as he turned to go for them.

"I must know at once," the emperor insisted.

The engineer went down to the level bank of the river, and, standing erect, gradually bent his head forward till the edge of his hat-brim just touched the line from his eyes to the water-line at the opposite bank of the river. Then, keeping his head bent as it was, he wheeled a quarter-turn till his eyes looked along the hat-brim and met the land at a point on the *same* side of the river on which he stood. Here he noted a rock or tree near the point at which his eyes met the ground, and, calling a soldier, directed that a stake be driven near that point, as he should direct. Then, by motioning just where to drive the stake, he fixed the point at which the line from

hat-brim and eye reached the bank. Turning to the emperor, "Your Majesty," said he, "the distance from where I stand to the stake is the width of the river."

And so it was, as you can readily see. If the emperor did not promote that officer—why, then the story does not end as it should!

That the general was as quick-witted as any of those he commanded, is evident from the well-known story of his cleverness in escaping from the Red Sea when crossing with his staff. The ford was lost, and, as it was dusk, there was no landmark to guide the party.

Gathering his officers in a circle, Napoleon made them all ride outward from himself as a center, as if they were following the spokes of a great wheel. So all the paths were tried, and the right one was found.

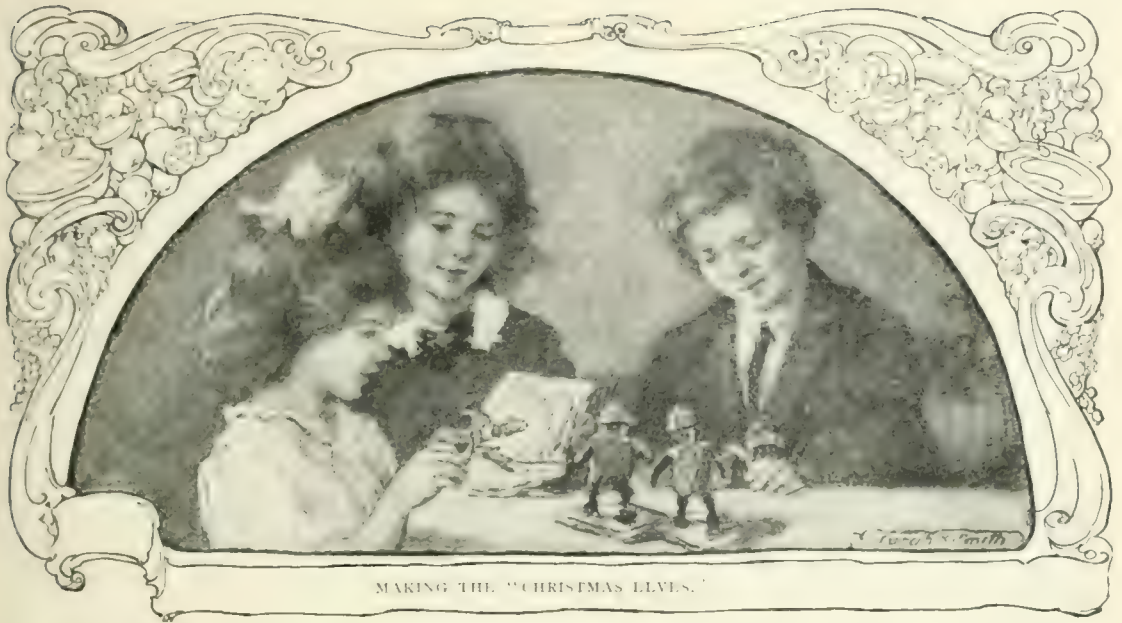
In reading such stories as these two it is most important to see the *idea* in them, as the mere way of telling them differs with every author. In fact, the same stories are often told of different men. But whoever was clever enough to think of these things, it is well for us to remember the facts themselves.

The moral is: "Use your brains!"

Tudor Jenks.



BROTHER RABBIT: "No, this is n't 1-9-1-3. You have the wrong number. This is 1-9-1-4. What's that? Same to you and many of them."



MAKING THE "CHRISTMAS ELVES."

THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

THE Blairs were a particularly nice family. That is what the neighbors always said of them, and, to tell the truth, the Blairs believed it. That is, the father and mother thought the children were particularly nice, and the children thought their father and mother and each other particularly nice; and so, of course, they all must have been very nice indeed.

Saturdays and Sundays and vacation days were all holidays to them, and they did such interesting things, and laughed so much as they did them, that everybody said, "What good times those Blairs do have!"

Jack and Mildred Blair were named after their father and mother, and Brownie, whose real name was Katharine, was named for her grandmother; so to avoid getting everybody mixed, the children were called the Junior Blairs by everybody.

Now it happened that there were ever so many uncles and aunts and cousins who were Blairs, too, but most of them lived a long way off, and they were very seldom able to get together for a family party; but this winter, ten of them were coming to spend Christmas with the real Blairs, and, as five of them were between fourteen and

twelve, the ages of Mildred and Jack, and some more about nine, like Brownie, they were all planning to have the very nicest sort of a time, and everybody was as excited as could be.

Christmas was only two days away, when, suddenly, it began to snow. And how it snowed! The flakes came down steadily hour after hour, and soon the sidewalks were covered, and the steps were buried, and the piles of snow almost covered the gate. Everybody said that all the trains were delayed; and it was not long before the little Blairs began to whisper, "Whatever shall we do if they can't get here in time for Christmas?" Mother Blair guessed what the trouble was, and said cheerfully that, of course, the snow would stop falling before long, and the trains would be on time in the morning.

"And a beautiful white Christmas is the loveliest thing in the world," she added. But the children looked out of the window and were afraid, deep down in their hearts, that something dreadful might happen.

"If we only had something nice to do right now," groaned Jack, "so we could forget the snow. But we can't trim the tree till everybody

comes to help, and the presents are all tied up, and there is n't anything nice and Christmasy to do that I can think of."

this Mother Blair pulled out and pushed across the room to a nice, empty place. Then she wrote out very plainly a little recipe, and under this



"MILDRED RUBBED THE BUTTER AND SUGAR WHITE, BROWNIE BEAT THE EGG."

"Why not cook?" suggested Mother Blair. "There are lots of nice things to make—Christmas things, you know."

Mildred began to brighten up. "If we could cook things all alone, I'd like that," she said.

"Boys don't cook," Jack said scornfully, still looking out of the window.

"Boys make pop-corn, though," laughed his mother. "And then suppose you make that up into nice balls, and have them all ready when the cousins come. And, Mildred, I think Norah would give you and Brownie one corner of the kitchen, and let you cook all by yourselves."

So Jack took the corn-popper and went down to the furnace, and when he opened the door, he found a great bed of red coals waiting for him; and Mildred and Brownie put on their big gingham aprons and went out into the kitchen.

Underneath the large table was a smaller one;

she explained exactly how to put things together; this she pinned on the wall over the table. "There!" she said. "Now you can go right to work." This was what was on the paper:

CHRISTMAS CAKES

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. 1 egg. 1 cup of flour.
 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla.

Put the butter and sugar in a bowl, and rub them together till smooth and creamy. Beat the egg without separating it, and put that in next: beat all together, then add the milk, a little at a time. Put a rounded spoonful of baking powder in the flour and stir it well, and add that slowly, mixing as you do it; and, last, put in the vanilla. Grease some little scalloped tins, and fill them half full; bake till brown.

Mildred rubbed the butter and sugar while Brownie beat the egg; they took turns putting in the other things, and, last, Norah set the tins in the oven for them. Then the two girls rushed into the sitting-room and said, "That 's all done, Mother Blair! Now something else to cook, please!"

"But don't forget to watch your cakes," said Mother Blair, as she handed them a second recipe. "Open the oven door every little while just enough to peek in at them; if you forget them, they will surely burn."

The second recipe was for

OATMEAL MACAROONS

- 2½ cups of rolled oats.
- 2½ teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.
- ½ teaspoonful of salt.
- 3 level table-spoonfuls of butter.
- 1 cup of sugar.
- 3 eggs, beaten separately.
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Put the butter and sugar in a bowl and cream them; beat the yolks of the eggs, put them in, and beat again; mix the oatmeal with the baking-powder and salt, and add this, next, a little at a time; then put in the vanilla, and, last, the stiff whites of the eggs. Have ready a shallow pan, greased, and drop the batter on this in tiny bits, no larger than the end of your thumb, and two inches apart. Bake in an oven that is not very hot. When they are brown on the edges, they are done; remove them from the pan while they are still warm.

While Mildred was mixing these, Brownie took a last peep into the oven, and found the cakes were baked. Norah helped her take them out, and she herself took them from the pans and put them on a platter to cool. Then it was not long before the first panful of macaroons was done, too, and these came out all crisp and delicious.

Just as they were finishing them, their mother came out into the kitchen. "Oh, how lovely!"

"Lovely? Of course they are. And I've *such* a bright idea about those cakes, too!"

"Oh, what?" cried both the girls together, because Mother Blair's bright ideas were always particularly nice, just like herself.

"I've been looking over the boxes of Christmas candy, and I find we have lots of candied cherries. And, Norah, you had some of the citron left from the plum-pudding, had n't you?"

Norah said she had a large piece put away.

"Well, then, suppose we cut the citron into thin slices, and cut those up into little bits of green leaves, and cut some of the cherries into tiny bits to look like berries; then we will ice the little cakes and around each one, right on top, we will make a green holly wreath with holly berries in it. Won't those be pretty?"

"Oh, Mother, let me, let me!" Brownie begged.

"Very well, you make the leaves and berries while Mildred ices the cakes," said Mother Blair.

So while Mildred mixed the icing, Brownie took some small scissors and cut up the citron and the cherries. At first her scissors bothered her by getting sticky, but Norah showed her how to dip them in water often and wipe them dry, and after she tried that way, she had no trouble.

Mildred's rule for icing was this:

ICING

The white of one egg.

- 1 teaspoonful of cold water.
- 1 cup of powdered sugar.
- ½ teaspoonful of flavoring.

Put the white of the egg in a bowl, add the water, and beat till light; stir in the sifted sugar and the flavoring, and spread on the cakes while they are still a little warm; smooth over with the back of a spoon.

After the cakes were iced, the leaves were laid in a wreath around the edges, with the tiny red berries among them; and they were the prettiest things for Christmas anybody ever saw.



she exclaimed. "I never, never saw anything so good as those macaroons. Perfectly delicious!"

"But see the scalloped cakes, Mother," said Brownie. "Are n't they lovely, too?"

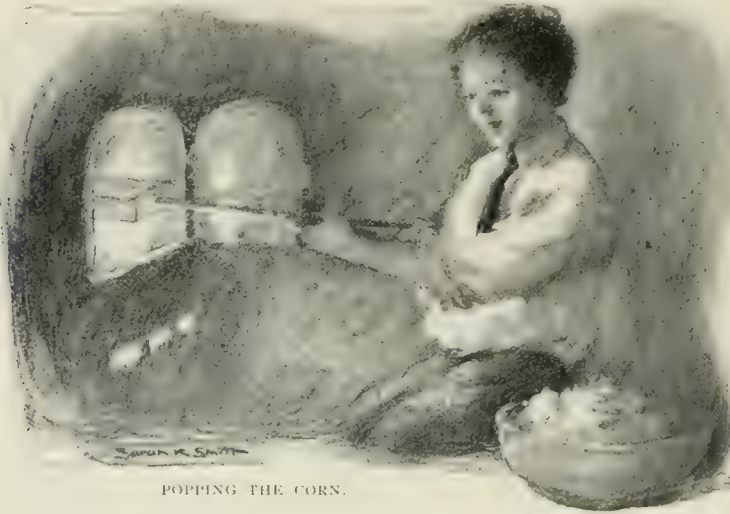
When, at last, they were put away, Norah told them she had some bits of pie crust left over from her mince pies that they could have, if they wanted it. Brownie dashed into the hall, shout-

ing; "Mother, Mother! What can we make with pie-crust? Norah says we can have some."

This made a great dishful of lovely balls, and they set them away in a cold place; and then Norah told them they must run out of the kitchen, because she wanted to get luncheon ready.

After lunch, Jack had to go and shovel out paths again, because those he had made had all disappeared. Mildred and Brownie dressed a tiny doll for a cousin they were afraid might not have quite as many as she would want, and when that was done, they said they wanted to cook some more.

Their mother told them she had one very, very nice recipe meant especially for holidays, which, strangely enough, had Brownie's name. "Because you are so very, very nice yourself," she said with a hug, "perhaps you can make these all by yourself, too."



POPPING THE CORN.

"Tartlets," called Mother Blair from up-stairs.

So Norah showed them how to flour the board a very little, and how to roll out the crust as thin as they could and press it into the same little scalloped tins they had used for the cakes. Then she got a big needle. "Now prick holes all over the bottom of each," she told them. "If you don't, the crust will come up in bubbles and spoil them." So they pricked the crust carefully, and cut off the edges of the tops smoothly with a knife, and put them in the oven; in ten minutes they were done. Norah told them that the very first luncheon after the party came, they might fill the little tartlets with jelly, but they must wait till then, so they would be crisp and fresh.

Just as the tarts disappeared in the pantry, Jack came up with his pans of pop-corn.

"Real cooking is just for girls," he said, with his mouth full of a stolen macaroon. "It's all right for boys to make pop-corn balls, though. Only how do you do it?" His mother told him to wash his hands well, and then gave him this rule:

POP-CORN BALLS

- 1 cup of molasses.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of butter.

Boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. Pour a little over a pan of corn, and take up in your hands all that sticks together, and roll it into a ball. Keep the candy hot on the back of the stove, and pour on more till it is all done.

BROWNIES

- 3 squares of chocolate.
- 2 eggs, beaten together.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour.
- 2 cups of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter.
- 1 cup of chopped English walnuts.

Cream the butter and sugar together, and add the eggs, well beaten without separating; then add the flour. Melt the chocolate by cutting it up into small bits and putting it in a little dish over the steam of the tea-kettle. Put this in next, and, last, the nuts. Lay a greased paper on the bottom of a shallow pan, and pour the cake in, in a thin layer. Bake twenty-five minutes; mark off into squares while warm, and cut before removing from the pan. These should be as thick as cookies when done.

"Don't you want me to help you make them, Brownie?" Mildred asked, as she read the recipe over. "You see, I could beat the eggs for you, and you know how hard it is for you not to tip the bowl over when you beat them!"

"Well," Brownie said slowly, "I might let you do just that one thing, Mildred, but Mother said I was to make these cakes all alone."

"But let me help just a tiny little bit," Mildred coaxed; "they do sound so interesting!"

So in the end the two made the cakes together, all delicious, and just the thing for company.

While they were still fresh from the oven, in came a pretty grown-up neighbor, whom all the

Blairs, big and little, loved very much, because she always was ready for a good time with them.

"Fee-fy-fo-fum!" she exclaimed, wrinkling up her little nose. "I smell something good to eat!"

"Oh, dear Miss Betty," Brownie cried, "it is Christmas cooking! Come and see it."

So Miss Betty saw all the lovely little holly cakes, and the tartlets, and the macaroons, and the Brownies, and ate little crumbs off wherever she could find one. Then she said, "I want to cook too! May I, Norah?"

"Sure you may," said Norah, who thought Miss Betty was the nicest young lady in the world.

Then Miss Betty wrote out this recipe, and pinned it up, and everybody helped her make

GINGERBREAD MEN

- 2 cups of molasses.
- 1 cup of equal parts of butter and lard, mixed.
- 1 level tablespoonful of ginger.
- 1 teaspoonful of soda.
- Flour to mix very stiff.

Melt the butter, add the molasses and ginger, then the soda, dissolved in a teaspoonful of boiling water, stir in flour till the dough is so stiff you cannot stir it with a spoon; take it out on the floured board, and

roll a little at a time, and with a knife cut out a man; press currants in for eyes and for buttons on his coat. Bake in a floured pan.

"These are going to be Santa Clauses," said Miss Betty. "Jack, if you will cut me some tiny cedar twigs, we will stick them in the right hands—one in each." So Jack whittled down the ends of some little twigs till they were very sharp, and while the men were warm and soft, they put a

twig in the right hand of each, and they were as funny as could be.

"Now, Jack, I've something lovely for you to make!" said Miss Betty. "I came over on purpose to tell you about it."

"Boys don't cook!" said Jack, loftily.

"Boys would be perfectly wild to make these," laughed Miss Betty, "if only they knew how; but of course if you don't care to—"

"What are they?"

"Christmas elves, and the cunningest things you ever saw." She opened a box and showed them a dear, droll little figure, brown and fat. It made the children laugh to look at him.

"We will make one for each person at the Christmas dinner, and stand them at the plates with cards in the hands, to show where everybody is to sit. Now, Jack, do you want to try?"

Jack instantly was hard at work.

CHRISTMAS ELVES

Take a square of thin wood and drive two long, slender nails through it; these are the legs of the elf. Turn it upside down and push two large raisins on each nail, and then a fig on both—these are the legs and the body. Take a wire about four inches long, and put two raisins on each end, twisting up the ends to hold them. Lay this across the fig body and press it down to hold it firm. Put a marshmallow on a wooden toothpick, and put that on top for a head, and half of a fig for a cap. Draw eyes, nose, and mouth on the face with pen and ink, and, if you choose, brush a little melted chocolate on the sides of his head, for hair. Put a sprig of Christmas green in his cap.

Just as the elves were put in a row on the table, Miss Betty exclaimed, "Children, it's stopped snowing! It will be all clear to-morrow, and everybody will get here in time, after all!"

They rushed to the window to look, for sure enough, the storm was over, and everybody was going to have *A Merry Christmas!*



THE CHRISTMAS ELVES

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE "Merry Monarch," as Charles II was called, came back to the throne of England amid shouts of joy from the entire nation: a nation grown weary of the solemn Puritan ways that had obtained so long; a nation that wanted to get back its May-poles and country dances, its nut-brown ale and gay petticoats and bonnets; a nation that seemed to want the pomp and splen-



THE COURTIER by S. Ivanowski.

"LORNA DOONE."

dor of court life in its center once again, and to be quite careless of the liberty it had bought with so much blood and bitter suffering.

But after all, England was not quite so mad for him as Charles imagined her to be. She wanted a king in Whitehall, to be sure. But she had no intention of restoring to that king the power which had gone to the block with Charles

I. "She wanted a king for ornament, not for real governorship.

Parliament had become, and was to remain henceforth, the true ruler of the English people. So firmly was this fact established in men's minds, that it scarcely dawned upon them that their easy-going king could have a different idea. All he appeared to ask was perfect liberty to follow his whims. So much the country rejoiced to give him; the more extravagant Charles's demands, the more the court and the nation applauded and smiled. No Puritan, this witty monarch—and they wanted nothing that hinted at the somber past, still so recent.

Charles is described as "a pleasant brown-faced gentleman playing with his spaniels, drawing caricatures of his ministers, flinging cakes to the water-fowl in the park," and in particular, according to one of his courtiers, delighting in "a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering." Besides these idle joys which Charles practised to perfection, he possessed a charming, bantering manner, a democratic bearing, plenty of humor, and a pretty wit. One of his courtier's sayings, that the king "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," fitted him perfectly.

Yet this smiling, chaffing man was by no means content to be simply a pet king, as it were. He wanted actual power, even if he detested work. He desired to command, to choose his own ministers, and make his own laws.

The story of his reign is very interesting, therefore, with its plots and its playfulness, its lazy luxury, its secret ambition and open warfare. Scottish and Irish wars broke out, and there was mighty fighting with the Dutch. There were political happenings that lent much color and incident to the times—altogether, there is plenty of material for romance and adventure during the reign of the Merry Monarch, and many a good story has been written around his times.

In addition to the king's and the nation's actions, the story-tellers have the great plague and the disastrous fire to draw upon for excitement. The plague was a terrible visitation, and appeared likely to sweep the entire population of London from the face of the world—might have done so, if the fire had not purified the great dirty city at so fearful a cost. For though England was rapidly becoming a modern nation, people had, as



THE INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

yet, no least idea of proper hygiene nor of sanitation—even the splendid court waded about in a state of general untidiness, to put it very mildly, which we can hardly imagine to-day. It needed a lesson as fearful as that of the plague to teach the people the value of cleanliness in their daily life; a lesson we are still learning to-day, and constantly improving upon.

A book by Hope Graham that tells of the early days of the Restoration, is "My Lord Winchester." The scenes are almost entirely in London, and you get a lively picture of the bustling city, with its varied population, its gaiety and carelessness, and the revelry of its court life.

An old and famous story that covers the same time is Harrison Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's." There is a most dramatic description of the great fire in this story, with plenty of careful detail concerning the life of the people, while the story itself is thrilling in the true Ainsworth fashion. You can get the book in most libraries, though it is often hard to find at a book-shop.

Two books by Sir Walter Scott are laid in this part of the seventeenth century, one of them, "Old Mortality," being considered by many as his

best novel. You may find it a little slow at first, but once well into it, you are sure to enjoy it.

The generally disturbed state of politics, and people's views on what was or was not worth while, made plenty of outlaws in Charles's England. "White Friars," by Emma Robinson, is a story of these highwaymen, who were a singular mixture of gallant and criminal. Claude Duval was, perhaps, the most famous of these desperate men, and he figures in Miss Robinson's story, with others.

The great Monmouth rebellion against Charles is told from various viewpoints and with different sympathies by several good story-writers. There is Blackmore's beautiful book "Lorna Doone," which I hope you have n't read yet, because you will have such a treat before you in reading it now. It is one of the world's best stories, related with infinite skill, with one of the most charming women in all romance for its heroine. There is not a great deal of history in it, but it gives a fine idea of the temper and the character of the country people; and shows you what a splendid young manhood England had to boast of after her Puritan years.

Still another excellent story of this particular period in the reign of Charles is Conan Doyle's well-known "Micah Clarke." I dare say you have all read it, but it is one of the books that bears re-reading, and you will find it fits in so well with the others on this list, that you will be glad to take it up again. What a story it is, and what a man is Micah!

There were many famous men in seventeenth-century England, chief perhaps being Sir Isaac Newton. He is one of the characters of the first book I spoke of, "My Lord Winchester." Milton and Bunyan also belong to the seventeenth century. Miss Manning has a book on Milton and his daughter that is extremely worth reading, "Deborah's Diary" (Scribner's). It belongs before Charles's day, to be sure, but you should not miss it.

As for Bunyan, he wrote a book you have surely read, and though he tells nothing of the history of his day nor of himself, he tells you indirectly a great deal of the Puritan and unpopular side of his England. His "Pilgrim's Progress" was written in prison, where he was sent at the age of thirty-two, and forced to leave behind him wife and children, one of whom was blind. It was the thought of the suffering that might come to this blind little girl that bore heaviest on Bunyan, as his writings show.

Two good books are S. R. Crockett's "The Men of the Moss-Hags," and Edna Lyall's "In

the Golden Days." They are not long, and you will like them.

Charlotte Yonge has a story, "The Reputed Changeling," that begins in the time of Charles II and goes on through to William and Mary. I have not read the book, but all Miss Yonge's stories are entertaining and well told, with plenty of historical flavor.

James was a man very different from his brother, totally lacking in charm of manner; and unpopular in the country. So much so that when James came to Charles with a doleful story of a plot against the latter's life, Charles smiled and said, "Rest easy, James. They will never kill me to put you on the throne."

When Charles died, James succeeded him, since he was next in line, but the brother's remark proved to be justified. England did not want James. Before very long, he was deposed, and William of Orange was offered the crown of England.

There is another story by S. R. Crockett that covers these last Stuart years, "The Standard Bearers." Like all the Crockett books, it is spirited reading.

And this will do for the present. I have told you of more than one or two books touching upon the different incidents of this last half of the century. It was so picturesque a time, that many writers have been tempted to set their stories in it, and there are more than I have mentioned.

THE MEN WHO TRY

BY WHITNEY MONTGOMERY

I WAS never a great believer
In the thing that men call "luck,"
It takes hard, downright digging
Ere the vein of gold be struck.
Dame Fortune may be fickle,
But none of us can deny
That she loves to lay her treasures
At the feet of the men who try.

I 've read the records closely,
I 've watched life's battle too;
They 've taught me one good lesson
That I would teach to you:
Fate cannot build a barrier
So rugged or so high,
But it can be surmounted
By the men who try, and try.

I honor the man of learning,
I honor the genius too;
The strong man, and the brave man—
I honor them all,—don't you?
But when in the great procession
Of life they pass me by,
I lift my hat the highest
To the men who try, and try.

THE BABY BEARS' THIRD ADVENTURE

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



ONE day, when playing in the snow,
They heard a tramping to and fro.



It was the snow man, come to life,
And in his hand a wooden knife.



"I want a bear-steak nice and sweet,"
Says he, and caught them by the feet.



"I wish it was a summer's day,"
Sobs Susie; "then he 'd melt away."

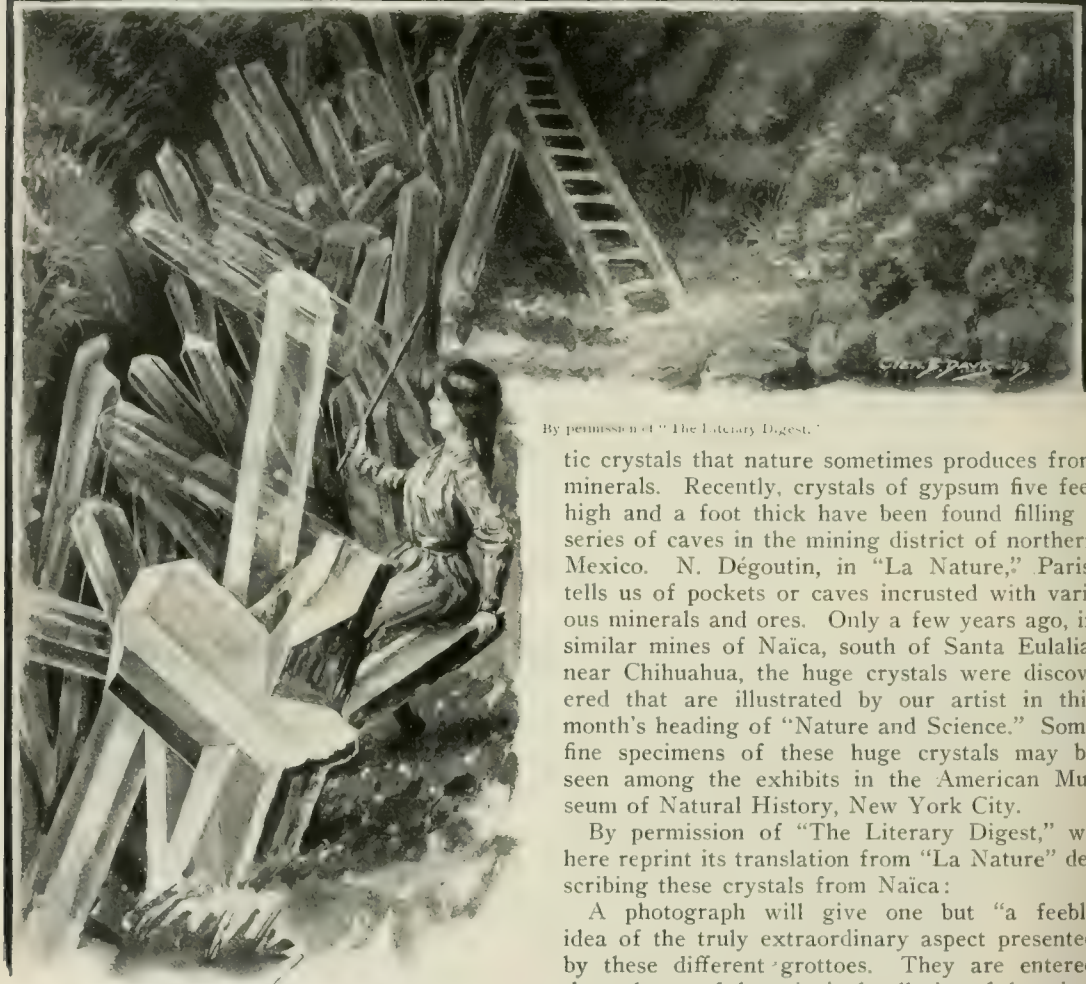


She rubbed her ring—and flake by flake
The snow man turned into a lake.



At once they wished it cold again,
And slid on him with might and main.

NATURE / SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



By permission of "The Literary Digest."

THE HUGE CRYSTALS AT NAÏCA, MEXICO.
When the crystals are struck, they produce musical sounds

CRYSTALS SMALL AND LARGE

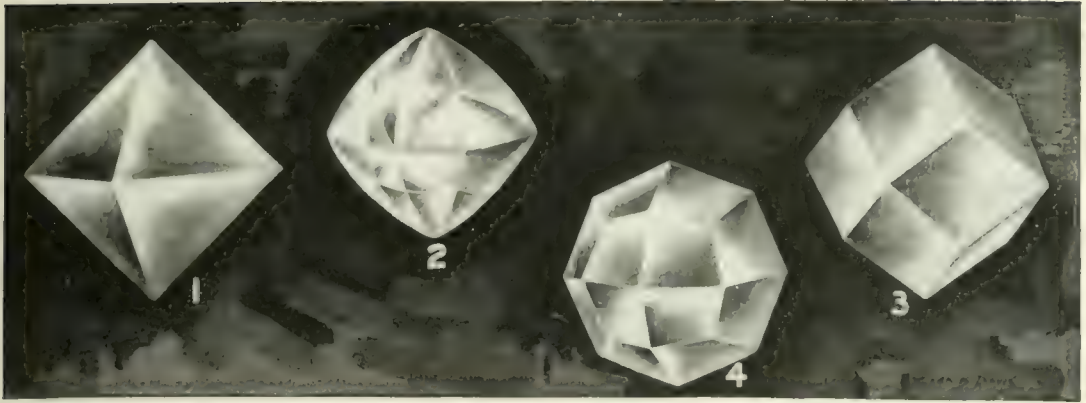
THIS is the month in which nature is profuse in the number of tiny crystals that she produces. On some mornings, we may find frost crystals on all the dried vegetation, the fences, and the trees—in fact, on almost everything out of doors. Some of these forms are wondrously beautiful, and are well worth our careful study, not only with our unaided eyes, but with the microscope. It will be interesting to take into consideration, in examining these very small crystals, the gigan-

tic crystals that nature sometimes produces from minerals. Recently, crystals of gypsum five feet high and a foot thick have been found filling a series of caves in the mining district of northern Mexico. N. Dégoutin, in "La Nature," Paris, tells us of pockets or caves incrustated with various minerals and ores. Only a few years ago, in similar mines of Naïca, south of Santa Eulalia, near Chihuahua, the huge crystals were discovered that are illustrated by our artist in this month's heading of "Nature and Science." Some fine specimens of these huge crystals may be seen among the exhibits in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

By permission of "The Literary Digest," we here reprint its translation from "La Nature" describing these crystals from Naïca:

A photograph will give one but "a feeble idea of the truly extraordinary aspect presented by these different grottoes. They are entered through one of the principal galleries of the mine, and the visitor finds himself first in cavities filled with ordinary deposits of a mineral known as carbonate. Below this first grotto, the descent is by ladders over enormous crystals of gypsum, reaching almost the size of a man." (Our illustration gives some idea of these.) "Some are five feet long and nearly a foot thick. Finally, a second and then a third grotto are reached, which ends the series.

"Within somewhat restricted distances, these three grottoes offer quite varied aspects; the crystals themselves are of many forms. Sometimes the wall seems studded with threatening daggers, sometimes there is a forest of colorless prisms



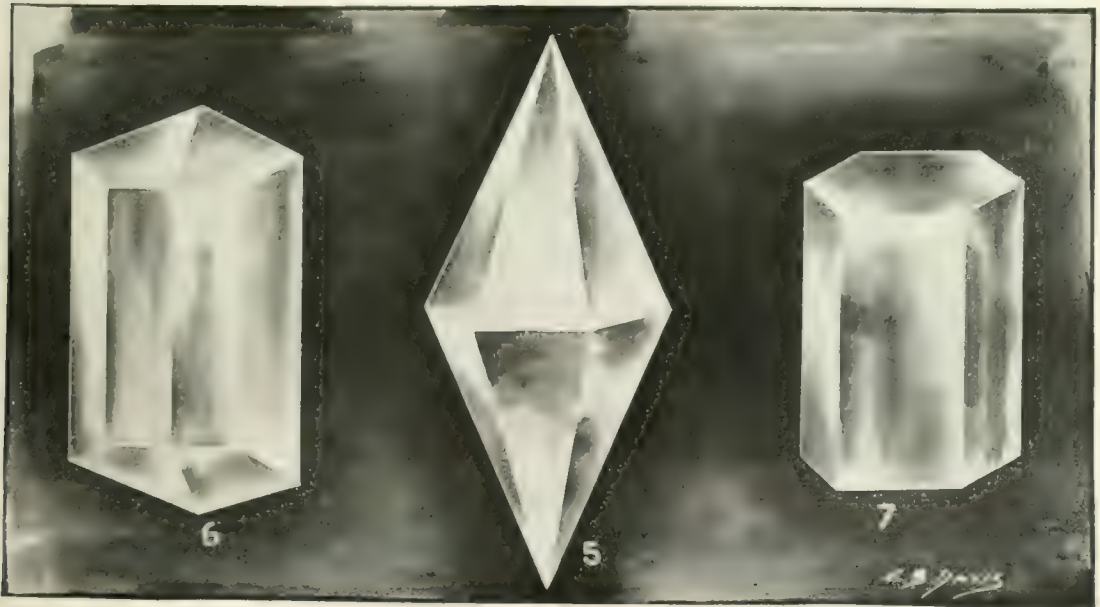
VARIOUS FORMS OF CRYSTALS: 1 AND 2, DIAMOND; 3 AND 4, GARNET.

whose upper faces are covered with a white crystalline deposit, as if, despite the heat that reigns in these caverns, a fall of snow rested eternally there. . . . Finally, all these crystals are planted on a hard and sonorous crust that covers the rock, and at the slightest shock they give out a clear and agreeable sound; the simple friction of passing produces a sort of music, and if a stick is drawn over them, as boys do over a picket-fence, there is a real chime, whose tones are reinforced by the very form of the caverns.

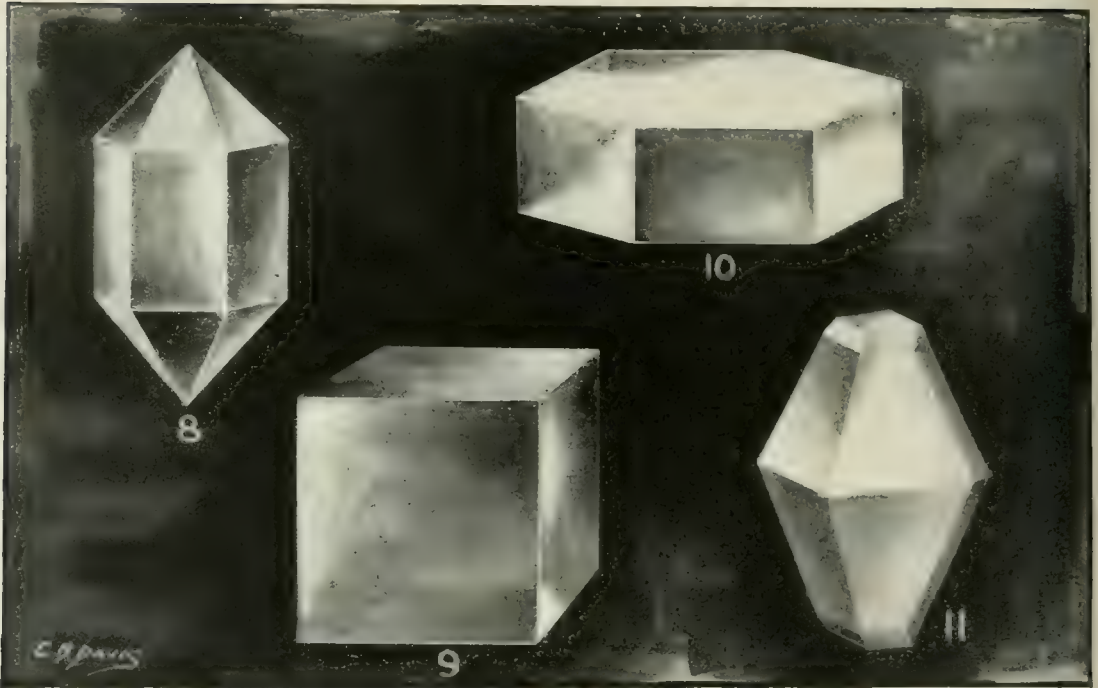
"There have been previously found, in some other parts of the world, grottoes with beautiful crystals of gypsum—for example, at Laurion, Greece, and at Gamala, Syria. But nowhere, to

our knowledge, has the phenomenon reached proportions to be compared with that of the caves of Naïca."

Many crystals grow so fast that the increase in size may be watched not only from day to day but from hour to hour, or even from minute to minute. A growth similar to that familiar to all in the frost forms may be made experimentally with many solutions. Try putting a small amount of a solution of tartaric acid, alum, or even common salt on glass and letting the water evaporate. Many other crystals are produced by the chemist; but beautiful forms may also be made simply by breathing on a piece of glass on a very cold day.



VARIOUS FORMS OF CRYSTALS: 5, RUBY, SAPPHIRE; 6, TOPAZ; 7, EMERALD.



VARIOUS FORMS OF CRYSTALS: 8, ROCK-CRYSTAL; 9, ROCK-SALT; 10, MICA; 11, SULPHUR.



A QUARTZ CRYSTAL EIGHTEEN INCHES IN LENGTH.

A SHAFT OF PINE PIERCING AN OAK-TREE
 Mr. P. C. BRADFORD, of Blue Mountain, Arkansas, sends us the accompanying photographs of a



THE PIERCED OAK-TREE.

tree on Mt. Magazine, near Blue Mountain. These show the heart of a large oak-tree pierced by a shaft of pine.



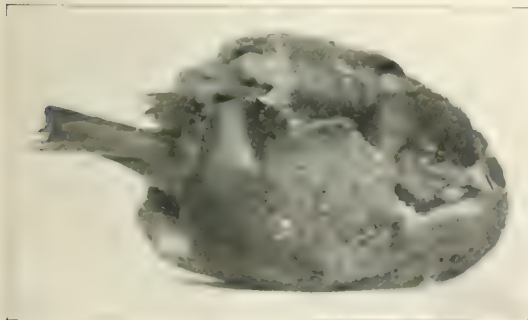
THE PINE CRUSHED BY THE OAK FOR A LONG

It is supposed that the pine fell in the fork of the oak when the latter was young, and gradually the oak grew around the pine, leaving the shaft entirely in mid-air. It is some thirty feet long and perfectly sound.

AN ENGLISH SPARROW STRANGELY TRAPPED

THIS photograph shows an English sparrow imprisoned in a hard roll. He was picked up by a workman, on the White House grounds, and was brought to me in a paper bag. I photographed him, and then broke the ridge of bread over his back which held him fast, and allowed him to fly away. At first he seemed rather stiff, and I thought he had been injured.

It would seem that many of the sparrow's fellow-birds must have had a good meal, for the entire interior of the roll was eaten out, leaving only the hard crust.



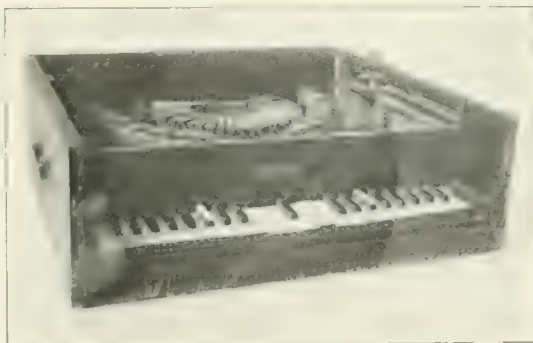
AN ENGLISH SPARROW IN A HARD ROLL.

The fact probably was that the bird had pushed within the crust to get the softer bread.

LOUIS F. BROWNE.

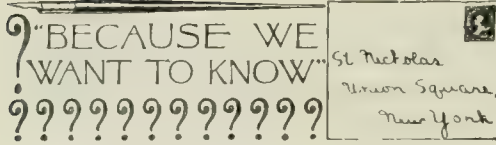
"A LITERARY PIANO"

MANY of the earliest accounts of the type-writer refer to it as "a literary piano" because the letters were operated from a keyboard similar in



AN EARLY TYPE-WRITER, SHOWING THE MECHANISM.

arrangement and appearance to that of a piano. Mares, in "The History of the Type-writer," says that the piano keyboard idea possessed a fatal fascination for many inventors, and that there was no doubt that the production of the perfect machine was thus delayed, in spite of the fact that one of the early inventors used the silken ribbon saturated with coloring matter, a carriage that was pulled along by means of a spring, and a center guide through which the types struck.



WIND AND ICE-BOAT

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a long time, I have had a discussion with a friend of mine as to whether an ice-boat can go faster than the wind, and, if so, how. Would you be so kind as to answer this? I am always

Your most interested reader,

A. C. NEAVE (age 14).

An ice-boat sailing straight before the wind will not go quite as fast as the wind itself, because there is a little friction of the runners on



"IT MAY GO MUCH FASTER THAN THE WIND."

the ice; but since the friction is very slight, it will go almost as fast as the wind. On the other hand, if the ice-boat is steered at a considerable angle from the direction of the wind, it may, on account of the very slight friction, go much faster than the wind. This can be understood from the simple diagram in the next column.

Suppose the wind to blow straight across from the line A to the line B. If the ice-boat goes straight before the wind, it will travel along the direction of the arrow S, and can go only as fast

as the wind (if there were no friction). But if the ice-boat goes in the diagonal direction of the arrow D (supposing again that there were no friction), the wind will carry it from the line A to the line B in the same time as before; and, since the distance D is greater than S, it will go faster than the wind. Notice that the sail must be so placed in each case that the wind shall strike it

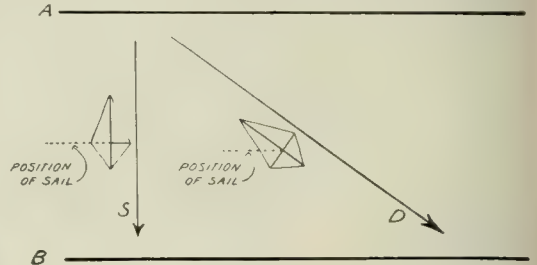


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE ACTION OF THE WIND ON AN ICE-BOAT.

squarely, as shown by the dotted lines. This position of the sail gives the greatest power, but on the slanting course it may be changed somewhat, to avoid capsizing, without changing the result.

There is no doubt that an ice-boat on a "reach" as shown in the diagram may travel considerably faster than the wind, but in "beating" against the wind, the speed is certainly not as great as on the "reach," on account of wind-friction.

It is interesting to observe that the skilful ice-boatman does not steer a straight course in going in the direction of the wind; he goes off at an angle until a high speed is attained, then he steers down the wind and goes faster than the wind while the speed lasts, doing this again and again.

SEEING OUR BREATH

OAKPARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why, on a cold day, can we "see our breath"?

Your interested reader,

IRENE A. KNIGHT.

We see our breath on a cold day because the breath has moisture in it, and the cold air condenses the moisture into a small cloud of particles of water or of snow. If the breath is directed against a cold window-pane, ice will be formed there.—H. L. W.

FREEZING DOES NOT ALWAYS KILL A FISH

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If a fish is frozen in a solid piece of ice, will it revive again sometime after? For how long a time can this suspended animation of the fish go on?

Yours truly,

P. KAHN.

Dr. H. F. Moore, of this Bureau, remembers seeing in his boyhood goldfish apparently frozen

solidly in the ice covering the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia. These fishes, in several cases, were cut out of the ice and revived, and lived after being thawed out in cold water.—H. M. SMITH, Commissioner, Bureau of Fisheries, Washington

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES WITH UNCAGED BEARS

WILHELMSTADT, N. DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a part of our summer vacation, we took a trip through the Yellowstone National Park. Bears make their summer homes near the hotels and camps along the way, and, as you know, sleep all winter at home looking in the spring. Sometimes they can hardly walk for the lack of food. No one is allowed to shoot the bears, and that is the reason they are not afraid.

At one of the camps, a bear walked into the cook's tent

safer up a tree about twenty feet from the ground. After feeding the mama bear a big chunk of meat and making the people stand back, a man finally got the three out in an open space, and just then the sun came out from behind a cloud, and every one could hear the click, click, click of the many cameras as they "shot" the bears. My father took their picture, and I am sending you a copy of it with my letter. It looks just as the bears did.

ALVA CLAUDE BROWNSON.

WHY SHOOTING-STARS "SHOOT"

LEHIGH LAKE, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why the shooting-stars move?

Your reader,

HERBERT BRITZEL.

Each so called shooting star is merely a cold



"IT TOOK A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING TO GET THE THREE BEARS TOGETHER. MY FATHER TOOK THEIR PICTURE."

and grabbed the newly baked bread. The cook chased him out with her broom. The bears stand on their hind feet and eat out of the garbage cans, and sometimes out of people's hands.

In the night, the bears push the flaps of the kitchen tent apart and help themselves. Sometimes they climb to the top of a tree and jump on the top of the tent, of course falling through. At one camp they did this, and carried away ten hams in one night. They are very fond of sweet things, and people feed them candy by the boxful. Once in a while, a bear will get angry and chase you. They generally bother the camps at night.

It was at noon on the second day of our tour that we came to the Gibbon Lunch Camp. It had been raining all the forenoon, but the clouds broke away a little as we came to the camp. Just after lunch, an old bear came down, accompanied by her two cubs, one black and the other brown. It took a great deal of coaxing to get the three bears together. One cub especially seemed much

little meteor which is moving around the sun in its own path, just as the immensely larger comets and planets are doing. On the average, these particles are moving about twenty-six miles a second when they are at the distance from the sun that the earth is, and, as the earth itself is moving eighteen and one half miles a second, the two bodies are sure to collide with each other with a high velocity. If the earth runs into the particle in such a way as to overtake it, it will strike our air with a speed of only about eight miles a second; if they meet "head on," so to speak, they may come together with a speed of forty-four miles a second. In either case the friction of the air on the cold particle, as this

plows through the air, instantly heats it up to a heat so great that it is vaporized and appears to us as a shooting-star.

The reason why the little meteoric particles are moving so very swiftly in the first place is simply because they are *falling* toward the sun. Every world and sun attracts everything near it by virtue of the wonderful force known as "gravitation." You "weigh" something, or feel heavy, simply because the great earth is pulling you toward itself, and when you drop a stone from your hand, it falls because the earth is pulling upon it. If you could carry the stone many millions of miles away from the earth and there let it drop, it would begin to fall toward the earth very slowly, but as it fell, it would continually move faster and faster, until when it finally struck the earth, it would be moving no less than seven miles in each second. Now in exactly the same way, each of the little meteoric particles away off in space began long ago to feel the pull, or "gravitation," of our sun, and to fall toward that body. If the meteorite and the sun had both been at rest at first, the meteorite would have simply fallen into our sun; but as our sun is moving through space at the rate of eleven miles in each second, the meteorite will not hit it exactly, but will miss it and begin to swing around it in a curved path. As the sun is so much larger than the earth, its pull is very much greater. If you could visit the sun, you would find when there that you weighed more than twenty-seven times as much as you weigh on the earth; that is, the sun would pull you down twenty-seven times as hard as the earth does. If you weigh one hundred pounds here, you would weigh twenty-seven hundred pounds there, and be crushed by your own weight. This great pull of the sun on each of the meteorites makes them fall very swiftly indeed; it is because the pull is so strong that when they have fallen toward the sun to the place where the earth is, we find them moving some twenty-six miles in a single second.—E. D.

WHAT IS PRINTER'S INK?

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me what printer's ink is made of?

Yours truly,

DONALD McALLISTER.

Printing-inks are mainly composed of pigments and varnish ground together in proper relation to one another to suit the different grades of work for which they are intended. Pigments furnish the color and the varnish the "binder," which holds the color to the paper. Pigments are mineral, vegetable, and animal. Many of the pig-

ments used in the making of printing-inks are from artificial mineral sources, derived through chemical action, and include such colors as vermilion, artificial ultramarine blue, Chinese white, pure scarlet, and emerald green. Almost any pigment can be closely duplicated by artificial means.

The varnishes used are mainly linseed- and rosin-oil, the former being used in the better grades of ink on account of the property it possesses for absorbing oxygen. When spread out into a thin film, it forms a smooth hard coating which, after drying a few hours, does not rub off. The rosin varnish does not dry so rapidly. It is used in the cheaper inks, and is intended for softer paper that easily absorbs the ink.

Every ink manufacturer has certain secret formulas of his own, and it is only by long experience that he knows when and how to add to the pigment and varnish certain materials, as tallow, soap, castor-oil, and beeswax, which assist the ink in overcoming certain difficulties.—"The American Printer," New York City.

MANY EGGS, BUT NOT A WELL-KEPT NEST

MALDEN BRIDGE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking in the garden, and discovered under a big apple-tree thirty-three speckled brown eggs of a guinea hen. They were scattered on the



THE CURIOUSLY SCATTERED EGGS OF A GUINEA-HEN

ground in no nest whatever, and were apparently deserted. I send a photograph which I took of the eggs, hoping it will interest your readers.

Very sincerely yours,

JANE ELIZABETH HAMMOND.

The guinea-hen is a very careless bird, judging by the appearance of her nest. She has never

been fully domesticated, and is still so wild that she hides her nest, and, though she lays many eggs, readily deserts it when it is discovered or when she is frightened.

WHAT CAUSES SNORING

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why a person snores?

Your interested reader,

LITTLE STAGBORN.

Snoring is usually due to some obstruction of the nose or upper air-passages, which limits the normal opening. Sometimes it is due simply to extreme relaxation of the muscles which support the lower jaw. People then breathe partly through the mouth instead of through the nose alone. If they breathe through the mouth when wide awake, the muscles of the throat are controlled, and there is no snoring. When one is asleep, these muscles of the throat are all relaxed, and some of them keep falling in the way of the double current of air—part coming through the nose and part through the mouth.—DR. ROBERT J. MORRIS.

WHICH IS THE MORE INTELLIGENT—A DOG OR A HORSE?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me which is the more intelligent, the dog or the horse? The dog always seems to be so, but I never could decide.

Your interested reader,

MARY BESS MCGURRY.

Undoubtedly the dog is the more intelligent.—

GUY RICHARDSON.

WHY WIND BLOWS IN A COURTYARD

BUFFIN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to ask what makes the wind blow inside of a courtyard with high walls?

Yours truly,

KATHERINE WHITEHEAD.

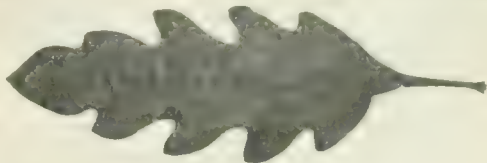
Of course it is not the same wind that blows from one hilltop to another and through the long streets of the city, but it is the little currents of air stirred up by the wind that go round and round inside the courtyard, or inside of a room, or in the lee of any dwelling. If the cold air at night-time settles down into a valley and stays there quietly during the early morning hours before the sun warms the soil, there may still be blowing overhead a steady upper current; but this upper wind, being made of warmer air than that in the valley, is not likely to descend and mix up with the lower air until the latter rises after being warmed up by the warm soil. A wind is something large and steady compared with the innumerable whirls and gusts that we ordinarily feel. So also we speak of the steady current of

a river, ignoring the many vortices and uprushes and downrushes of water that belong to what is called the tumultuous flow. A bit of paper in the air, or a bit of wood in the river, or the whirls of smoke behind a chimney, give us some idea of the irregularities in the flow of water and air caused by small obstacles in what would otherwise be a steady flow of water, or a steady wind in the atmosphere. The swirls of air inside the courtyard are the *results* of wind, but not the wind itself.—CLEVELAND ABBE.

TWO KINDS OF LEAVES ON ONE PLANT

WATERBURY, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was looking at our honeysuckle vine, and found these two leaves on one branch, or twig.



TWO KINDS OF HONEYSUCKLE LEAVES

The funny one was farther down than the straight one, which was on the end. Will you kindly explain to me what makes the difference between the two leaves?

Your loving reader,

HAROLD DE LANCEY.

I do not know "what makes the difference between the two leaves," but such differences are common. I have an example near home in the ivy which covers our university buildings. The leaves at the bottom of the plant are compound, while the rest are simply lobed. The first leaves of a pine are needle-like and short and single, but the later leaves are long and in two's, three's, or five's. In arbor-vitæ (*Thuja*), the first leaves are short and needle-like, while later leaves are much flattened.

In these two cases (also the ivy), many of us believe the earlier leaves indicate an ancestral condition; e.g., that our ivy has come from an ancestor which had three leaflets.

As a mere case of mechanics, entire leaves are produced when the veins and pulpy portions of the leaves grow with equal rapidity; if the veins grow faster, the various margins are produced—serrate, lobed, and even compound leaves.—CHAS. J. CHAMBERLAIN, The University of Chicago.

HAPPY
NEW-
YEAR

ST. NICHOLAS • LEAGUE •

• JANUARY 1914 •



C. B. PELLER

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY CHARLES PELLER, AGE 10.

As a fitting celebration of the New-Year and the fifteenth birthday of the ST. NICHOLAS League, our young verse-writers and photographers, artists and puzzle-lovers, have fairly outdone themselves. Even with a whole page added to its usual limits, the space allotted cannot begin to hold, this month, more than a tithe of the really remarkable contributions received; and many of those here printed have never been surpassed in the fourteen years of the League's history. Read for instance the poems—for true poems they are—that won the gold and silver badges, and those by Honor Members on pages 278 and 281, and see

that your fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and cousins and chums read them also. Show them, too, the prize-winning drawings and photographs—and ask them if anywhere in the world can be found another collection of the work of boys and girls to surpass or equal that of our beloved League pages.

So long is the list of prize-winners that room is left for only the briefest of introductions. But no other is required. The editor need only say, as the curtain rises, "Here they are! Behold them and judge for your selves!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 167

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Gold badges, **John C. Farrar** (age 17), Burlington, Vt.; **Vernie Peacock** (age 15), Rockford, Ill. Silver badges, **Alice Lindley** (age 14), Minneapolis, Minn.; **Francesca White Moffat** (age 13), New York City; **Eugenia B. Sheppard** (age 14), Columbus, O.; **Elizabeth Campbell Dukes** (age 11), West Lafayette, Ind.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Edith Mabel Smith** (age 16), London, England; **Mamie Levy** (age 12), New York City; **Margaret Laughlin** (age 15), Paris, Ill.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **E. Theodore Nelson** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Welthea B. Thoday** (age 17), Nantasket, Mass.

Silver badges, **Virginia B. Bradfield** (age 15), Pontiac, Mich.; **Lucile G. Robertson** (age 12), Barrington, Ill.; **Leo M. Peterson** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **M. Betty Watt** (age 14), Wellesley, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Duncan Mellor** (age 14), Plainfield, N. J.

Silver badges, **Robert Redfield** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Lucy G. Plumb** (age 17), New Milford, Conn.; **Patrino M. Colis** (age 16), East Pleasantville, N. Y.; **Martha Robinson** (age 16), Wollaston, Mass.; **Henry M. Just, Jr.** (age 14), Cape May, N. J.; **Marion W. Dorsey** (age 14), St. Paul, Minn.; **Willard Robinson** (age 14), Guthrie Center, Ia.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "D" prize, **James C. Maples** (age 15), Port Chester, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **Jessica B. Noble** (age 13), Los Angeles, Cal.; **Ida Cramer** (age 12), Reinbeck, Ia. Silver badge, **Irene Glascock** (age 12), Culver, Ind.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Eleanor E. Carroll** (age 16), West New Brighton, N. Y.; **Alfred Hand, 3d** (age 15), Scranton, Pa.; **Lothrop Bartlett** (age 15), Barnstable, Mass.; **Arnold Guyot Cameron, Jr.** (age 11), Princeton, N. J. Silver badges, **Katharine Chapman** (age 14), Kensington, Md.; **J. Whitton Gibson** (age 14), Norristown, Pa.; **Ruth V. A. Spicer** (age 13), Washington, D. C.



"COME ALONG." BY WILLARD ROBINSON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE)



"COME ALONG." BY ROBERT REDFIELD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)

11. 2000 1000 1100 1200

1. 2. 3.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

[illegible]

the time scale of the model is of the order of the time scale of the process being modeled.

As a result of the study, the following conclusions were drawn:

awakening street,
And hear the morning-bellings with steel voices sweet

And hear the morning knelling, with steel voice ever
telling :

Comes the whirring, roaring tune of the city's heart at

Foul hearts, cunning hearts, hearts pure and fair,
Rushing on, rushing on, merciless and swift,
Evermore, evermore, human atoms drift.

100

The tune of the night when the lights are bright
Fills the city and brightly
Filled with the sound of dancing feet,
Catching the laughter that fills the street,
Marked with the rhythm of passion's beat,
And the drum in the moon's light
The wonderful battle of right and wrong.

[illegible]

Sounds of the night, sounds of deep emotion,
Strike upon the stars to capture peace:
Hush thy vain and clamorous commotion,
Hush, and with the midnight echoes, cease!



THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

PAULINA RUMPHRY & G. L.

M. P., *M. C.*, *B.*

And the little girl sat, on the hill of Success, by the fountain of Happiness, thinking over her travels. It had been a hard road, the one on which she came, and she might never have come had she not had such good friends to help her. First of all, there was the River Work, and the road went all the way beside it. The river had served as a course and drink. Then there was

Prince Hope, who had slain the dragon, Despair, who blocked her way. And without the beautiful fairy Patience, she could never have climbed the Hills of Discouragement that stood so boldly in front of her. And the sprite Conscience prevented her going on the wrong



Courage. And then, when the road was very, very rough, she built a boat of the trees of Thought, and sailed quietly along on River Work. (She called her boat Wisdom.)

Yes, the road was hard, but her friends were good, and they await any other traveler who may travel the road to Success, if only he is willing to use them.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

THERE is one sure road to success—work. Even the greatest men who are known all over the world, have only reached success after hard work.

A living example of this is Thomas Edison, one of the greatest men of this age. He and some of his friends were once talking about his recent inventions, when

"You must have had a great deal of inspiration to be able to do all this."

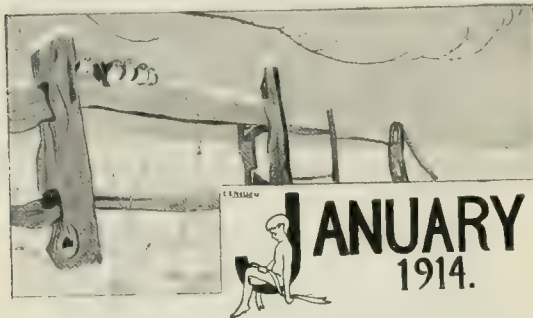
Edison replied: "Yes, two per cent. inspiration, but ninety-eight per cent. perspiration."

Dishonest world although it is better than the worker



great success, does not bring with it any feeling of victory.

In many cases when an author reaches fame, people exclaim, "What luck!" They do not know the work that was done before that author attained his success.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY F. THEODORI NELSON, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1912.)

Dickens worked many years, as an unknown reporter, before he won his triumphs as an author.

From these examples we can see that work is the sure road to success.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY LUCIE ELIZABETH FITCH (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THERE is a city by such splendor swept,

Its very name enraptureth the ear:

Ah, Venice, how the arts thou soughtest to rear
Have, round thy grandeur once unquestioned, crept!

A poem wert thou then; and in thee slept
Music and love. These did thy gondolier

Combine in native song when, hushed to hear,
It seemed thine own blue waters sighed and wept.

That was the old, discarded for the new.

Thou still art great, but far less fair to see.

Venetian gondoliers there are but few,

And motor-launches shrill modernity.

Must progress and advancement lift, e'en now,

The coronal of beauty from thy brow?



DEER. BY JAMES C. MAPLES, AGE 15. (WILD CREATURE
PHOTOGRAPHY PRIZE, CLASS "D")

THAT ENTERTAINMENT

BY EDITH MARCEL SMITH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

"I'M sure to forget that poem when the time comes,"
said Beth Brownlie.

"You won't forget it," Connie Elliot replied; "you've said it perfectly quite four times to-day."

It was the evening of the breaking-up concert, and Beth was to recite. The two girls descended into the rapidly filling hall. Beth's fingers twitched nervously as she repeated "The Slave's Dream" to herself.

The chords of the opening duet startled her. The concert had begun! She listened with interest until Connie nudged her. "You're next," she said.

"Me!" cried Beth, almost aloud.

She ascended the platform steps, bowed, and began:

"The Arrow and the Song," by Longfellow."

Her schoolmates looked up in astonishment. They all knew the piece; they had learned it in class.

Beth said the poem perfectly; calls of "Encore! encore!" rang through the hall, so that she had to recite again. She went slowly up the steps, bowed as before, then recited "The Slave's Dream." This also she said faultlessly, and another burst of applause greeted the last word.

"Why did n't you say that first?" Connie asked.

"Because," said Beth, "when I got on the platform, I could n't remember who wrote it. I knew Longfellow wrote the other one, and when I was half through, I remembered he was the author of 'The Slave's Dream' as well, so I gave that as the encore."

The rest of the entertainment went smoothly, then at the end came the prizes. Beth was quite sure she had not won a prize until the principal read out: "The Mayor's special prize for recitation: Beth Brownlie."

Beth ran up the steps, and bowed, or rather bobbed, to the gentleman as he handed her a crisp five-dollar bill.



"HOW THEY RIDE." BY MARY LYON.
AGE 10

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

BY MARY DENDY (AGE 15)

Oh, what is it that bids us, when summer's nearly o'er,
Look with longing eyes about us, and be frolicsome no more?

What makes us take the railway guide, that volume full
of doom,

To find the trains that bear us back to work, to dirt,
and gloom?

Every worker in the city knows the city's dreaded call,
It comes to you, it comes to me, it comes to one and all.
We must leave those pleasant places, we must leave
that sunny sea,

We must leave those breezy uplands, we must leave that
grassy lea.

For the city now is calling, and its voice must be
obeyed,

For all our happy times there is a price that must be
paid.

We must toil and we must labor, through every dreary
day.

With thoughts of past vacations to cheer us on our way.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY
ANNE DODGE

MARY ANN is lovely and new,
With rosy cheeks and eyes of blue,
And golden hair which waves and curls,
And teeth like pearls.

But when I play with Mary Ann,
I have to be careful as I can;
For if I should happen to let her fall,
There would be no more!

Isabella is old and worn,
With faded cheeks and eyes forlorn;
I cannot say much of her hair;
For—'t is not there!

But when with Isabella I play,
I need n't be careful, the least bit, I say;
For if I should happen to let her fall,
'T would n't matter at all.

I don't know which I like best of the two,
Isabella so old, or Mary Ann new;
But I've thought it over until I'm blue,
So I'll leave it to you.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

BY
ANNE DODGE

I hear it in my side, loud as I lie,
A-listening to the people passing by.
It is always moaning over the same tune:
"If you want to fill your money-bag up soon,
You must always hurry, haste,
Here you have no time to waste!"
I grow tired of the sameness of the tune.

I hear it in the passing of the crowd,
I hear it in their busy footsteps loud,
As they leave work at the close of afternoon:
"If you want to fill your money-bag up soon,
You must always hurry, haste,
Here you have no time to waste!"
Do they never cease from chanting that same tune?

I hear it in the midnight song and low,
As the rich folk from their pleasures homeward go,
Like the poor who stop to eat and rest at noon,
They say, "I *must* make still more money soon!"
Though they need not hurry, haste,
And they have their time to waste,
Yet they never cease from humming that same tune.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL DUKES (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

I CAN hear the city calling!
 Oh, the music is entralling,
 Where, through shining plate-glass windows, colored
 bonbons gleam:
 There are most bewitching dolls,
 Dressed in gorgeous folderols,
 And the people fill the streets in a stream.
 There are playbills everywhere,
 Notices of some great fair,
 Photographs and jewels rare—wondrous seem!

Oh, the fresh-baked cakes and pies,
 How they tantalize my eyes!
 And the frosted buns a-lying in the pan,
 While a sugar bride and groom walk where candied
 roses bloom—
 Oh, the city's voice I'll answer when I can.

THAT ENTERTAINMENT

BY FRANKLIN DEXTER, JR. (AGE 8)

ONCE I went to a circus. It was not an ordinary circus.
 We all dressed up in things.



"HOW THEY RIDE" BY LUCY C. HOLT,
 AGE 13.

The masks were very stuffy. We played on the grass
 before the audience, and did all sorts of funny things.
 We beat the drums. One of them pulled a little pony-
 cart, it was only a play one. There was one girl that

There was a fat
 man, and a clown,
 and a man dressed
 up like a robber.

First there were
 gymnastics.

Then they had
 flowers and things
 to sell. They had
 a pony that a man
 drove, and a pony
 that you could ride.
 They had a phono-
 graph that played
 when we marched.

was dressed up like a Chinaman. This circus was for
 the floating hospital. I think they made twenty dollars.

THE OLD AND
THE NEW

BY E. ANUEL FARBSTEIN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

WHEN learned men
 Would wield the pen
 In days of old, gone by;
 And essays wise,
 Of endless size,
 Would write on subjects dry,
 In what they wrote
 They'd always quote
 A dozen lines of Greek,
 And here and there
 Would ever flare
 What Latin they could speak.

But, nowadays,
 Another craze
 Has seized the learned few;
 That done by sage
 In former age,
 Our wise men will not do;
 Their works must be
 Completely free
 From all such dry harangue;
 They use instead
 Of tongues long dead
 The very latest slang.



"A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY" BY
 ISABELLA R. REA, AGE 16



"COME ALONG" BY MARION W. DORSEY, AGE 14.
 (SILVER BADGE.)



"A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY." BY
 LOUISE BILLSTEIN, AGE 10.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY AURORA HENCKS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge—Silver Badge won November, 1912)

(By a small boy)

Yes, I'm as good as I can be, and you will soon see why.

And if I were a sissy-girl, I'm very sure I'd cry;
For, up-stairs, sleeping in my crib, is "Papa's little Pearl!"

The "something" I am mad about—a brand-new baby girl!

Just yesterday the nurse came down with something in her arm,

I wondered what on earth it was, and if 't would do me harm;

But Nurse just smiled her sweetest smile, and said:
"Now come and see

Your little baby sister!" Well, it surely did shock me!

And now I must n't holler, and I must n't bang the doors;

I must n't play with playthings that make noise upon the floors;

And when I go up-stairs at all, I have to tiptoe round
As if I were an angel, and was treading holy ground.



"HOW THEY RIDE." BY M. BETTY WATT, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE.)

And if I make a fuss to Nurse, she shakes her finger, so.

And says, in bossy fashion, "Now, my dear, you surely know

That your sister is the baby; you have not that honor now;

So you must be a real good boy, as good as you know how!"

Huh! so she thinks, just because I'm old, I should give in with grace

To that new one, who, in perfect bliss, has taken up my place;

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Oh, well, perhaps while "Pearl!" is small, I'll try and not demur;

But just you wait till she grows up—I'll have it out with her!



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY H. H. G. ELLISON,
AGE 12—SILVER BADGE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY ELEANOR HINMAN (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

THE old home hid itself in trees that made a mist in May.

The blooming branches seemed to light the boards of weathered gray;

I watched the sunrise touch their tops, and then I rode away.

The perfume of the orchard bloom was wafted on the breeze,

The dew lay thick upon the grass and flowers beneath the trees,

But all my veins were fired with a painful, strange uncease.

I whipped my horse to gallop, and I watched the glowing sky;

My mother rode beside me, but not a word spoke I Till we reached the little station, and then I sobbed,

"Good-by!"

(In thought I see the meadows still, and smell the new-plowed sod;

Still see the dashing brooklet where the early flowers nod;

And watch that little farm-house send its incense-smoke to God!)

Oh, when I sought a new home in the city's crowded air, I saw but dingy walls around that rise up bleak and bare

To meet a faded heaven that looks down with empty stare

To see a Godless people sell their very souls for bread, And a place whose every byway hides at night a nameless dread,

And an air so full of striving, peace abides but with the dead.

I am wrong; it must be even here that homes are blest; God would never let His people fall so far from what is best;

But my heart is sick and weary, and my frame cries out for rest,

And I seek and cannot find it; I must live from day to day;

And the town is hard and cruel, though I thought it bright and gay.

Little farm-house, mine no longer, tell me why I rode away!



Ye
GLAD
New
Year



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BEATRICE BROWN, AGE 14.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY EUGENIA B. SHEPPARD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

DIM was the drawing-room, lights soft and tender
Caressed the gold harp-strings and shone on the
fender,

While in the soft shades o'er the mantelpiece wide,
Two old-fashioned pictures hung still side by side.
A quaint maid was one, in whose hair, soft and
gleaming,

A red rose was caught; those eyes, bright and beaming,
Long years ago watched that slow, graceful dance
The minuet called; those small feet, perchance,
Trode many a measure, led many a ball,
Yet now they are silent, and perished are all
Who once prized the beauty of Anthea Kyle.
And still in those deep eyes there lingers a smile.

But now in this hour of mystic twilight,
'Cross the shadowy floor steals a figure so slight;
At the fireplace she pauses, in the silence it seems
That the face which she lifts is the spirit of dreams
Yet undreamed; while the hair and the eyes are the
same

As the portrait above, the colonial dame.
Now the real child speaks softly: "Dear Anthea," her
cry,

"To be worth your fair name every day do I try."

Then their eyes met in tryst, away turned the child,
Reigned the darkness and shadows—but the portrait
still smiled.

THAT ENTERTAINMENT

BY MARGARET LAUGHLIN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

(Taken from "The Bugville Daily Newsleaf")

"ALL Bugville is in a state of excitement. Last evening, the New Rose Theater was torn from its stem in the course of the entertainment given by Miss Ladybug and Mr. Cricket."

(Miss Ladybug and Mr. Cricket were natives of Bugville who had been studying interpretative dancing at the Butterfly Hall, and had returned to Bugville to give their initial performance.)

"The theater, which was seen fully lighted for the first and last time, was very beautiful. The curtain rose promptly at eight o'clock. Miss Ladybug and Mr. Cricket surpassed the highest expectations, and proved themselves quite skilled in the art of interpretative dancing.

"At the beginning of the second act, a slight tremor was felt throughout the theater. It was immediately followed by one stronger and more terrifying. By this time, the audience was greatly alarmed, and rushed for the stem-escapes. They were followed by Miss Ladybug and Mr. Cricket, who reached safety just as the theater was lifted upward into space.

"Astronomers have been busy with reedsopes trying to ascertain the cause of this terrible disaster, and as this paper goes to press, it is thought by Professor Potato-bug to have been caused by one of those immense moving bodies called men."

THAT ENTERTAINMENT

BY MARGARET M. BENNEY (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE most interesting entertainment I ever saw was a Parsee wedding. They all start at sunset, and continue nearly all night.

At the one which I am describing, the men were dressed in full skirts, and wore stiff hats; while the women were clothed in beautiful white silk sari, embroidered in colored flowers and silver.

In the center of the floor was a square of white cloth, on which were placed two chairs, for the bride and groom.

The bride was placed on a foot-stool, and her new relatives presented her with their gifts, and went through several ceremonies. Then there was a blast of music, and the groom, who was the most important member of the wedding, entered with a large bouquet of flowers and a shawl, which were his gifts for the bride. He sat down on one of the chairs, while some



"HOW THEY RIDE" BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

other men stretched a piece of white cloth in front of him. The bride was then brought in and placed on the other chair, opposite him, on the other side of the muslin, for they were supposed to have never seen each other. Under this they joined hands, and the priests, chanting all the while, wrapped a rope around their hands, and seven times around their bodies. At last, the cloth was removed, and the bride and groom, seated side by side, received the advice and blessings of the priests, who kept throwing rice over them.

After that, there was a long feast out in the yard, and everybody was decorated with garlands of roses, and presented with great bunches of flowers.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

BY ANITA L. GRANNIS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

I WANDERED in the Ghetto's noisy streets,
And on the crowded pavement, playing there,
I saw young Jacob of the noble brow,
And slender Rachel, with her raven hair.
By eddying streams of thoughtless passers-by,
I saw their only playground swept away;
And watched them seek at other one, in vain—
Just one small spot where children twain might play.
And, as I gazed, I saw, or seemed to see,
Two other children playing, long ago,
In wide green fields, where breezes fresh and sweet
Were bending tall lush grasses to and fro
Beneath the spreading sky. I looked again
At those poor little children, standing there—
And oh! a voice within me swelled and spake:
Can this be fair?

THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY MARION McCABE (AGE 15)

Poor Sarah Jane sat lone and sad
While down she drooped her head.
A dolly fair, with golden hair,
Lay in her little bed.

In came the mother of the twain,
With eyes of sparkling blue;
She smiled in glee, and kissed Marie,
And even hugged her too.

But one fine day, it came to pass
That Carlo spied Marie.
His joyous bark proclaimed a lark,
But not for her, you see.

'T is Sarah Jane, the lucky doll,
Escaped from doggie's paws.
Not so Marie, from grand Parce,
She hung from Carlo's jaws.

Now Sarah's heart bounds light and free,
Because of Dotty's kiss.
She 's glad it 's she, and not Marie,
Enjoying all the bliss.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Berenice Hill
Elsie B. Briggs
Lucy O. Lewin
Mildred Longstreth
Jeannette E. Lows
Eleanor O. Wells
Griffith M. Harsh
Lucas Hopkins
Robert W. Emerson
Helen Thane
Travis Shelton
Helen G. Rankin
Edith Gayley
Frances D. Hays
Elizabeth A. W.
Campbell
Dorothy M. Russell

D. Q. Palmer
Claire H. Roesch
Esther I. Tate
Marjorie E. Mann
Marjorie E. Tate
Celia M. Carr
Courtney W. Halsey
Alice Hibbard
Thyrza Weston
Caroline F. Ware
Eugene Scott
Aileen Daugherty
Wyatt Rushton
Margaret A. Blair
Henry A. Eggers
Mildred Hudson
Mary K. Eagan
Sally Thompson
Rose F. Schku

Christina C. McMurtin
Hope Satterthwaite
Alfred S. Valentine
Hester A. Emmet
Katharine Owers
Agatha Gilbert
Mary E. Clapp
Sydney R. McLean
Frances Cherry
Alice M. Towsley
Helene M. Russell
Richard M. Gudeman
Anna Michaels
Anna M. Sheldon
Mildred Benjamin
Dorothy Levy
Margaret Pennewell
Barbara Loeb
Eleanor W. Haasis

VERSE, 1

Helen D. Hill
Elizabeth Morrison
Dutfield
Katharine Keiser
Eunice Eddy
Lilke J. Lustig
Alice Trimble
Frances B. Ward
Jack Flower
Rachel I. Saxton
Emily S. Stafford
Mary S. Benson
Rose M. Davis
Emily T. Burke
Jrene Mott

Eleanor F. Dyer
Neil Adams
Joan M. Waterlow
Mary B. Ashworth
Nina M. Ryan
Elsa A. Synnestvedt
Muriel Ives
Isabel W. Harper
Lidda Kladinke
Ruth E. Sherburne
Helen D. Church
Herbert A. Harris
Anne Ashley
Margaret P. Sutphen
Dorothy Wood
Olga van S. Owens
Margaret Sherwin
Fannie W. Butterfield
Beth M. Nichols
Isabel H. O'Leary
Katharine W. Peck
Ruth D. F. Linn
Eleanor Johnson
Hazel K. Sawyer
Elizabeth P. Smith
B. Cresswell
John B. Main
Eleanor Linton
John Perez
Flavia Waters
Margaret H. Lashlaw
Edith V. Maxwell
Grace C. Freese
Helen P. Loudens-
lager
Jessie M. Thompson

VERSE, 2

Priscilla Fraker
Robert J. Cohn
A. B. Blind
Mary Porter
Katharine Gerry
Bettye Arbogast
Jeannette Rustin
Terence Clark
Sarah I. Block
Hugh Winchley

Susie Scheuer
Gilliland Husband
Loena King
Dorothy Hughes
George Feldman
Emma Knapp
Helen G. Barnard
Emily C. Acker
Ralph G. Demaree
Donald Kennedy
Gretchen Hercz
Madeline Zeisse
Julia S. Marsh
Copeland Hovey
Lucy R. Curtis
Rosalie L. Hall

DRAWINGS, 2

Ruth Kupfer
Helen T. Stevenson
Hilda L. Hulbert
Elizabeth E. McCahan
Nora Sterling
Mavis Carter
John Reich
Harry E. Sharpe
Louise J. Spanagle
John W. Haley
Genevieve R. Bartlett
Venette M. Willard
Dorothy L. Macready
Ruth Hays
Richard Sias
Margaret M. Thomas
Sarah M. Bradley
Sebastian Gubbs
Ruth C. Harris
Anita Marburg
Joan H. Cropan
Margaret Gite
Ruth L. Briggs
Alta I. Davis
Wilhelmina Boon
Ruth W. Tiffany
Peyton Rowan
Jack Field
Esther Lowell
Henrietta H. Henning



"HOW THEY KID" BY LEO M. JEFFERSON, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

Mildred G. Wheeler
Dorothy Wilcox

DRAWINGS, 1

Hildegard Beck
Eleanor David
Miriam Newcorn
Alene S. Little
Helen C. Jaeger
Jacob White
Rolf Ueland
Edgar Marburg, Jr.
Elizabeth Thompson
Armstrong W. Sperry
Wilhelmina R.
Babcock
Schofield Handforth
Margaret Couffer
S. Dorothy Bell
Arnulf Ueland
Jeanette B. Daly
Margaret E. Nicolson
M. Shannon Webster,
24
Zelina de M. Comegys
Wilhelmina Dykmans
Florence Fisk
G. MacClark
Margaret Ager
Wiard B. Ihnen

Anna D. Hall
Mary Winslow
John Focht
Edwin A. Bohl
Paul Sullivan
Robert P. Robbins
Margaret C. Bolger
Richard A. Cutter
Hester B. Curtis
Marion Norcross
Margery Andrews
Emily P. Bethel
Amelia I. Rianhard
Virginia L. Moberly
Ruth Gibbs
Frederick W. Agnew
Frances Badger
Clifford M. Finkle
Katharine Pomeroy
Margaret Ufford
Helen Dennett
Mabel M. Coutts
John M. Johnston
Dorothy C. Seligman
Ethel Tuttle
George A. Chromey
Dexter Cheney
Harold Drake
Ruth C. Robinson
Virginia M. Bliss
Mildred V. Preston

Marian E. Deats
Alice M. Hughes
Rose Ziffer
Frank E. Huggins, Jr.
Phyllis Harrow
Olive M. Lyford
Martha E. Whittemore
Amelia Winter
Jennie E. Everden
Muriel W. Curtis
James G. King, Jr.
Marie Sanderson
Catherine Doolittle
Alice C. Marden
Catherine Corcoran
Helen D. Baker
Sadie R. Corcoran
Julia Sabine
Mary Wise
Harrison W. Gill
Robert Martin
Barbara Lee
Margaret V. Metcalfe

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Janet Malnek
Ruth Englis
Elizabeth Richardson
Herbert Cohen
Marion Hahn
Marian G. Wiley
Walter R. Brewster
Martha E. Trotter
Margaret M. Horton
Donald Reed
John Langdon
Eleanor Vishno
Frances G. Osborn
Emy Hofmann
Helen McDonald
Lucile J. Cerf
Glenora A. Brewer
Gerald H. Loomis
Elsie Nichols
Nellie R. Albert
Ruby Burrage
Dorothy Steffan
Katharine H. Clark
Dorothy Hull
Alicie H. Glenn
Stuart Robinson
Eleanor Pelham
Grace H. Parker
Dolly Thompson
Daniel B. Benscoter
Clara L. Berg
Howard R. Sherman
Delaware Kemper
Adelaide L. White
Katharine F.
Woodward
Elizabeth C. Bates
Helen E. Camp
Katherine Habersham
Henry G. Langdon
Donald Chamberlin
Irma Summa
Dorothy von Olker
Susan P. Hadsell
Ruth Yoerger
Beatrice Emerson
Rosa Marimon
Helen Stuart
Jasper Cragwall
Grace H. Wilder
Josephine McQueen
Blanche B. Shaw
Mary Drury
Katherine G. Batts
Adelaide White

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Frances Kinghorn
Lydia Burne
Clarence S. Fisher
Margaret C. Screven
Ralph A. Monroe
Harriot A. Parsons
Emily Kimbrough
Edward C. Parker
Elizabeth Huff
Theodora R. Eldredge
John W. De Witt

Mina Dosker
Grace Bryant
Hubbard Larkin
Robert D. Clark
Annie Bainbridge
Archie G. MacDonald
Hazel S. Wichern
Ethel Schmelzel
Jerome Gray
Margaret K. Hinds
Elizabeth B. Dudley
Pauline F. May
Louise S. May
Priscilla Wilde
Elberta Esty
Angela Machado
Alice Richards
Florence Kirkpatrick
Anne W. Williams
Nellie B. Jackson
Mildred Rhodes
Gladys H. Pew
Ruth M. Bratton
Alice C. Greene
Wilbur Little
Alethea Carpenter
Katharine Small
Elise N. Stein
Helen H. Wilson
Almerin M. Gowing
Audrey Noxon
Dorothy Rand
Hertha Fink
Jean N. Flanigen
Virginia M. Alcock
Cornelia S. Jackson
Paul Feely
Mildred Henderson
Robert D. Sage
Isabel Coleman
Phyllis P. Fletcher
Herbert L. Pratt, Jr.
Ruth Lee
Beatrice Barrangon
Dorothy W. Tyson
Irene W. de la Puerta
Elizabeth Armstrong
Elizabeth Spicer
Caroline Ingham
Helen D. Alexander
Harriette Harrison
Ruth V. A. Spicer
Elwyn B. White
Helen L. McClure
Winifred Jelliffe
Isidore Wershub
Julia M. Hicks
Dorothy V. Fuller
Adee Greenbury
J. Sherwin Murphy
Frances Roberts
Constance Cohen
Marjorie Shurtleff
Marion E. Taylor
Almeda Becker
Dorothy Powell
William S. Biddle
Marjorie C. Huston
Dorothy D. Gleason
Ethel Cox
Humphrey Lloyd
Marion A. Hunter
Nannette Kennedy
Eleanor A. Janeway
Helen Sachs
Miette Brugnot
Jean Patterson
Alice S. Nicoll
Elizabeth H. Baker
Marjory Woods
Flora Kos
Marie Riviere
Alice B. Young
Marian Dawes
Gladys Edmondson
C. Norman Fitts
Carol Lee Johnson
Audrey McLeod
Isabel K. Boyd
C. Douglas
Henry S. Johnson
Louise Baldwin
Ralph Ingersoll
Winifred Capron
Rosabelle Dodge

Beatrice C.
Collingwood
A. M. Greene
Margaret Frazee
Viola Nordin

PUZZLES, 1

Wyllis P. Ames
Margaret Warburton
Gustav Diechmann
Dorothy Wilcox
Duncan Scarbrough
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Margaret E. Cohen
Ethel J. Earle
Gladys Blakely
Sherwood Buckstaff
Theodore H. Ames
Elizabeth E. Abbott
P. Ernest Isbell
Margaret Blake
Douglas Robinson
Willella Waldorf
Jean F. Benswanger
Ferris Neave
Leslie J. Bowler
Tilse Elise Daniels
Margaret Anderson
Margaret L. Milne
Mildred Sweney

PUZZLES, 2

Beryl M. Siegbert
Bessie Radlofsky
Eugenia Towle
Hortense Miller
Barrett Brady
Leonora Andrews
Ruth E. Prager
Raymond Ford
Armand Donaldson
Dorothea Morelock
Joe Earnest
Gladys S. Conrad
Elizabeth Hayes
Ruth Browne
Katharine Bull
Lucy Hunt
Elizabeth Hammond
Sylvia F. Wilcox
Martha Lambert
Virginia M. Thompson
Ottile Morris
Janet Danforth
Salvatore Mammano
Edith P. Lewis
Marguerite T. Arnold
Virginia L. Conner
Agatha Brademeir
Elizabeth Bennick
Elizabeth B. Field
Gertrude Bendheim
Dorothy W. Dunning
Katharine Crosby
Marjorie Cohn
Eleanor Thrum
Fanny Marx
Dorothy B. Marx
Mary Lillian Ellis
Fred Floyd, Jr.

SPECIAL NOTICE

As announced by the publishers, St. Nicholas will hereafter be issued about fifteen days later in the month than heretofore—or, as nearly as possible, on the first of every month. Fortunately for League members, this change in the date of publication enables us to extend the limit of closing the League competitions by about two weeks. The closing of each competition will thus be brought a fortnight nearer to the report upon its contributions—a saving of time and patience that will be gladly welcomed by every member of the League.

PRIZE COMPETITION
No. 171

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 171 will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St.

NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "An Old Melody."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Mother's Best Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Winter World."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Wrong," or a Heading for **May**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-Box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Different members of our family have been taking you for sixteen years.

I believe I have not missed reading you, every month, since I have been old enough to understand stories.

I have been up on a ranch all summer. For my birthday, my uncle gave me a horse and a saddle with a bridle. I named my horse "Queenie."

The name of my favorite dog was "Fanny." It used always to hunt eggs with me.

Once my cousin and I went way up in a windmill. We shut it off before we climbed it, but when we were up there, all of a sudden the wheel above us began turning; we had to lie down upon the platform for some time till my uncle came and turned it off again. It was very dangerous up there because the wheel might have knocked us off.

I have been so interested in "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Denewood," and am very sorry that they have ended.

Your faithful reader,

GERTRUDE C. PEYCKE (age 12).

NINANA, ALASKA

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have read so many letters and many interesting things in ST. NICHOLAS that I thought you would like to hear from us, too.

We have heard more about Eskimos than the Alaskan Indians.

The Eskimos are different from us. They wear skin clothes, and have huts in winter, and they wear canvas parkas in the summer. But we people up here have log-cabins and tents. We live in cabins in the winter, and live in tents in summer, because it is so warm most of the time. We wear the same kind of clothing, but some of us have parkas in the winter.

Our special food in the summer is fish. The people build lots of fish-wheels out of lumber and wire in the spring, and have them ready in July, when the salmon come. The people cut them and dry them to store for winter, so they don't have to get out of food. In the winter, the people go out camping to hunt for moose, caribou, fox, bear, and many other animals. Just before Christmas they come back to have a nice time. After New-Year's, they all scatter everywhere to hunt again. The winters are sometimes warm, and sometimes very cold and long, with three months of darkness. We had much snow last winter, and we wonder what kind of a year we are going to have this year.

In the summer, we do many kinds of things besides cutting fish. Some of the women usually go for berries, if they feel like it.

These are the kinds of berries we have in this country: blueberries, raspberries, high-bush cranberries, low-bush, and some kind of berries that look like fuchsias. I am certainly glad when the spring comes, for I know we will be soon going for berries, and eating all the berries we want.

The autumn is here. The leaves are falling from the trees. In August it snowed. We all thought it was too early yet for snow to come. Now there is not a snow-flake to be seen.

Everybody in this country has dogs. The trails are narrow and hard for horses to travel. And that is the reason why the people do not have horses. It is very easy for dogs, but in some places it is hard. In some

places, the ice is thin, and if the horse should go in places like that, why, the poor creature would go right through.

The people in winter have sleds. They make them out of birch-trees and finish them on the sides with moose hide. If you once get into a cozy sled, all fixed up in blankets, you would not like to get out of it. If they want to go anywhere, they hitch the dogs with dog harness. The little dogs sometimes have to travel eighty or ninety miles in a day. The people have to cut lots of fish in summer, for the dogs in the winter. They have little caches to store their fish in.

We all live in the mission. There are about sixteen boys and ten girls. I tell you I think we are a happy lot. Some of the children are playing games.

The school opened the eighth of September, and we are going to school every day now.

Your friend,

JULIA ALBERT.

COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Santa Claus was so good to me when he brought you to me last Christmas! I could never give you up. I have no brothers or sisters, but you take that place.

Nine of us girls have a club, and we gave a play. It was "Everygirl," the one published in the October ST. NICHOLAS. The play went off beautifully. I was so pleased, because I suggested it. We have tried to have plays before, but none came off, and this one did because it was published in you. I love your stories, and am much interested in the League. I have sent two pieces in, and am waiting anxiously. I hope to see my name on the Roll of Honor.

I don't know of any magazine that is better than you. I don't know what I would do without you.

Your constant reader,

GEORGEA BACKUS (age 13).

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that the gold badge is even prettier than the silver one, although, when I received the silver badge, I deemed that impossible. The poem was written while I had the mumps. You see, I had swelling of the inspiration as well as of the glands!

ST. NICHOLAS is the Saint of Magazines in my opinion.

I live out in Colorado. It is a beautiful State, but I think I would rather live in the East. I have been in Colorado Springs most of my life, and have seen the Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs, Pike's Peak, and other interesting scenery, which I will, perhaps, try to describe in another letter.

With many good wishes for the League, I must close.

DORIS WILDER (age 12).

YOUNGSTOWN, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have taken your magazine for over five years. I look forward to your magazine every month, and greatly enjoy reading it. I live in Youngstown, Ohio, a very dirty manufacturing town, but some of the nicest people in the world live in it, I think. I have no brothers or sisters, and so I play most of the time by myself.

I love to read, and among my favorite books are "Lit-

tle Women" and Dickens's "David Copperfield" and "Dombey and Son." I have seen the play of "Little Women," and liked it better than any play I have ever seen, it was so realistic and homy.

I have a dear little canary named "Peter Pan," which was one of my Christmas presents. He is a German canary, and a beautiful singer. Sometimes I speak German to him, and he answers "peep," just as if he understood.

Truly yours,

SALLY RAYEN DAVIS (age 11).

LARCHMONT MANOR, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I have written you before, but I can't help writing to you to tell you how much I love the two stories "Beatrice of Denewood" and "The Land of Mystery." I think they have both ended beautifully, but I am so sorry to see them end. I don't know what I shall do without them to read. I am not the only one in our family that enjoys them; my father always reads them aloud to my mother, brother, and myself. I know I shall enjoy Mrs. Johnston's story, though, for the "Little Colonel" books are my favorites.

I am a member of the League, and I enjoy reading about it immensely; but I have never sent anything much myself.

I like to make up puzzles and answer others very much, and I enjoy the advertising competitions especially.

I have taken you for two years, and I am sure there is not a more interesting magazine for girls or boys.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE ROGERS (age 13).

AMITY, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Chicago girl, but about six months ago, we came out west. We had a grand trip, as we went through the Rockies, the Gorge, past Salt Lake, and many other interesting places. Portland is a beautiful city, but we stayed there only ten weeks. Now we live about fifty-seven miles south of Portland. Amity is an old place, in fact it had a post-office before Portland. The Indians fought a great battle two miles up the river, and there are lots of arrow-heads and beads to be found there. There is a great big old oak just the other side of our boundary fence, and under it the treaty of peace was signed. In the woods here, not far from our land, there are the ruins of an old Indian fort. The Indians founded the town, and called it "Amity," which is the French for "Friendship."

I had to give up high school when we came here, because it is too far to walk. But in a year or so I expect to go to Oregon's Agricultural College at Corvallis (nineteen miles from here).

I have some of the very first volumes of you, bound. And since I was eight years old, I got the bound books every year at Christmas.

Wishing you all good luck in the future, I am

Yours sincerely,

DORA E. STARKE (age 15).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine so much, especially the League and Letter-Box.

I live abroad in summer and in New York in winter. I have already traveled through France, Germany, England, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Austria, and Hungary.

When the ST. NICHOLAS comes, it is devoured from cover to cover, after which we read it all over again. How often have I just escaped being late for school

because ST. NICHOLAS was brought in to the breakfast-table with the other mail! I have thought of trying to earn the year's subscription, but everybody I know takes and loves the ST. NICHOLAS. I took your magazine for several years before I was old enough to enjoy it, and now what a treasure those old magazines are!

Your devoted little reader,

HAROLDINE HUMPHREYS (age 11).

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven and three quarter years old, and so is my sister. We have many pets. We have a pony, a dog, and three cats, and once we had two canary-birds whose names were Dick and Fluffy, but the cats ate them, whose names are Peter and Sophia and Susan.

We buy the ST. NICHOLAS every month, but we love it just as if we took it. We like "For Very Little Folks" best, and our big sister reads it to us. We made up a poem to-day. Here it is:

The summer is warm,
The winter is cold;
I will love ST. NICHOLAS
Until I am old.

This is from me. This is from my sister:

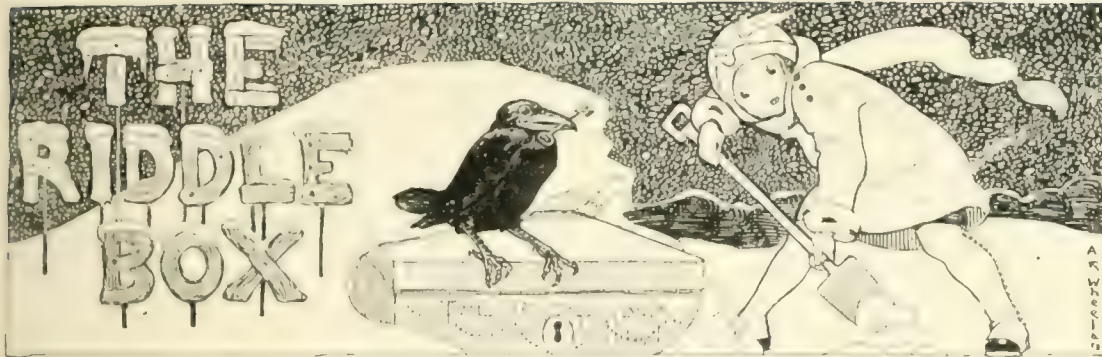
The sky is blue, the world is bright,
I read ST. NICHOLAS day and night.

Good-by.

Your loving friends,

MABEL AND ALICE LITTLETON.

INTERESTING and welcome letters have been received also from Ruth Smalley, Eunice Cole, Mary Louise Black, Elizabeth Dudley, Dorothy M. Parsons, Julia Borden Hutton, Gladys Kathrine Hallford, Edwin Barnett Gilbert, Emma A. Faehrmann, Louise B. Cohen, Margaret Tooley, Joseph Denison Elder, Lucia K. Sherman, Jessie L. Fuller, Peggy Waymouth, Mary Wilkins Rustin, Helen W. Unverzagte, Edward M. Douglas, Caro Williamson, Vera Cates, Harry Iselin, Helen Morris, Barbara Coyne, Marjorie Covert, John Churchill Newcomb, Dorothy Trunkfield, Myrtle Dubbs, John Perez, Jr., Jean Bergner, Elizabeth Butler, Elizabeth Silber, Priscilla L. Hoopes, Eliza J. Beattie, Myra Van Vleck, Helen C. McCoy, Florence M. Thomas, Phyllis Radford, Lucile Luttrell, Caroline Shields, Margaretta A. Sharpley, Shelby McKnight, Marian B. Mishler, Claire E. Ginsburg, Marion H. Weinstein, Lillian E. Sauer, Maxine Elliot, Mary Virginia Harris, Avis Sherburn, Benita Levy, Harvey Eagleson, Eliza Wood, Rosalind Gould Higgins, Florence Van Auker, Jarvis Kerr, Dorothy Smith, Annette N. Wright, Jennie Slaughter, "Susie and Billie and Dick," Mae M. Bradford, Louis Case, Elizabeth D. Gardner, Leona May Hole, Susanne and Vivian Van Brunt, Nathalie E. Harvey, Elizabeth Pierce, Anthony Tyson, Ruth Wood, Margaret H. Wardlage, Hazel Hodgson, Beatrice Marks, Nell Kerr, Evelyn June Webster, Eleanor S. Hearne, Georgene Davis, Grace and Florence Knox, Alice S. Vail, Corinne Lesshoff, Elizabeth Owen, Albert W. Chapman, Jane Thrift, B. E. Schumacher, Thomas Blair, Frances H. Compton, Agnes Cliff, Elsie Boehringer, Marjorie Stebbins, Lydia Burne, Mollie Boyd, Sarah Baxter, Millicent Williams, Denny Godwin, Dixie I. Charnock, Dorothy von Olker, Nelly Linn, Alice A. Woodward, Katharine Cowles, Alexander L. H. Darragh, Annie H. Potter, Lucia and Lucius Eastman, Bonnie E. Galbreath, Flora Otis, Mildred Graham, Gertrude Pembleton, Nellie Grane, Norman Johnson, and Kathleen Rodgers.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

1. **TRIPLE DIAGONAL**. Holly. 1. Heart. 2. Dells. 3. Palms. 4. Balls. 5. Candy.

6. **AD TITILE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS**. Renaissance. 1. Cate. 2. Cat. 3. Cat. 4. Both era tion, ear. 5. Inat ten tion, net. 6. Under taking, art. 7. Persistence, its. 8. Deva sta tion, sat. 9. Transma-rine, Sam. 10. Substan-tive, ant. 11. Desp-ond-ency, nod. 12. Anis-ocracy, out. 13. Exon-era-tion, ear.

NOVEL ZIGZAGS. Wilson, Dallas, Monroe, Hamlin, Arthur, Morton.

Cross-words: 1. Balsam. 2. Pillow. 3. Wooden. 4. Gallon. 5. Cabin. 6. Debris. 7. Conrad. 8. Poison. 9. Marble. 10. Hamlet. 11. Kausin. 12. Harden. 13. Gather. 14. Armful. 15. Anchor. 16. Martar. 17. Boston. 18. Muslin.

ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC. Boston Tea Party. 1. Bowls. 2. Stick. 3. Onion. 4. Lents. 5. Apple. 6. Arrow. 7. Types.

TO THE PUZZLER: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 15 from Carl Maedje—Eleanor F. Carroll—Dun-
can Scarborough—May Voorhis—Theodore H. Ames—P. Ernest Isbell—Margaret Macdonald—Henry Seligson—Lothrop Bartlett—Alfred
Paul, 3—E. James M. Treat—J. Whittan Gibson—Blanche Baumann—Katharine Chapman—Max Stolz—Ruth V. A. Spicer—Sophie Rosen-
baum—Caryl Dunham—Arnold Guyot Cameron, Jr.—Eleanor Manning—“Alld and Adl”—Evelyn Hillman—Claire A. Hepner—“Clums”—
Florence P. Carter—“Terrapin”—No name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 15 from Dorothy Berrall, 7—Phyllis S. Rankin, 7—Mary L.
Ingles, 7—Eloise Peckham, 7—E. Barrett Brady, 7—Alvin E. Blomquist, 6—Marjorie Gibbons, 6—Janet B. Fine, 6—Dorothea Lynch, 6—Mar-
garet Lynch, 6—No name, 6—Elizabeth Jones, 5—Matilda Van Sulen, 4—Amy Frandise, 4—Carl S. Schmidt, 3—M. Turner, 3—M. Maurer,
2—K. Williams, 2—E. H. Baumann, 2—L. F. Worthington, 1—H. Lurrell, 1—J. O. Gayle, 1—C. A. Deyo, 1—F. Fuss, 1—L. Bucknall, 1—L.
H. Holland, 1—D. Kingman, 1—B. Singer, 1—M. M. Barr, 1—J. Smith, 1—L. Glorieux, 1—Yvonne Moen, 1.

NEW-YEAR'S ACROSTIC

My primals spell an eighteenth century writer who was born on New-Year's Day; my finals spell her most important book.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. To ape. 2. A place of public contest. 3. A pictured riddle. 4. Un-suitable. 5. To abolish. 6. Select. 7. Dismal. 8. A feminine name. 9. Treating of morals. 10. To inflict. 11. A water willow. 12. To plunder. 13. A sign. 14. To frequent.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member*.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge—Silver Badge won May, 1912.)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail benefit, and leave an insect. Adv-ant-age.

1. Triply behead and curtail exerting force, and leave a common rodent. 2. Triply behead and curtail absorbing, and leave a sphere. 3. Triply behead and curtail trial, and leave a flying, insectivorous animal. 4. Triply behead and curtail menacing, and leave to conclude. 5. Triply behead and curtail to make acquainted, and leave a measure of length. 6. Triply behead and curtail a great body of land, and leave a metal. 7. Triply behead and curtail a peculiarity of the language of the rabbis, and leave a big box. 8. Triply behead and curtail pertaining to Saturn, and leave a vase. 9. Triply behead

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Napoleon; finals, Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. Narrow. 2. Armada. 3. Patent. 4. Oracle. 5. Litter. 6. Enamel. 7. Overdo. 8. Nuncio.

NOVEL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Primal zigzag, Mozart; final zigzag, Chopin. Cross-words: 1. Mace. 2. Noah. 3. Zion. 4. Lamp. 5. Rein. 6. Eton.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Date, December twenty-first. From 1 to 20, The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; 30 to 38, Mayflower; 39 to 46, Plymouth; 47 to 50, Massachusetts. Cross-words: 1. Dealt. 2. Eager. 3. Corps. 4. Ether. 5. Minds. 6. Binds. 7. Ethic. 8. Reefs. 9. Timid. 10. Whiff. 11. Elate. 12. Nudge. 13. Towel. 14. Yacht. 15. Foamy. 16. Impel. 17. Ratch. 18. Suits. 19. Thyme.

and curtail marriage, and leave a border. 10. Triply behead and curtail the property of being magnetic, and leave a snare. 11. Triply behead and curtail feeling, and leave was seated.

When the foregoing beheadings and curtailings have been rightly made, the initials of the eleven little words remaining will spell the name of a famous lyric poet who was born in January, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

JESSICA B. NOBLE (age 13).

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL

*	.	.	4	8	*
7	*	9	.	*	5
12	.	*	*	.	2
11	6	*	*	13	.
1	*	14	.	*	10
*	3	.	.	.	*

THE diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter, each name a country of Europe. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 and from 9 to 14 spell an important city in each of these countries.

Cross-words: 1. Ravines. 2. A dealer in cloths. 3. To come forth. 4. Harbors. 5. To divide into two. 6. A recess in a room.

J. WHITTON GIBSON (age 13), *League Member*.



THE RING OF
THE DEAD

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLI

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 4

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THE MAGIC CUP

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

BERYL GREEN was the lonely water;
Sweet of mien, the Woodman's Daughter

Cast the clue that the Gray Witch gave,
And softly sang the magic stave:

"Fountain-goblins, water-pixies,
Round-eyed sons of the web-foot nixes,

"Leave your caves and bring me up
Wizard Merlin's Magic Cup!"

The glimmering deeps of the pool were troubled,
Ripple-ringed, the water bubbled;

Wriggling, twisting, rose the six
Wry-mouthed sons of the Water Nix,

Clear from the weed-hung caves below,
With a "Hee, hee, hee!" and a "Ho, ho, ho!"

Chuckling mingled mirth and malice,
Lifting high the crystal chalice.

"Take the Magic Cup!" they laughed;
"Drink the single magic draft!"

"Beauty, riches, health, or power—
What you wish shall be your dower;

"Wish, and quaff, and have!—but know,
When once drained, the cup will go!"

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Sank the nixes, calmed the water;
Wonder-eyed, the Woodman's Daughter

Clasped the cup and fled away,
Through the Woods of Yesterday.

"Cup," she sang, "of crystal rarest,
I shall wish to be the fairest

"Ever mortal eye did see;
Then the Prince will marry me!"

Then—she saw before her lying
Prone, a wounded hunter, dying.

Swift, his head she lifted up;
To his lips she pressed the cup.

"Drink!" implored the Woodman's Daughter;
"Give him life, O Magic Water!"

Lo! within that ancient wood,
Strong, and young, and brave he stood!

* * * * *

Gone is the cup to the deep green water;
But, before the Woodman's Daughter,

Bending low to kiss her hand,
Kneels the Prince of Fairyland!



"HEIGH-HO!" said Hans, the cobbler's son. "Here I am off to seek my fortune with nothing in my bundle but a loaf of black bread and a pair of old wooden shoes, my father's only legacy to me. Why he set such a store by those old shoes I'm sure I can't see, but I'll carry them along, for they may serve my need when I come to a town; for the present, however, I'd rather go barefoot."

Hans trudged merrily along the road, carrying the bundle over his shoulder. It is true Hans had not much behind him, but little cared he, for he had the whole world before him. And so he whistled cheerily as he went along, for Hans had a merry heart.

All went well until Hans came to a place where the road had been mended; the broken stones cut his feet, so he sat down by the wayside, opened his bundle, and slipped on the wooden shoes. The shoes seemed to fit him very well indeed; in fact, no sooner did Hans rise to his feet, than he began to dance; never had his feet seemed so light. As he skipped along the road, he presently spied a row of fine apple-trees.

"I must have just one of those apples," he said; "I'm sure the farmer will not mind if I take a few."

There was a wide ditch between the road and the orchard, but Hans ran boldly up to it, expecting to cross it at one leap.

But, to his surprise and amazement, his feet seemed to trip him as he jumped, and he fell headlong into the water.

When he came up, Hans saw the wooden shoes bobbing up and down on the water. He had half a mind to leave them there, for he felt that they

were to blame for his accident. But shoes are shoes to a poor boy, and so Hans picked them up with a sigh, and emptied the water out of them. What was his surprise to see here and there on their sides a gleam of bright color. At once Hans became so interested in the shoes that he quite forgot the apples. He sat down by the roadside and began to polish the shoes with the sleeve of his blouse; soon they were a brilliant red all over.

A crooked little man who was passing stopped to look.

"What beautiful shoes!" he said. "Will you sell them to me? I will give you a gold piece for them."

Hans took the gold piece gladly. "With this," he said, "I can buy for myself some stout leathern shoes, and something to eat besides."

Now the piece of money was not gold, as Hans thought; the crooked little man knew it, and so, apparently, did the wonderful shoes, for the moment the little man put them on, they started up the road at such a speed that the little man lost first his hat, and then his wig. The wicked little shoes led him a merry chase, and finally landed him squarely in the midst of a great bramble thicket.

There Hans found him when he at last overtook him.

"Take your shoes; they are bewitched!" cried the little man, tossing them out upon the road. "Now help me out of this thicket, there's a good lad!"

Hans helped the crooked little man out of the thicket, and, as soon as he found himself upon his feet, he set off up the road whence he came.



"HANS DID NOT STOP DANCING, FOR HE KNEW THAT HIS VERY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT."

He did not stop to say so much as a thank you; neither did he pick up his piece of money which Hans tossed after him.

After that, Hans carried the shoes in his bundle again, for he fully believed that they were bewitched.

Just before nightfall, he came to a large town with paved streets and many fine houses. On the hillside, not far away, he could see a castle with many turrets.

"This must be the town of Ems, where King Elfred lives," said Hans. "I must put on my shoes, for I'd be ashamed to go barefoot through such a town."

He put the shoes on his feet, and straightway they began to dance. Now Hans loved music, so as the shoes began to dance, he began to sing; so up the main street he went, dancing and singing with all his might. Soon a large crowd of people were following him. When he reached the market-place, Hans turned and faced the crowd.

"What somber clothes they wear! what solemn faces they have!" he said. "I must try to cheer them up a bit." And so he danced, and capered, and sang his funny songs, until he was fairly out of breath. At first, the people only smiled, then they began to laugh, and, finally, they roared so with merriment that the tears ran down their faces. Hans tried to stop dancing several times, but the shoes would not let him rest until he took them off and placed them on the pavement before him. The people immediately crowded around him; they filled his shoes with coins, and begged him to dance again.

But Hans shook his head. His only thought was to get a good supper and a soft bed, for he was tired out after his day's tramp. But as the coins jingled in his pockets, and the people crowded around him asking for more, Hans became greedy.

"I will dance again," he said to himself. "Perhaps they will give me gold this time."

He put on his shoes and began to whistle a merry tune, but his feet seemed glued to the pavement; the magic shoes refused to dance.

But the crowd pressed around him still closer. "Dance, stranger, dance!" urged an old man. "I have not had such a good laugh since—"

"Hush!" said his neighbor, in an undertone. "The king's men may hear you!"

"Make way there!" called a voice of authority. "What means this rabble?" A man clothed in black velvet, and riding a black horse, made his way through the crowd.

"'T is Duke Ulva, the king's cousin," whispered a friendly voice in Hans's ear. "Run, run!"

But Hans stood his ground, for he felt that he had done no wrong.

The people fell back on either side, leaving Hans standing alone in the middle of the square.

"So, clown, you are the cause of this unseemly mirth, are you?" said the duke. "Know you not that this is a town of mourning?"

"I am a stranger," said Hans, "and I did not know."

"See you not the people's black garments and the signs of mourning about the streets?" questioned the duke, sternly. "Be off with you! We will have no more of your buffoonery!"

Hans was only too glad to get out of the market-place. He carried his shoes in his hand so that he might run more swiftly, and before long he came to an inn on the outskirts of the town. The innkeeper looked at him askance when he asked for supper and a night's lodging, but when Hans jingled his coins, he did not refuse.

"How comes it that this is a town of mourning?" asked Hans, as he ate his supper.

"'T is a sad tale," said the innkeeper, "but as you are a stranger, I will tell it you. It happened in this way: our good king, Elfred, had an only son, of whom he was very fond. One day, when he and the prince were hunting together, the prince was thrown from his horse and was killed instantly. The king has made a vow to mourn all his days, and the court and the townspeople mourn with him. For five long years, we have kept the vow, and a sad town is Ems! Our young people are all leaving us, and small wonder."

In the morning, Hans set out again. His pockets were much lighter after he had paid the innkeeper's charges. Before he had gone far, he saw a poor old man bent nearly double under a heavy load of wood. As he stopped to rest by the road, Hans thrust a few coins into his hand and hurried on. Later on, a blind beggar held out his cup, and Hans filled it. As his pockets grew lighter, his heart grew lighter, and so did his feet. He gave his last penny to a poor woman, who thanked him gratefully.

"Bless you, my boy!" she said. "You have a good heart, and a light foot. May you dance before the king!"

"I'd like nothing better," replied Hans, laughingly.

No sooner had he spoken than his shoes began to dance along the road, carrying him he knew not whither. He soon found out, however, that the road led straight up the hill to the castle; but Hans could not stop himself. On he danced until he reached the castle gate; the solemn warder gazed at Hans with round eyes, but one tap from his little red shoe opened the gate, and Hans

went dancing through. Across the court he sped, past groups of astonished lords and ladies, up the steps into the great hall of the castle, then up a flight of marble stairs, past two petrified grooms, and into the throne-room itself. Breathless as he was, Hans did not stop dancing even when he saw the black-robed king himself, for he knew that his very life depended on it. So he whistled, he sang, and he danced as he had never danced before.

The king's face was as black as thunder when he first saw Hans. One lift of his finger, and the soldiers who stood about him would have seized Hans and carried him away to the dungeon. But the king did not raise his hand, for the boy's merry, winning face attracted him, and he had not the heart to stop him. At first, he simply smiled in a dignified way, but at last the merry tunes and the clattering red shoes were too much for him; he broke down, and laughed until his sides shook. Hans danced until he could dance no more; then he took off the red shoes, and sank down at the king's feet to rest.

"Go on with your dancing, boy," urged the king, when he could speak for laughing. "I have not had such a laugh for years! See, here is gold, take it all!" And he threw a shower of glittering coins at Hans's feet.

But Hans had learned a lesson from his dancing shoes. "I do not dance for gold," he said simply. "I dance just to make people happy."

"You shall have a princely robe and eat at my table!" said the king, heartily. "You shall dance before me every day, for you have a merry heart, and I would have you near me!"

Now the Duke Ulva stood behind the king's chair, and he was none too pleased with what had passed, for he wished no one to share with him the king's favor.

"Yon boy is but a mere buffoon," he whispered in the king's ear. "I saw him yester-e'en dancing in the market-place, and the people showered him with coins. Not dance for gold—faugh!"

"But he dances right well," persisted the king. "I am sure that he earns all he gets."

"Any one could dance as well, were he shod as

well, my liege," insinuated the duke. "Those shoes are bewitched."

"Then take you the shoes, cousin," said the king. "If your words be true, show us a merry dance."

Now Hans sat so near that he heard these last words of King Elfred, who had spoken aloud in his impatience. Accordingly, Hans rose, and, with a low bow, presented the red shoes to Duke Ulva. The duke took them with ill grace, for he had no wish to try his steps before King Elfred and his court; but there was no choice for him. He took the shoes and examined them curiously.

"I fear that they will not fit me," he said.

"Try them," insisted King Elfred, and the duke was forced to obey. Now the shoes were, as you know, magic shoes, and they were able to fit any foot that was thrust into them; so they proved to be an excellent fit for the duke.

"Now dance, cousin!" commanded the king.

Now there was no better dancer in the court than Duke Ulva, but, when he attempted to dance that time, he utterly failed. He tried to raise his feet, but they seemed fastened to the floor; not a step could he make. The little red shoes refused to dance for him, because there was envy and malice in the duke's heart.

Duke Ulva heard the titter from the ladies, he saw the wrathful face of the king and the pitying eyes of Hans; he waited to see no more, but, thrusting the magic shoes from him, he bolted from the hall. They never saw him again.

When the duke was gone, King Elfred leaned down, and, taking Hans by the hand, he drew him up to his side.

"You are a good lad, and you will make me a good son," he said. "You shall take the place of him for whom I have mourned so long!"

There was great feasting and rejoicing in the castle for many days after that. The king put off his mourning, his court did the same, and the townsfolk quickly followed their example.

Hans was a good son to King Elfred; he cheered his last days, and, when he was gone, he reigned in his place. The people of Ems hailed King Hans with joy, for they never forgot how much they owed to Hans and his dancing shoes.





JENNY AND JOHNNY.

MY FRIENDS THE GRIZZLIES

BY ENOCH J. MILLS

FOR many years, I have lived in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a long day's ride from the railroad. During these years in the wilds, I have had many pets among the wild animals, ranging from frisky chipmunks to grizzly bears.

The most interesting of all, however, were Johnny and Jenny, the two little grizzly cubs I caught early one spring.

These cubs grew rapidly during the summer. But, in spite of their seeming awkwardness, they were as quick and as nimble as lively kittens, and as playful, besides. No game was too lively or too rough for them. Often we engaged in tussles that resembled foot-ball, boxing, and wrestling all combined.

It was easy to teach them new tricks, and they were always willing and delighted to engage in any sort of scuffle.

I used to lie down beside these cubs and remain perfectly still for a time. They would investigate me curiously. Sometimes they would shake me gently with their paws, or thrust their noses into my pockets, to see if any candy was concealed there. In the midst of their investigations, I would give a low whistle for my collie dog.

As the dog would come scurrying around the corner of their shelter, the little grizzlies would stand erect to look at him. As he came nearer, they would walk uneasily around me, keeping a wary eye on the dog. At the distance of a few feet, my dog would stop. The bears would eye him narrowly.

By the slightest movement of one hand I could signal my dog to me. He would always come at

the signal, whatever the menace of the bears' attitude. He would scarcely reach my side before Johnny would dash forward with a growl and launch a vicious blow, which the dog would sensibly avoid. Then would follow in quick succession the advance and retreat, and the exchange of growls as they disputed for the possession of me, while I kept perfectly still.

When their dispute had progressed far enough, I would suddenly sit up with a whoop. At this signal, they ceased hostilities and rushed pell-mell over me, nipping at hands, feet, and ears, and tugging at my clothes in good-natured fun.

They never ventured far from their snug little shed which I had built for them. When I left home to attend school, an old trapper who lived near us volunteered to take care of my pets. In spite of many misgivings, I finally consented, and delivered the frisky young scamps at his cabin.

Leave-taking from them was not easy. Nor were they inclined to have me out of their sight. We were forced to secure them with collars and chains. I gave each a hug and a vigorous shake in farewell, and hurried away.

On holidays, I went often to the City Park Zoo to see the animals. There were many bears there, but no grizzlies. The keeper was a kind man, and my talk to him about my wonderful pets won his sympathy for me. He invited me to bring my pets to the Zoo, where I could see them often, and be sure of their welfare.

It was at this time that I received a letter from the old trapper, in which he stated that the grizzlies were getting cross and difficult to handle.



AS THE DOG WHEELED AROUND
THE CORNER OF THEIR SHELTER THE
OTHER GRIZZLIES WAGGED THEIR TAILS
TO LOOK AT HIM

CHARLES LINNISTEN FULL

He further stated that they had almost eaten him out of supplies.

With this letter I hastened to my friend at the Zoo. He was sympathetic, and urged me to go and bring the cubs to the park at once.

Securing permission from the school to be absent several days, I hastened to rescue my shaggy friends from a keeper who did not appreciate them nor understand their needs.

The greeting I received from my pets very

nearly spoiled my clothes. The greeting I gave them was almost as vigorous. Together we did a bear-dance for joy.

For convenience, I placed my pets in a box with a slat covering. In this way they were hauled to the railroad and shipped by express to the city. They were very well behaved, except that they came near breaking out of their box when we reached the city and they caught sight of me. They thrust out their paws to me, and



"THE LITTLE GRIZZLIES WERE AS PLAYFUL AS KITTENS."

poked their noses between the restraining slats for me to pull.

The keeper was expecting us when we reached the Zoo. We freed the husky young cubs, and they obediently stood erect to be formally introduced to the keeper. This introduction terminated in a rough-and-tumble romp, during which I discovered how much my youngsters had grown. I was surprised at their strength. The keeper, too, remarked their wonderful agility and power.

The last cage in the row had been prepared for Johnny and Jenny. It was the keeper's plan that they should share this cage with two other young bears, a cinnamon and a black bear. Both these strange bears were older and larger than mine, but no trouble was anticipated in caging them together.

Leaving Johnny and Jenny to finish the feed which we had given them, I assisted the keeper in removing the cinnamon bear from the big corral where they were freed daily to exercise. With this bear we had no difficulty. When we attempted to remove the black fellow, our trouble began. After many ridiculous failures, we had at last to resort to a rope.

Once we had lassoed the black scamp, he submitted readily to being led out of the corral, but balked at the cage door. No amount of persuasion nor proffers of tempting morsels of food would coax him into the cage. We tried to push him forward; but he resented this indignantly. We turned him around and tried to back him into the door. He was a rogue, however, and thwarted each attempt. Quite a crowd was now watching our efforts with amusement. We were given advice and encouragement and laughed at uproariously each time the stubborn bear slipped from our grasp and eluded us.

In desperation, I at last carried the rope through the cage door and took a couple of turns around the bars at the far side of the cage. With the rope thus securely snubbed, I held the loose end and gathered in every inch of slack the bear gave. The keeper pushed from behind and I tugged at the rope. Still the stubborn fellow braced his forepaws against the sides of the cage door, and we could not budge him farther. For a moment we struggled. Occasionally I succeeded in taking up a little on the rope, but we seemed as far as ever from accomplishing our purpose.

Johnny and Jenny had finished their dinner and had come to investigate the trouble. They were just behind the keeper, pacing restlessly to and fro. With keen interest they watched the struggle, and grew more and more excited.

Suddenly, with an angry growl, the black fellow ceased resisting, and leaped into the cage upon me, where, having simultaneously sprawled upon the floor at the sudden slacking of the rope, I lay at the farther end of the cage. The black brute was now fiercely in earnest, and his attack upon me was ferocious. His first rush was so impetuous that it carried him entirely over me. Wheeling, he lunged at me with both paws, and with his teeth tore a great rent in my sleeve. Kicking out from where I lay, I partly warded off his next rush. Before I could again recover, however, he sank his teeth into my knee.

The keeper rushed in, seized the bear by a hind foot, and dragged it, roaring and clawing, backward. Suddenly, with a jerk the bear freed itself and once more flung itself upon me. I was prepared for this rush, and partly avoided it with my sound leg; but he landed two vicious blows.

As I went down, with the bear on top, I saw Johnny rushing to my rescue. Before the ugly fellow could do me further harm, Johnny had flung himself between us, and landed a telling blow upon the head of my surprised assailant.

For several minutes, the battle raged furiously. The roars and whacks caused an uproar among the other animals of the Zoo. I was knocked down, trampled under foot, and buffeted about for some time before I finally pulled myself up by means of the cage bars. Scarcely was I erect before I was bowled over again.

At last, with the assistance of the keeper, I crawled through the cage door. Inside the battle still raged. The bears would lunge together, furiously biting and striking. They would rise upon their hind legs and strike out with all the strength of their powerful forepaws.

The ugly black fellow towered a head taller than my pet, and from this advantage he rained blow after blow upon the head of the infuriated grizzly. However, with no sign of discouragement, the little rogue stood up and gave blow for blow. After landing a powerful blow upon the

black bear's tender snout, Johnny upset him with a sudden furious charge. Before the black could regain his feet, Johnny had tallied several times upon the same tender spot, and completely routed him. Johnny then followed him around the cage, administering sound cuffs until the black was howling for mercy.

The fight would, no doubt, have ended much more quickly than it did had it not been that, in rushing to the fight, Jenny had missed the cage door and had raged out her fury against the bars in her attempts to reach the black ruffian. It was undoubtedly fortunate for the black that he had only Johnny to fight.

The excitement of the combat being over, my bruises and injured knee recalled my attention.

A gentleman who had stopped to witness the *mêlée* observed my plight, and kindly offered me a lift in his carriage. I delved into my pocket and brought forth a handful of candy, which I thrust through the bars to Johnny. Then I explained to them that I would be back again, and hobbled away upon the keeper's arm, the little grizzlies standing erect, watching my departure.



EIGHT O'CLOCK

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

OF all the things the clock can say,
The one I do not like
Is "Eight o'Clock," that, twice a day,
The clocks and bells all strike.

For Eight is "Time-for-School," you know,
And Eight is "Time-for-Bed";
And when it strikes, you have to go—
There 's nothing to be said.

Sometimes it 's "Circuses" at Two,
And sometimes "Matinée,"
And Three o'Clock is "School-is-Through,"
And Four o'Clock is "Play,"

And Five o'Clock, and Nine, and Ten,
Eleven o'Clock and One,
Why, nice "Perhaps-Things" happen then—
("Perhaps" is always fun).

And Twelve and Six go very fast,
With "Things-upon-a-Plate,"
But soon as Seven hurries past,
You hear the clock strike Eight!

So when I 'm grown and have my say,
And help to make things go,
I 'm going to take the "Eight" away
From every clock I know!



Presented by George A. Hearn to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
"FAIRY TALES." PAINTED BY J. J. SHANNON.



THE LITTLE ALBANY MUSEUM, ALBANY, N. Y.
"MAGNOLIA" PAINTED BY T. J. SHANNON.

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc

CHAPTER VIII

RODMAN DECIDES

HARRIET looked at her mother, who smiled approval. She looked at her father, who nodded his assent. Interested as she was in the outcome of the question about Rodman, she still felt unwilling to take any personal part until, as her eye left her father's, it encountered Brian's. He was still leaning against the mantel, and watched her with something of amusement. Plainly his gaze said, "*You can't do anything.*"

She turned quickly to Nate, and smiled at his eager look. "If you think I can do any good, I will go."

"Right!" ejaculated Nate, rising. "If you 'll have your horse hitched—"

"I 'll see to that," said Pelham, and started at once for the barn.

While her parents still talked with Nate, Harriet went up-stairs for her hat. As she came down-stairs, Brian was waiting at the foot. "Going to look after your property!"

She would not let him tease her, yet she could not smile. She gave him the retort that rose to her lips: "He 'd be yours if only you 'd kept him when you had him."

"My!" mocked Brian. "How pretty we are when we 're angry! Look like that, Harriet, and you 'll be sure to keep him."

But she saw that he flushed with vexation, and her irritation passed. She put her hand on his arm. "Let 's be friendly, Brian," she said, and left him.

In contrast with Brian, her brothers were a pleasure to her. The horse was ready almost at once; Bob helped her into the carriage, and Pelham squeezed her hand for encouragement. In spite of the uncertainty and delicacy of her mission, she felt confident as she drove away with Nate at her side.

"Harriet," began Nate, when once they were out of ear-shot of the others; "I guess I was rather clumsy, speakin' of you as ownin' Rodman. Ye see, I wanted to git round to the subject, and did n't hit it quite right."

"It makes no difference, Nate," she replied. She feared, however, that she had not heard the last of it from Brian.

"I wish thet cousin o' yourn had n't been round," complained Nate. "I could 'a' spoke

freer. Your father, I see he did n't really feel safe with him; an' as for me, I don't trust him nohow. But now that we 're where he can't hear, I 'll tell you the rest that 's on my mind."

"There 's more, then?" asked Harriet.

"Yes," said Nate. "It bothers me quite 's much 's the rest. It all goes together, too. I mean this losin' of Rod's memory."

Harriet waited, interested.

"It 's quite nateral," went on Nate, "fer the doctor to say that Rod 's lost his memory. It does look a powerful lot that way. Whenever I give a hint that I 'd like to know a little more, if only he 'd tell it to me (you know the doctor told me to do it, accidental like, every once in a while)—whenever I do that, why, then he gets so puzzled and unhappy, and *looks* at me so—"

Harriet remembered Rodman's look. It had haunted her since last she saw the boy.

"I tell you," mused Nate, "there 's somethin' about that boy thet takes hold o' me. I know, when he looks at me like that, that he 'd tell me somethin' if he only could. When he does that, I 'd stake anything I 've got that he can't remember."

Harriet was startled. "Do you mean you think sometimes that he does remember?"

"It 's powerful queer," said Nate. "I 'll believe all the doctor says about rememberin' what he 's done but not where he did it, an' about fergettin' people an' places. An' I 'm willin' to suppose that, havin' himself discovered that he 's forgot, he keeps quiet about it, an' hopes we won't discover it. As I say, I 'll believe all that. But, Harriet, there 's some things I suspicion he does remember!"

"What sort of things?" she asked, intent.

"Mind ye," warned Nate, "I said I suspicioned, not that I 'm sure. But there 's three things I can't help remarkin'. One is this: when I put his clothes away to keep for him, I went through his pockets, so 's I should know what he had if he sh'd ask fer it. Now I can't rightly remember, but when he came to himself again, I think he never asked me a question about his things. Yet the other day, a-speakin' with Pelham and Brian, he says, right out, 'I ain't got no money!'"

"An' had n't he?" asked Harriet.

"Not a cent!" answered Nate. "There war n't in his clothes not a bit o' money, nor even a thing to keep money in, not even an empty purse. Why,

when I think," cried Nate, waxing indignant, "that that cousin o' yourn accuses Rodman o' stealin' his wallet—"

Harriet stopped him. "We 're never going to speak of that again. So I hope, Nate. Please forget it."

"Well," growled Nate, subsiding, "if ever it is spoken of ag'in, I 'll have somethin' to say."

"What did you find in Rodman's pockets, then?" asked Harriet.

"Jes' a handkerchief an' a pencil, that 's all. Not even an initial on the handkerchief."

Harriet thought for a minute. "Perhaps," she suggested, "you yourself told Rodman that you found no money."

"I 'm fool enough sometimes to think I did tell him," admitted Nate. "You know how we want to believe things we want to believe. I 'm willin' to think I 've lost my memory if only I can be sure that he 's lost hisn. But, jes' the same, I could almost swear I told him nothin'."

Harriet nodded thoughtfully. "I see. Now what were the other things?"

"The next is," said Nate, "that he wants to git away from somethin' definite. The other day, when first he saw Pelham and Brian comin' up the road, he thought Brian was a man, a feller from the city, a-comin' for him. He was mighty uneasy until I said it was only the boy. But he 's afraid o' somethin' real."

"What can it be?" asked Harriet.

"That feller on the railroad," suggested Nate. "But for him to be two weeks, more than two weeks, in coming!" objected Harriet.

"It was somethin', anyway," persisted Nate. "It looks like 's if he had a memory. An' the last thing is, Rodman 's got you on his mind."

Harriet, thinking of the wallet, tried not to betray herself. She looked at Nate inquiringly, and said nothing.

"He 's been told you tied up his wrist," said Nate. "He 's grateful, and he wants to thank you. That 's nateral, but there 's more. He wants to know what kind of a girl you are—an' I 'd like to know why."

Harriet said nothing, but she wondered if she



RODMAN SAID NATE, "THIS IS HARRIET." (SEE PAGE 299)

knew why. If she did, if this boy was shamming, then she wished that he had never burdened her with his secret.

"Why don't you tell this to the doctor?" she asked.

Nate made a wry face. "First place, I ain't anxious to be proved wrong in my jedgments. I 'll make up my mind myself. Second place, I know that if Rod 's trickin' us, he 's got good

reason fer it." Harriet began to smile, and Nate himself followed unwillingly. "Oh, I know I 'm 's unreasonable 's a woman over this youngster. But the fact is, ag'in' my better jedgment, I trust him, an' that 's all there is to it."

"Well," asked Harriet, "what am I to do?"

"I want your jedgment of him," explained Nate. "It would relieve my mind a lot if you could agree that he 's all right—or at least that he is n't all wrong."

Harriet did not ask Nate how she should know if Rodman were pretending. She believed that only too surely she would be able to decide. The moment that their eyes met, she thought, she could tell if he remembered her.

"I 'll do what I can," she said.

Therefore, when Nate, having tied the horse at the gate, led Harriet to where Rodman was sitting in his lounging chair, she felt the importance of the meeting, and knew herself to be under a strain. She was going to do what she had never yet done—to look into some one's eyes for proof of suspicion.

"Rodman," said Nate, "this is Harriet Dodd. She 's goin' to fetch somethin' home to her mother, an' will stay with you while I go an' get it." He left them.

And Harriet looked into the boy's eyes. She thought that she would see either recognition and the effort to conceal it, or else the polite glance of the new acquaintance. But she saw neither—only the troubled, doubtful, appealing look that Nate had described. "It is good of you to give me a chance to thank you," he said, but she hardly heard the words. Did he know her? Did he think he had seen her before? Or, failing to remember anything, was he appealing to her not to remind him of his weakness? She could not tell. She felt a disappointment, but then a great relief. The doubt in his eyes, whatever else it might mean, was an honest doubt. She felt that she understood what Nate meant when he said that whether Rodman had lost his memory or not, he was "all right."

He was rising from his chair. "Please remember your ankle," she begged, "and don't thank me."

But he, insisting that his ankle was almost well, made her take his seat, while he sat upon the grass beside her. As for further thanks, he said, "I have fallen among friends."

"Why should n't you?" asked Harriet. "We're average good people here, I hope."

She drew him from the subject of gratitude, and they talked for a while. She found that he spoke with the freedom of good manners. Harriet had not been taught to test by artificial

standards, but she saw that he was well-bred. Yet after they had talked for some five minutes, once more she saw in his eyes that troubled look, and felt that he was going to speak more personally.

"I wanted to ask you something," he said. "I did n't have a chance to ask your brother; and, besides, it 's your advice I want."

"If I have any to give," she replied, "you shall have it."

He looked away, off over the valley. "I 'm—I 'm living on Nate here. I must have cost him a good deal, in money and time. Do you think I ought to stay on?"

"I see only one answer," she replied at once. "Stay till you have paid him back."

He gave her a glance of pleasure at her directness. "I can work it off here," he agreed. "If I went away, I don't know how soon I could find a job."

"But is paying him back in money," asked Harriet, "all there is to it? Would n't you hurt his feelings by going when—when you have no place, no friends, waiting for you? No good reason to give him, I mean."

She said the last with a little hesitation, but Rodman did not look away. "I understand," he said. "And it is n't only that Nate is fond of me. I 've grown fond of him."

"Then," she demanded, "why should you think of going?"

Troubled again, once more his glance wandered. His voice fell. "I can't explain," he said. "I feel a kind of nightmare wish to—to run away and hide."

Harriet leaned toward him and spoke quickly, feeling that if she hesitated she would never dare to say what, at the moment, appeared the right message.

"But you have n't been found yet. Are you likely to be found at all?"

Startled, he looked at her intently. Now did she see into his secret?—or did she not? But his glance was quicker than hers, and his eyes dropped before she was satisfied. She continued speaking:

"And suppose you are found, where can you be better off? Nate would help you, and my father. Oh, I think you would make a mistake to go away!"

He was looking down, and his face was deeply flushed. He did not ask the meaning of her words, which seemed to refer to some real danger to him. After a moment, he prepared to speak, and she knew that he was intent upon the effect of his words.

"And you?" he asked. "Can I count on you?"

Harriet felt all but sure that she understood his meaning. "Yes," she answered. "You can count on me."

Her voice, though low like his, was deeply earnest. "Thank you," he said in response. "That 's—that 's what I wanted to know."

Now Nate approached them from the house. "I did n't mean to be so long," he said. "Harriet, will you take this to your mother?" On his arm he carried a small roll of dark cloth. Unrolling it, he laid across Harriet's knee a length of the beautiful shimmering material.

"Oh!" cried Harriet. "For Mother's suit. What beautiful broadcloth—and the color! Nate, how can you make such tints?"

Nate laughed, but with evident pride. "I love to do 'em," he said. "I like to take a piece about the size of that there, good and plenty for a lady's suit, an' dye it a fashionable color, but a shade you can't find in Noo York—no, nor in Paris. I like to think that when your mother wears that piece o' dress-goods, the other ladies would give all their old shoes to git it from her. I like to think o' them askin' her where she bought it—Liberty's, they s'pose,—an' she tellin' 'em that it was dyed up in the hills here, by a man thet ain't got but one jigger, an' thet cooks his own dyes himself. I tell ye, Harriet, I gits my livin' out o' the stuff I dye for your father; but I make my real profit out of a little piece like this."

Nate's face glowed as he spoke. Harriet, gazing at him, saw into his heart and recognized a true workman's enthusiasm for his work.

"And you give it away!" she exclaimed.

Nate grew sober. "Your mother paid me, years ago, for all I can ever do for her."

Harriet knew there was a story that would account for Nate's devotion to her mother. Mrs. Dodd had once refused to tell it. "It 's Nate's story, dear," she had said. "If you ever hear it, it must be from Nate himself." Now Harriet, remembering, marveled a little, and then grew wishful.

"Could any one else—could I," she asked, "ever pay you for a piece like that?"

Nate smiled. "Maybe you could, if you 're a good girl." Folding the material as he spoke, he gestured with his elbow toward the house. "Inside I 've got enough material to dye for another suit, but you 've got to earn it. There, Harriet, that paper 'll keep the roll clean. An' thank you for comin' so far for it."

After she had said good-by to Rodman, and when Nate had put her into her carriage, he leaned over the wheel. "How did you git along?" he asked, with lowered voice.

She smiled into his earnest face. "Very well," she replied. "And, Nate, I think he 'll stay."

His eyes shone with satisfaction. Then he dropped his voice still lower: "An'—an' his memory?"

She grew sober as she answered, "Honestly, I do not know."

CHAPTER IX

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF DUTY

"BRIAN," said Mr. Dodd, one Saturday about noon, "I am going to ask you to do something that you won't enjoy."

"I 'm not afraid of it, sir," answered Brian, readily.

Brian had already learned that all the members of his uncle's household were accustomed to helping Mr. Dodd whenever he called on them to do so; and he called on them frequently. Brian's first discovery was of Harriet and her mother making out the bills which were sent out monthly from the mill. The bookkeeper, he learned, was ill, and so the two were doing this work. Pelham was likely at any time to be called upon to help in the office, and both he and Harriet were already studying bookkeeping in order to be useful to their father. At first, all this seemed to Brian not only strange, but improper.

"My father," he remarked to Pelham, "has plenty of clerks to do this sort of thing."

"He 's lucky," answered Pelham, undisturbed. "Here in this little place Father can't get the quality of service that he wants. Bookkeepers and stenographers are scarce."

Brian thought that Pelham had not taken his meaning. "But it 's rather hard on you to have to help out," he persisted.

Pelham, always on intimate terms with dozens of the younger mill-hands, and accustomed to the idea of working for his living, grinned cheerfully. "It 's not so bad," he replied. "And then I 'm learning a lot about the business. Don't you ever help in your, father's office?"

"No!" answered Brian, a little scornfully. "Why don't you kick when you 're told to work?"

"Kick?" answered Pelham, surprised. "What 's the use, with Father?"

Brian understood Pelham's feeling a little better now when Mr. Dodd, coming home from his office a little earlier than usual, found him lolling in the living-room over a magazine. His uncle spoke with perfect courtesy of manner, but with the quiet expectation of obedience. It was very natural for the boy to reply readily and respectfully. Mr. Dodd smiled, and the thoughtful frown on his forehead relaxed slightly.

"We 're somewhat tied up to-day," he went on

to explain. "Bob is in the midst of some repairs in the weaving-room, and the bookkeeper is so behindhand that I've had to put Pelham to helping him. For a couple of days, I've been expecting a set of designs, with a contract, that has been overdue from the city. It did n't come in this morning's mail, but I want to see the designs, sign the contract, and send the whole off again to-night, so as not to lose Sunday on account of the mails. I've telephoned and found that the package has started, and that it ought to be in Winton already. Since I missed this morning's mail, it can't come till the carrier's second trip, late this evening, unless I send some one over for it. You and Harriet will have to go."

An unwelcome thought had come to Brian: this might lose him his chance of the afternoon's ball game. Pelham had promised him a place on the nine. "H-m!" he said.

"I would n't bother you if I could help it," went on Mr. Dodd. Though Brian did not realize it, his uncle was studying him. "Pelham is needed where he is. Harriet must go, for she is known at the post-office, and can sign for the package, which is registered. Yet I can't send her alone. I should n't like to at any time, on an eight-mile drive through the woods; and then, Harriet's horse is too slow, so I must use Peter, who is hard-bitted and rather skittish."

"I see," responded Brian, but without cordiality.

Mr. Dodd understood him perfectly. "We shall have lunch early. Harriet is getting ready now. Then if all goes right, you ought to be back in time to play in the ball game. But if there is any hitch, so that perhaps you have to wait for a later mail, why, you'll just have to miss the game, Brian."

"I understand," said the boy. He looked up into his uncle's face with a laugh which he tried to make easy, but which succeeded only in being short. "Too bad, sir, you have n't an automobile."

Mr. Dodd replied as if the criticism were entirely proper. "It would often be a convenience; but until we have better roads in winter and spring, an automobile is out of the question. If you get ready now, Brian, you can start promptly."

Brian, as he prepared for his trip, felt much irritated at thus being used without his own consent. "I did n't come here for this," he grumbled to himself. Yet he knew that this was a part of what his father had sent him for. The warning had been very plain. "I want you to take part in the family life, even if it sometimes

is a good deal different from ours. And don't write me," his father had added, "complaining, if you're not satisfied. Your uncle is doing me a great favor in taking you in."

So, subdued in spite of himself by the memory of words as positive as his father had ever said to him, Brian ate his lunch and started on his drive with Harriet. At the same time, his temper was not really improved. He spoke of the ball game more often than he needed to, complained of the hills, and was ready to bet that something would happen to delay their return. All this decidedly troubled Harriet, who, not knowing whether to apologize or to laugh at him, decided to say as little as she could, in the hope that his ill temper would work itself off.

But Brian, reading disapproval in her silence, tried to justify himself. Everything, except the hope of the ball game, was a blot upon the face of nature. The dust, for instance. "Look at three inches of dust here in the woods, where you certainly would expect roads to be damp and hard."

"But you forget," said Harriet, "that this has been a very dry summer. We have had no rain for a month."

"Well," growled Brian, as if this were no excuse, "last summer, at the sea-shore, it rained almost every night. We had no dust at all."

This was too much for Harriet. "Oh, Brian!" she cried, and laughed. It was a good, hearty laugh, a wholesome laugh, ringing merrily through the woods. Brian had to make an effort in order not to join her and forget his grievances.

But he made the effort. "That's perfectly true," he grumbled. "And it always rains more at the sea-shore. Everybody knows it does." He scowled over the horse's head, and would not look at Harriet. He had to hear her, but he contrived to make her laughter sound mocking and unkind. Then, as a recollection came to him, he grew still more morose.

"We're near the place," he told Harriet, who, controlling her laughter, now was quiet again—"the very place where Pelham and I met that precious Rodman. And look here," he added with excitement, "I believe that's the fellow himself!"

Ahead of them was walking a boy, swinging along swiftly and easily on the hard path by the side of the road. When the carriage drew nearer, Harriet saw that he was carrying his right hand a little awkwardly. Beneath his cuff she saw a white strip of bandage on his wrist.

"Yes," she said. "Although his back is turned, I'm sure that's Rodman."

"Well," answered Brian, "I know what I am going to do." He touched the horse with the whip, hastening him so that the carriage reached Rodman soon after he had passed the turn. Then Brian, as he drew up to him, stopped the horse.

"Hullo," said Brian, leaning forward to speak across Harriet.

Rodman, smiling at Harriet, took off his cap. Then he looked at Brian. His expression

For a moment, Harriet, breathless with astonishment, remained silent. She had expected Brian simply to say a few words of greeting. At last she found her voice. "Brian!" she cried, "were you reminding him?"

"Certainly," returned Brian. "Why not?"

"Father told us not to."

"It was too good a chance to lose," insisted Brian. "And on the very spot. Besides, you saw that he did n't answer directly."

"That meant nothing," answered Harriet.

"He grew red," continued Brian. "He knew the place."

"Of course he grew red," replied Harriet. "Any one could see that you meant to be unpleasant."

"I tell you," declared Brian, stoutly, "that he has no more lost his memory than I have!"

Harriet, controlling herself, remained silent as long as she could. Her feeling that Brian was unfair made her almost ready for tears; but she scorned to cry, nor would she allow herself to grow angry. Yet her indignation, a far nobler feeling, grew, until at last she felt that she must speak. It was at this moment that Brian, looking about him, said suddenly, and almost under his breath:

"I believe this was the place, after all!"

Harriet answered almost with sternness. "If it was,

you were entirely wrong to speak to him as you did. And in any case, Brian, I think you acted badly."

Her voice trembled with feeling as she spoke, and her steady eyes surely would have abashed him had he met their glance. But Brian would not look at her, and, snapping his whip at some leaves by the roadside, began to whistle.

In the meantime, Rodman, left to himself, strode manfully onward. But the flush had not died out of his cheek. As Harriet knew, he had plainly perceived Brian's antagonism, and he winced under the unkindness of it. Walking there alone in the woods, his earlier swing and hopefulness vanished. Nate had sent him, with

changed, and he seemed to put himself on his guard. "Good day," he answered. Neither of the greetings was cordial.

Brian pointed with his whip at the roadside and the bushes. "Does this place look familiar?"

"Familiar?" returned Rodman. "Why should it?"

"Why should n't it?" persisted Brian.

The two boys looked at each other fixedly, but slowly a sneer grew on Brian's lip, and a dull red crept to Rodman's forehead.

"Huh!" cried Brian, at last, triumphantly. "Now is n't the place familiar?" Without waiting for an answer, he touched the horse with the whip, and Peter whirled the carriage away.



HE SEEMED TO PUT HIMSELF ON HIS GUARD

money in his pocket, to Winton to buy clothes; for his single suit, though neatly patched and mended, was no longer very presentable. Now even the recollection of this added to Rodman's discomfort. Had Brian, looking down from the neat little runabout, despised his shabby appearance? Had Harriet herself, sitting so silent by him, done so, too? But the thought of Harriet suddenly refreshed him.

"I can trust her!" he said aloud.

And so, with less buoyancy than at first, but with more true courage, he trudged onward to the town. There he went to the store which Nate had described to him, bought a ready-made suit, and left it for slight alterations. Wandering again out into the streets, he sought another store, where he bought for Nate several balls of twine. It was here that he found, higgling over a purchase, a tall and lank countryman in whom he thought he recognized a man whom Nate had described to him. Waiting until he had finished his purchase, Rodman spoke to him.

"Are you Mr. Johnson?"

"I be." The farmer turned on him an inquisitive eye. "An' you 're the youngster thet Nate tol' me about. He said you 'd want to be lifted home."

"I should be glad if you could take me," answered Rodman.

"Wal," said the Yankee, "I 'm travelin' home light, so I kin take ye an' welcome. An' I 'll git ye there before the ball game, too. My son 's to play, an' I want to see it." So Rodman, pleased at the prospect, and with a half-hour on his hands, wandered out into the streets to see what he could see.

Winton was not a large town, and did all its business in a short length of main street. At the first corner, Rodman came upon Harriet and Brian, who, standing in a doorway, were talking so earnestly that they did not see him. Brian's face was dark with disappointment; Harriet was looking at him apologetically.

"But even if you wait for the next mail," Brian was arguing, "you are n't sure that the package will come."

"I know," answered Harriet, with a kind of shrinking firmness. "But I must wait, Brian."

"All right!" exclaimed Brian, in that tone of vexation which invariably means that all is not right. Leaving her abruptly, he hurried away.

Rodman, wandering onward, now discovered a bake-shop, whose odors, issuing temptingly into the street, reminded him that he was hungry. "Git yourself some lunch," Nate had said. So Rodman, entering the shop, presently found him-

self in a seat by the window, satisfying his hunger with a dish of baked beans, and looking forward to a turnover. His position gave him the best of chances to study the street. He saw Harriet, with a troubled brow, going from shop to shop making purchases. He saw Brian, in the druggist's opposite, drinking soda, and thence emerging, strolling about, still scowling, but smoking a cigarette with an air. Next he saw the man who was to "lift" him home stop Brian and speak to him. Brian's scowl, scornful at first, rapidly lessened and changed into a smile. Leaving the farmer, he walked quickly down the street, looking eagerly to right and left. Rodman thought, "He 's hunting for Harriet."

It was in front of Rodman's open window that Brian and Harriet met. She was passing slowly by when she heard her cousin call, and turning, she awaited him. Rodman, situated a little above their heads, was naturally unseen, and heard their first words.

"Oh, Harriet," began Brian, quickly, "there 's a man—" He stopped, as if he did not know how to proceed.

"Mr. Johnson, yes," answered Harriet. "I saw you talking with him. What of him?"

Brian evidently resolved to continue. "Look here," he said. "That horse of yours is perfectly safe for you to drive alone. Why, he was a perfect sheep all the way over."

"Yes, he was," agreed Harriet. Rodman saw from her face that she instantly understood what Brian was going to propose. As for himself, Rodman wondered what he ought to do. Should he rattle with the dishes to warn them of his presence, or should he go away? Meanwhile the talk continued.

"Well," went on Brian, with growing embarrassment, "Johnson says he can get me home in time for the game. He saw me, and offered to take me."

"Yes," said Harriet, quietly, her eyes on Brian's face.

Brian grew red, but he persisted. "Pelham said he needed me to play short-stop. Now don't you think I 'd better go?"

"Why, Brian," answered Harriet, "I can't decide for you."

"You 're not afraid to drive home alone?" he asked.

"Afraid?" Harriet flushed. "Certainly not!"

"Well, then," decided Brian, "I think I 'll go. I can't help you, you know, and I can be of use to Pelham. I 'll just go and tell Johnson that I 'll be with him." And eagerly turning, he shut out from his sight Harriet's searching look.

(To be continued.)

The TELEPHONE

by Ethel M. Kelley

WHENEVER Mother telephones,

She tells about a lot of things,
So Father only sits and groans.

Whenever anybody rings
The season's earlier this year."

"I have n't got my new straw hat."

"I can't, because my child is here."

"What *did* her husband say to that?"

And Father only says, "Hello!"

And takes the 'phone up in his hand.
"Is that you, Hawkins? This is Snow.

I wired Chicago. Understand?

I think our man intends to fight,

But we can best him if we try.

You'd better do so, then, to-night.

See you to-morrow. Well, good-by."

And Sister says, "Oh, is that you?"

And then she fixes up her hair,

'S if anybody could see *through*.

"Oh, I don't know. Oh, I don't care."

"I think I can, if you insist."

"And was n't yesterday a dream?"

"There's seven on the waiting list."

"I do *love* strawberry ice-cream!"

But what *I* do is just to say

To Annabel, or Lucy White,

"Can you come over here and play?"

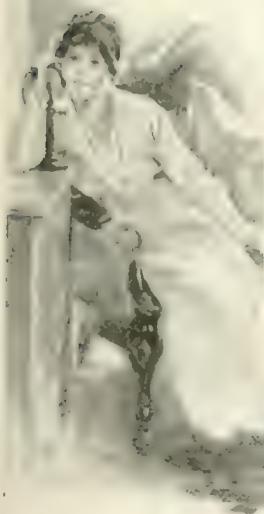
And then they answer me, "All right!"

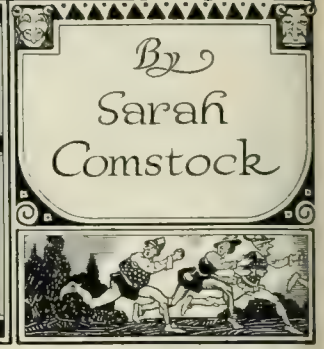
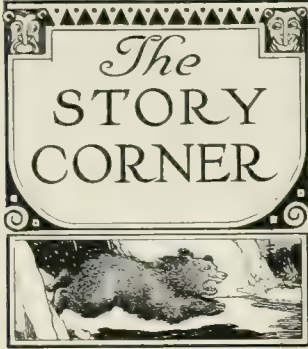
Perhaps when I am *really* grown—

I'm only seven and a half—

I'll get my friends upon the 'phone,

And talk and talk, and laugh and laugh!





THIRTY-NINE boys and girls, with seventy-eight round eyes and seventy-eight listening ears, were gathered in a breathless, silent group. They were in a public library of New York City. Outside there were street-cars humming and clanging, wagons clattering, automobiles honking, feet tramping,—all the countless noises of a great city merging in one giant roar; but not one of the seventy-eight ears heard a sound of all this hubbub. They were fixed upon the story-teller who sat in their midst, in the library's story corner. There, to that spellbound circle of young Amer-

to the children of Norway. He lives in the deep woods; and, at times, he takes the form of an ugly old man."

The boys and girls crowded a bit closer, just as you crowd about your mother when she reaches an exciting part of the story.

"And at other times he takes another form—what do you suppose?" Her voice dropped to a whisper, as if the black, mysterious woods loomed about her. One little girl, tense, her eyes fairly starting, leaned forward and gripped her chair tightly. "And at times the wicked old troll takes the form of a great—furry—growling—terrible—bear!"

"Oh-h-h!" said the little girl with a frightened cry; and at that everybody burst out laughing, she along with the others. "I thought I saw the bear!" she said. You see she had such a keen imagination that the story was real to her.

So, in a quick, vivid sketch, the story-teller gave these children an idea of what the troll is supposed to be, for they were to hear many of Asbjørnsen's "Fairy Tales from the Far North," as well as other Scandinavian legends; and since the troll is an old fellow whom one often meets in them, it's as well to be acquainted with him in the first place. Not a very pleasant acquaintance, perhaps; but inasmuch as he confines himself to the other side of the world, the thirty-nine young New Yorkers were not really alarmed, but were merely having those rather delicious creeps up and down the spine which we all enjoy when we know, away down in our minds, that it's only a story, after all.

You may be sure there was no whispering or scuffling of feet while the absorbing tale of *Ashieptattle* progressed. How delighted they all were when he shouted, "I'll squeeze you just as I squeezed this white stone!" and the troll begged, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, do spare me!" What a triumph when the young hero, by his quick wit, actually tricked the old sinner into putting himself to death! Then the story-teller



LINE OF CHILDREN APPLYING FOR CARDS IN THE JUVENILE ROOM OF A BRANCH LIBRARY

ican citizens, she was telling the strange Scandinavian tale of "Ashieptattle who Ate with the Troll for a Wager."

"Now a troll," said she, "is a creature known

showed the children a little wooden troll which had been carved in Norway by one of that country's famous wood-carvers. When it stood on two feet it displayed the face of a hideous old man, and when it dropped to all fours its head turned over and displayed a bear's face.

I wish that every one of you boys and girls who have all the stories you can listen to—to whom some one always says "Yes," when you cry "More!"—could happen in on one of the story hours which are now becoming established in several cities as a prominent feature of li-

are unknown. Did you ever go into the street after you had just stowed away the last bite of mince-pie you could hold at the end of a huge turkey dinner, and see a little pinched girl feasting her eyes—merely her eyes—on a pile of steaming chestnuts on a vender's stand? Once I did. Did you ever turn away from your stack of Christmas gifts, piled so high that you could n't remember what half of them were, and see a little chap passing, tenderly hugging a rag lamb which had lost two feet and its tail? This happened to me. And I recall both of these pic-



STORY-TELLING IN A PLAYGROUND.

brary work. It might give you just a bit of a pang to watch some of the eager, pathetic little faces; but we're none the worse for that sort of a pang now and then. You see, so many of the children who gather in the story corner, shut off by screens from the main room, are actually hungry—story-hungry. There's more than one kind of starvation in this world; heads and hearts can be as hungry as stomachs. They live in homes barren of books, homes where everybody is so busy that there's no time for stories, and so they are famished for all the good things which lie between covers. St. NICHOLAS never enters such homes. Fat, luscious volumes of fairy lore

tures whenever I come upon the hungry groups, eyes and ears and even mouths open, gathered for a library story hour, being fed fairy tales that are dainty, fairy tales that are creepy, tales of adventure and of heroism, tales of fun and of pranks, tales of travel, biography, and history, folk tales and legends—oh, so many more that it's like reading the menu of a great banquet to name them all!

Several cities, among them Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis, include story-telling in their library systems. New York is such a large and unique city that it is especially interesting there. The supervisor of stories has



A BOYS' CLUB.

struggled for five years, and gradually she is coming to see the wonderful results of all her efforts. Last year, there were regular story hours in thirty-six of the forty branches, and this means that forty thousand children listened to tales. Miss Anna C. Tyler, the supervisor, visits these branches, tells a story herself, and plans a course which one of the librarians is to tell until she comes again. Thus there were more than sixteen hundred story hours in that great city during the year.

When I think over the many people who are doing great work to make the lives of boys and girls happier and better, the story-tellers are to be reckoned with. Some people are giving their life's work to rescuing the poor—housing them when homeless, feeding them when hungry, nursing them when sick—but it is a noble work, too, to throw open the doors of books to them. These librarians do not think it enough merely to place books in a library, set chairs and tables about, and say, "Come in if you like, read if you know how." Many children are too ignorant to know how to use and enjoy the books when they come. The librarians say, "We must invite them, urge them, then show them the treasures we have here, and tempt them to seek those treasures for themselves." Such volumes as Grimm's and An-

dersen's tales, Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," and Seton's "Rolf," often stood unopened on the shelves. The children knew how to read—the schools had taught them that—but many of them did not know how to enjoy reading.

So the libraries put their heads together to find a way to lure. They hit upon the plan of telling one of the most delightful stories of a volume as a sort of opening wedge to the whole book. It's like giving away a sample package of soap or cereal, you see, to make people want a larger package. Say, "Here's a good book of American history," and the book gathers dust upon the shelf. But say, "There will be a story told next Friday at four, and all who wish to hear it may obtain tickets by showing their library membership cards," and the tickets give out long before the eager line is satisfied. All of us, boys, girls, and grown-ups, like to listen to and watch an interesting speaker. It may be only the familiar narrative of Paul Revere's ride she is recounting, but it gains vividness and excitement in the telling. Over and over it is found that, after such an hour, the children flock to the shelves seeking more on the same subject, or by the same author, now that their interest has been aroused.

It's no small gift to be able to tell a story



A GIRLS' CLUB.

well, and in each branch the teller is selected by competition. All the librarians are given a chance, and the one who can make her tale the most interesting is chosen. Try yourself, and see whether you can tell a fairy tale or an adventure tale to your little brothers and sisters in such a way that they enjoy it. The most important thing is to appreciate and enjoy it yourself. If you do this, you can master the other requirements, such as controlling your voice and overcoming hesitation.

It is great fun to go the rounds of the branches and see all the enthusiastic boys and girls who hurry from school to reach the library in plenty of time. In the crowded districts it has been found necessary to give out tickets, first-come-first-serve, as fifty listeners make the largest group convenient to handle, and many more apply. There are big children and small, poor and prosperous, happy and sad, some who are well fed upon stories at home, and some who are famished for the rare treat. Sometimes they gather in the story corner of the children's room, waiting for a half-hour, they are so determined to be on time. Big screens shut off the corner so that the tale may be undisturbed. Certain buildings have a club-room where the group can gather.

Sometimes it's a bit pathetic as well as funny.

I don't believe you could have kept back just a drop of a tear along with your smile if you had seen that droll little Italian, his black eyes the biggest part of him, toddle in.

"How do you do, Erminio," said a librarian. "Are you coming to hear the story of 'The Princess Whom Nobody Could Silence'?"

"Yes," he answered, his big black eyes shining with anticipation.

"But what's that you have?" she suddenly exclaimed, catching sight of a rope in his hand.

"Want Billy to hear story, too," Erminio said earnestly, and thereupon presented—what do you think?—the pet goat of an Italian tenement! It was heartbreaking to be obliged to deny Billy that tale of the haughty princess and her dauntless suitor, although Erminio was much more disappointed than Billy, and he sobbed bitterly while escorting his playmate home, for his generous little heart had longed to share his own good time. When he came back alone, the kind librarian gave him a seat close to her, and showed him pictures after the story was over to help heal his heartache.

In several libraries, the older boys and girls have been assisted to organize story clubs of their own, and these are growing larger and stronger every year. Friday evening is usually

the boys' time for meeting, and Friday afternoon the girls', for then the week's school duties are laid aside. President, vice-president, and secretary take their places, the roll is called, the minutes read, and then the club proceeds about its business, which is usually defined as "the advancement of interest in literature." A librarian tells a story, and this may be followed by discussion among the members.

The girls' clubs are charming little afternoon meetings where an occasional recitation by one of the members breaks the monotony. "Madame President" arose at the opening of one of these meetings and called it to order with as much impressiveness as her mother might display at her own grown-up club. "Madame President" had fat black curls which bobbed about frolicsomely, and a big red bow perched mischievously

a-top the curls, but she was very stately and authoritative for all that.

"I call this meeting to order," she said formally, "and after the secretary has called the roll, and the minutes of the last meeting have been read, we shall have the pleasure of hearing a story from Miss Tyler." Then, with her curls still bobbing beneath the perky red bow, she seated herself in the official chair with great dignity.

Miss Tyler half told, half read, "The Brushwood Boy," that beautiful love story which shows how, even as little children, the true lovers sought and found each other with a sympathy which was to last all their lives long.

"Robin Hood" is one of the tales she especially likes to tell the girls, for it seems to be considered a boys' story, and she sees no reason why girls should not delight in all the bravery and romantic gaiety of it.

There are certain facts about some of the older boys which I think you ought to know, although the librarians are going to shake their fingers at me for telling. Some of the districts in which these branch libraries abide are full of a rough element—the sort of boys who fight on the street, raise riots in street-cars, and annoy orderly citizens. Of course such fellows consider the library a fine place to vent their lawlessness, for here are quiet, reading people whom they think it fun to disturb.

In one branch there is a fine club composed of



CHINESE CHILDREN GOING TO A BRANCH LIBRARY
WHERE CHINESE BOOKS MAY BE HAD.

At a boys' club the other night, I heard a most entertaining travel talk. Some two dozen members were present; the story of Paul Revere was told, and then the room was darkened and pictures were thrown upon a screen—views such as the Old North Church, Faneuil Hall, and the Minute-Man's statue. The boys had learned the story in school, but this was like taking a journey over the New England territory made famous in our Revolution. Travel talks with stereopticon views are a new feature of the story hour, and a popular one. So zealous is the entire library management, that any branch which wants a particular set of slides may write to the state headquarters and receive the box of slides as soon as express can carry it. This work comes under the department of "Visual Instruction."

the right sort of boys, those who respect other people's rights, and they have been greatly troubled by the "gang." One evening, this gang gathered outside the club-room window, threw pebbles against the glass, and called loudly. One of the club members went to the window quietly and pulled down the shade, so that the tale of the Indian raid might proceed; half an hour later, when this boy left the club-room and started home, thinking of no dangers but those of early frontier life, there was a sudden shouting and rush, and from the area way out dashed the gang, fell upon him, and beat him.

Now the reason I want you to know of this unpleasant incident is that you may understand what splendid work the librarians are doing to overcome such conditions. "There's no use setting ourselves up against such young ruffians," they decided. "Let's see if we can't make them a part of us, instead." So they went to work to coax in the various gangs. Such boys are not really bad at heart, they believed, only untaught. And the success which one west side branch has had is a typical example. This branch is only three years old, and when it was opened the rough fellows of the neighborhood threw old bottles and cans in at its windows, and ran in shouting, and mobbing the reading-room.

At last, the librarian announced that she would tell them a sea story the next Friday night. Forty-one boys arrived, tittering and nudging, and apparently ready to make trouble. This the story-teller ignored; calmly she began "Captains Courageous."

Gradually the disturbance died down, and as that great, full-chested, brave-hearted tale went on, the crowd was utterly silent. Not before the end of the hour did the boys allow her to stop, and next day two of them called upon her.

"Say, we want some more o' them stories," the spokesman said, his manner full of respect. "An' if you 'll give 'em to us, we 'll appoint monitors to look after any feller that makes trouble, an' we 'll guarantee you good order."

Is n't that enough to prove that a good tale, like music, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast"? And is n't it enough to make the librarians rejoice in their success?

New York is a strangely cosmopolitan city. One finds there types of all nations gathered in one huge metropolis, and to see the whole city is like making a tour over Europe and visiting its various countries. Many of the New York libraries are situated in foreign quarters. Webster Branch, for instance, is on the east side of town in a region where hundreds of Bohemian people live. Tompkins Square Branch is among

Hungarians; Yorkville Branch is much patronized by Germans, and so it goes.

Therefore the custom has sprung up of telling tales in their native tongue to certain groups of young library patrons. Of course they hear tales in English, besides, for they must know our language if they are to live in our land; but their own languages are rich with such delightful folklore that it is thought a pity that the children, just because they are reared in America, should lose all knowledge of the tales their parents loved, just as we loved our "Mother Goose." So in each one of several foreign districts is stationed a librarian who knows the prevailing tongue, and once a month she gathers about her a group of little folks, and tells them Bohemian, Italian, or German stories, as the case may be.

One afternoon, I chanced upon the most entertaining German tales. A dozen wee children were gathered in a semicircle on little short-legged stools before the librarian, while at each end of the semicircle sat a tall little girl on a grown-up chair. These two girls were slim and erect and sat very primly, with precisely placed feet and hands folded in their laps, and they had sweet, earnest faces, and big blue eyes, and straight, smooth yellow hair hanging down, and they looked for all the world like little German princesses, as if they had stepped out of the tale that was being told.

To wind up the hour merrily, the story-teller gave "the funny story" for which the smallest ones clamored. It was that rollicking classic "Max und Moritz," and when the clever librarian rattled off the German jingles, and related the pranks of the young scamps, and crowed like the fowls, how the group laughed and clapped!

Of course many of the children in all the cities are extremely well fed at home in respect to stories; but you don't find them staying away from the libraries just because of that! If you had heard "The Three Golden Apples" fifty times, could n't you listen to it for the fifty-first? I 'll wager you could! And there's no such thing as ever tiring of "The Shooting Match at Nottingham Town" or "The King Who Was a Gentleman." To hear a trained story-teller give one of your old favorites is like hearing music you know and love sung by a delightful voice.

You know story-telling was one of the first arts developed in the world. Stories were told, passed from mouth to mouth, before men learned to write them down and make books. And now that this custom is arising so strongly again, some one has called it "the oldest and the newest of the arts."

"STRANGE, BUT TRUE!"

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

MR. LONG was very short,
And Mr. Short was long;
Mr. Strong was very weak,
And Mr. Wick was strong.

Mr. White was black as tar,
And Mr. Black was white;
Mr. Wise was dull indeed,
But Mr. Dunn was bright.

Mr. Reed could hardly write,
But Mr. Wright could read;
Mr. Swift would lag behind,
While Mr. Lagg would lead.

Mr. Boyd had seven girls,
And Mr. Moon a son;
Mr. Poore was rich in gold,
And Mr. Rich had none.



"LOO-HOO! HE 'S GOT MY SNOWBALL!"

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Flower Princess," "The Lonesome Doll," etc.

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCESS

ON the hot July day after Maggie's arrival at Bonnyburn, a young woman sat on the piazza of a great white villa overlooking the valley and watched the train creep like a tiny black worm out of the woods and across the open to the station. She was not interested in the train; she watched it merely because there was nothing else to do. She was not interested in anything.

Allegra was very beautiful, and she wore beautiful clothes, all white from top to toe. She sat in a large, wicker chair, with rosy pillows behind her head, and a little table at her elbow on which were a bowl of nasturtiums, books and magazines, and candy. But all that afternoon she had not opened the books nor touched the candy. She had just sat there as she did every day, with her slender hands lying listlessly in her lap, looking off over the valley with a shadow in her eyes, and with the corners of her pretty mouth drawn down in a sad crescent. She had a happy name; but she did not look happy. In fact, she thought her heart was broken, and that the world was a very terrible place; which it is n't, you know.

In the background hovered a figure, also in white, with starched collar and cuffs. Presently Nurse Miggs came forward with a tray holding a tinkling crystal pitcher and glass, which she set on the table with a timid smile.

"Miss Allegra," she said softly, "I have brought you some nice cold lemonade which I made myself. I am sure it will taste good on this hot afternoon. Do have some!"

Allegra glanced languidly at the glass. "You are very good, Miss Miggs," she said, in a dull, hollow tone; "but I don't care about it."

"Shall I read to you?" queried Miss Miggs, patiently.

"No; I don't care about reading. I don't care about anything," answered Allegra.

"I know, I know," murmured Miss Miggs, lifting her eyebrows. "You have told me that before. And that 's why we came up here where there is nothing especially to care for, is n't it? You thought, your father and mother thought, you might be happier here than at those places where so many people go."

"Happier!" Allegra gave a sad little laugh, and relapsed into gloom.

"Well,—less unhappy, then," said her companion. "But I must say I don't agree with them. I believe you 'd be better off where there were more folks; where there was more going on." Miss Miggs smiled insinuatingly. A week of Bonnyburn, alone with Allegra and the servants in the Penfold villa, had made her desperately homesick.

"It 's no use, Miss Miggs," said Allegra, dully. "I shall never be happy again. I might as well be here as anywhere. But that is no reason why you should stay here to be bored. I do not need you. I can get along quite well by myself, for I am not ill. I don't see why Mother and Father insisted on your coming here with me."

The nurse bit her lip and tried to answer jauntily. "I guess they thought you would be better off with some company besides the servants," she said.

"Oh, it would n't matter," sighed Allegra. "I don't want much. I suppose I have to eat three times a day, so long as I can."

Miss Miggs stifled a sniff. She knew that so far as she was professionally concerned, there was nothing whatever the matter with Miss Penfold.

"If she were a poor girl," she said to herself, "she 'd have to go to work, whether she felt like it or not, and forget these heart troubles that all of us have, sooner or later." Miss Miggs smothered a sigh.

Allegra glanced languidly at the watch lying on the table beside her. "Half after four," she murmured; "the train is late again to-day. But what is that to me? All hours are just the same."

"I suppose it matters to somebody," said the nurse, with more spirit than usual, watching the puffs of smoke as the train pulled away from the station. "Just think of the folks in that train who are going on errands of life and death, maybe, anxious to be at the end of their journey. Sometimes I get to thinking about the people on the passing trains, that we don't know and never shall; folks with troubles and sorrows like ours, or more likely worse. And I feel—"

"I think I 'd like to be alone, Miss Miggs, if you don't mind," interrupted Allegra, wearily. "You need n't bother to come until dinner-time. Tell James to serve dinner out here. It will be cooler."

"Very well, Miss Allegra." Miss Miggs retired

with her head held high. "I think I can't stand it much longer," she said to herself. "The sulky, selfish girl! I'm glad I never yet was so comfortable that I did n't know it!"

For a whole hour, the princess of the white palace lay quite still, gazing blankly over the valley toward the green hills, bathed in glory. She did not see the hills. She was thinking only of herself and of how miserable she was; rebelling because wealth at her command could not buy the heart's desire.

From the piazza a broad path, bordered by rhododendrons and set at intervals with urns full of flowers, led down a series of terraces and was lost to view in the greenery of a maple grove. A wonderful butterfly, all in blue and gold, hovered over the bowl of nasturtiums on the table. He paused there for a time, then fluttered about Allegra's head, and finally lighted on one of her hands that lay so still in her lap. For some seconds he rested there, waving his wings like tiny fans. Then he fluttered away, but soon returned to light on Allegra's dress. He did this several times, always returning as if attracted by her dainty freshness. Allegra noticed him idly at first; gradually she began to watch his movements, to wonder where next he would alight. He was so beautiful! She had never seen so beautiful a butterfly. Suddenly he rose high in the air, hovered thrice about her head, and then, instead of settling as before, fluttered down the path.

Allegra followed his flight with her eyes. He paused now and then to greet the flowers in the vases. Impartially he visited the rhododendrons on each side of the path. Allegra found herself leaning forward to watch him better. There was a fascination about him; his wings beckoned her. Finally he disappeared. Allegra rose slowly, and, leaning on the balustrade, peered down the path. As far as her eye could see, through the maple grove, came the variegated gleam of flowers in the sunken garden. He had gone there.

Allegra turned to the table and picked up, she knew not why, the box of sweets that lay there. Then, trailing white draperies, she slowly descended the marble steps and followed the path which the butterfly had taken.

It was a beautiful path. Down, down a side of that same hill up which the old white horse had carried Maggie Price, descended the velvet terraces. Allegra passed the maple grove and came to the sunken garden, a sunburst of flower-jewels blazing in the light. In the midst of it was a pool where blue lotus and pink water-lily were idly moored. At the farther end stood a sun-dial twined with rose-bushes just going out of bloom.

The butterfly was resting there, upon the familiar motto, carved in quaint letters:

"I MARK ONLY SUNNY HOURS."

As Allegra came up, he rose lightly and fluttered away down a side path. Somehow she had to follow.

It was a pretty little path, at first a grassy way between box hedges. As she went on, however, it grew narrower and more crooked, and wound gradually upward. At last, it became again a wild foot-path through the grassy slopes of what had once been mere pasture-land, before Mr. Penfold had walled it into the Park. It was not good for her delicate dress and white shoes; but still she trailed on after the butterfly.

At last, through a tiny grove of pines, Allegra spied the Park wall and a gateway of solid oak where the path ended. There was a rustic bench under the wall, and there she sat down to rest, fairly tired. As she did so, the butterfly fluttered up from the ground at her feet and flew away over the wall. So that was the last of the guide who had brought her here! Allegra stared after him, and then fell to brooding gloomily.

Suddenly, she heard voices beyond the wall, children's voices. They were talking apparently just outside the gate.

"Oh, Maggie! Did you see that butterfly?" a little girl was saying. "He came right over the wall without any trouble. I wish we could fly like that. Don't you?"

"Yes, indeed! I always wanted to fly the worst way!" The second girl's voice was sweeter and deeper than the other. "Well, is that a sure-enough butterfly? It's the first one I ever saw, except in books. Oh, my! Perhaps he was n't really a butterfly at all, but a fairy messenger!"

"Oh, come along!" came a boy's impatient growl. "You girls don't want to stay here all day, do you? There ain't anything to see; I told you so. This is just a back gate. There are lots of 'em, but this is nearest to our place. Come along. I want to show Maggie the catbird's nest."

"Wait a minute," said the voice of Maggie. "I just want to be *sure* that butterfly don't mean something. They 'most always do, in the books. Suppose a fairy princess was over beyond the wall now, wanting to get a message to us; it would be awful to go away without trying to find out. I'm sure Mr. Graham would think so. I'm holding on to the lucky stone he gave me. Let's wait a minute and see if anything else happens."

There was silence outside the wall. Allegra had listened with languid interest to the children's prattle. Now she found herself wondering who

they were, especially the little girl with the strange voice who talked so intimately about the fairies. Once Allegra herself had believed in fairies. But, after all, who cared?

Presently, the silence was broken again by the voice of the child who had spoken oftenest. "O



"SHE WAS THINKING ONLY OF HERSELF AND OF HOW MISERABLE SHE WAS."

Fairy Princess! If you are over there and can hear us, please give us a sign!"

"Oh, pshaw!" cried the boy's voice, disgustedly. "Come on. You girls are acting foolish."

At these words of boyish scorn, something of opposition rose in Allegra's heart. She felt no especial sympathy for the little girl's appeal, but she resented the masculine tone of superiority. She rose, and, tiptoeing to the gate, tossed over the wall a handful of bonbons.

There was a moment of astonished silence. Then a whoop of joy answered her. The boy at least appreciated the omen.

"Oh, Bess!" said the eager voice of Maggie, "she is there. I felt she was. It is fairy candy! Did you ever see the like of it?"

"No!" whispered Bess, rapturously, "I never did. Ain't it lovely!"

"Oh, thank you, dear Fairy!" Maggie went on fervently. "Now we know you are really here. I wonder if this is your favorite place. Say, give us another sign,—shall we find you here again?"

"Yes, give us another sign!" Bess's tone was eager.

"Yep!" the boy's voice was greedy, and sounded as if from a full mouth; "give 's 'nother!"

Allegra behind the wall hesitated. Why should she go on with this nonsense? And yet, why not? To do so would not commit her to anything further. Emptying the box, she tossed both hands high in the air, causing a generous shower of bonbons to fall on the other side of the wall.

Squeals of delight hailed this second manifestation, and Allegra smiled grimly to think how easy it was to make children happy.

"We 'll come to-morrow all right!" said the most interesting voice eagerly. "And then—perhaps you 'll let us see you, kind Fairy?"

At this, Allegra shrugged her shoulders and moved away from the gate. She had no idea of letting this farce go any further. She heard the children's voices faint and fainter as she retraced her way back to the sunken garden. Languidly she climbed the terraces to the house. Miss

Miggs, anxious in gray silk, came down to meet her.

"Well, where in the world have you been?" she asked. "I could n't imagine what had happened, when I found you were not on the piazza where I had left you."

"H'm! I think I may walk in my own garden, may I not?" said Allegra, somewhat tartly.

"Oh, of course, Miss Allegra," returned the nurse, hastily. "I 'm only too glad to have you

do so. But you might have told me. I hope you will do it again, it is so good for you."

"I do not expect to do it again," said Allegra, shortly. She sat down to the usual dreary meal, served on the veranda, with Miss Miggs opposite. But she kept thinking in spite of herself of that strange child who believed in the fairies, who thought the unseen Allegra herself was a fairy.

CHAPTER IV

THE QUEER OLD WOMAN

THE next day, it rained in torrents, which was a shame. For there were a hundred things which the children had planned to show Maggie out of doors. But, after all, there was the barn to play in, and one could not mind the rain very much with a barn close by.

Maggie had never seen cattle at close range; or live pigs, or turkeys, or guinea-hens. She had never seen even ordinary ducks and geese, but went into fits of astonished laughter over their funny feet and awkward manners. Imagine it! Maggie had never even seen a haymow! She had never climbed a ladder and walked along narrow beams like a rope-dancer, finally to jump headlong into the fragrant, yielding mass. She had never before made a tunnel down under the hay, lying there giggling and excited while folks hunted for her high and low. Hide-and-seek in a country barn; could anything be greater fun for a city child than that?

All day long they spent in the barn, and there was not a hole or corner into which Maggie did not poke her inquisitive little nose. She came upon all sorts of strange, spidery machines, some with teeth and some with wings, which the children tried to explain to her. But Maggie did not know what "plowing," and "reaping," and "hay-making" meant.

"I'd rather play they're dragons!" she said. "They look like dragons."

"What is a dragon?" asked Bess, eagerly.

"A dragon is a great big thing, something like an alligator, only bigger—"

"Where did you ever see an alligator?" interrupted Bob.

"Did n't you ever see one? We have them in the aquarium," said Maggie, glad to have seen something that Bob had n't. "The biggest was as long as—as a cow. It was all covered with scales, and had a mouth full of sharp teeth. It eats people sometimes."

"Oh!" shuddered Bess. "I'm glad we don't have 'em here! I should be afraid!"

"Oh, in the city they are shut up in pens and can't eat people," Maggie assured her. "You can

go and look at 'em. But I think there might be dragons here, up in those hills! Nobody could shut *them* up in pens, they were so strong and fierce; twenty times as big as a cow! And fire and smoke came out of their great big eyes and mouth! And they roared and made horrid noises as they came clattering along!"

"Do they look like an automobile then?" suggested Bess.

"Well, something," agreed Maggie. "But they had wings, too, and could fly, and you never knew when they would come swooping down on you. They were always carrying off princesses to their dens in the mountains. And then Saint George had to pitch in and rescue them. Mr. Graham's name is George. Say, Bob! you be Saint George and fight this dragon!"

"I don't know how," objected Bob. "You be Saint George, Maggie."

So Maggie showed him how to fight dragons, attacking the mowing-machine with manly courage. After a thrilling struggle, she slew the monster and saved the life of Princess Bess, who had been, it seems, in much danger. Bob looked on and laughed. "You're great at making up games, Maggie," he said.

"Sometimes they get so real I half believe in 'em myself!" said Maggie, flushed and disheveled as she leaned on her sword of broomstick. Indeed, Maggie told her stories so vividly, with such an air of believing that they were all true, that Bob and Bess found themselves half believing too. It was very queer, like Maggie's speech. For sometimes she talked like an ignorant child; sometimes like a story-book princess. Yet after the adventure of Maggie's first day in Bonnyburn, they did not make fun of her fancies as they had done at first. But to-day it rained; and if you remember your fairy books, you know that nothing mysterious ever happened on a rainy day.

The next morning was bright and beautiful. When Bess said, "What let's play?" Maggie had an answer ready.

"Let's go and see if we can find the fairy who lives in the Park."

"Oh, pshaw!" grumbled Bob. "Who wants to do that? Let's go and see the sugar-house."

"I want to see the sugar-house too," said Maggie, hesitating. "But it ain't polite to keep the fairy waiting if she is expecting us. I'm going to the little gate."

"So am I!" echoed Bess. "You need n't come, Bob, if you don't want to."

Bob suddenly remembered the bonbons. He was not going to be left out if there were any more such "signs" to be given. "Come on, then!" he said, half sulkily, and off he raced.

They ran down the lane behind the barn, through a maple grove towering above a sea of fern. They sped down a sloping pasture toward the high wall which separated the world of mystery from that of every day, toward the gate tantalizingly shut.

With eyes shining and hair streaming, Maggie's short legs flew over the ground in the wake of the sturdier country children. Sometimes her unaccustomed feet stumbled in unexpected hollows filled with bracken, and she fell headlong; but she did not care. Bob and Bess enjoyed the race for its own sake. But Maggie was imagining all sorts of things that might be going to happen.

What really did happen she had not foreseen. Bob brought up abruptly at the gate with a whoop of excitement. Bess dropped down on her knees beside him eagerly. And when Maggie came puffing to them some seconds later, she found them still marveling over something in the very spot where they had received the "sign" two days before.

"What is it?" panted Maggie, out of breath.

"Something 's happened again!" was Bob's reply. "Gee! don't it look good! Of course they 're for us?"

"'Course they are," echoed Bess, stretching out an eager hand toward the great basket of fruit: golden oranges, pineapples, bananas, nuts, figs, dates,—fruits the country children had seldom seen, and that Maggie had met only in books.

"Oh, how grand! Ain't there anything written?" asked Maggie, eagerly. "Yes, there is!" Her sharp eyes had spied a bit of paper sticking up from the midst of the luscious, fragrant mound.

"To the little girl who believes in fairies," she read the written words slowly.

"It 's yours, Maggie," said Bess, drawing back her hand. "Ain't you lucky! I believe it 's all on account of your lucky stone!"

"She begins to get presents as soon as she gets here," said Bob, rather sulkily. "This ain't ever happened to *me*, and I 've lived here all my life."

"That 's because you did n't believe in 'em, Bob," said Maggie. "But now you do, don't you? It 's for us all, of course; not just for me. See, there 's three of everything."

"So there is!" said Bob, brightening; and being urged, he helped himself, and so did Bess. The three sat in a circle, each sucking an orange, looking at one another, then at the basket, then at the wall behind where certainly lurked a mystery—a kind mystery.

"My! what wonderful trees there must be in that garden!" exclaimed Bess.

"Oh, I wish the princess, whoever she is, would

come out!" cried Maggie. "I 'm going to invite her!"

"Oh, don't!" begged Bess, in a stage-whisper. "I—I 'm afraid, Maggie!" Bob looked a bit uncomfortable as he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve.

"We 've got to thank her somehow, and I 'm going to ask her to come. She kind of promised she would the other day," said Maggie.

As Maggie walked up to the gate, Bob and Bess rose to their feet and stood ready to run at a moment's notice.

"What ho, kind Fairy!" called Maggie, sweetly, trying to talk like the story-books. "We thank you for being so good to us. May it please you to let us see you?"

She stepped back from the gate and gazed expectantly. The other two craned their necks; but nothing happened. "I guess she is invisible!" whispered Maggie to her partners. "Oh, Fairy," she went on, addressing space over the wall, "if you mean that we can't see you, won't you please give us a sign?" There was a pause. Then over the wall came a little bouquet of flowers such as grew nowhere in Bonnyburn. Maggie caught and held it to her nose eagerly. "Oh! ain't they pretty! It 's a sign she is invisible!" she whispered. Bob and Bess drew nearer, their eyes fairly bulging from their heads. "Well," Maggie went on, "if we can't see you, won't you please let us come inside your wall and see the wonderful things there? It must be fairy-land!"

The children held their breaths, frightened at Maggie's daring. Presently, after what seemed a long time, a great pink water-lily, the like of which they had never seen, came flying over the wall. Maggie lifted the flower reverently. "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw," she said. "Just think if it grows in the garden over there, what the place must be like! Oh, there are words written on it!" On one of the pink petals was a faint tracery: "*Perhaps. To-morrow at ten.*"

Maggie read the words eagerly. "We will be here, sure!" she cried. The children ran home with their basket of fruit and flowers, and told a confusing tale to the farmer and his wife.

"Wall, I swan!" ejaculated Mr. Timmins as they talked it over when the children were in bed that night. "What do you think of it, Mother?"

"It sounds like one of Maggie's made-up stories," said she, shaking her head. "That child does beat all!"

"That fruit and them flowers did n't grow in no fairy tale!" commented the farmer. "They come out of the Park greenhouses, or I 'm a scarecrow. But who 's this 'fairy' they talk about, I 'd like to know?"

"So should I," agreed Mrs. Timmins. "But let 's not bother 'em. They 're havin' the time of their lives with Maggie Price."

"All right, all right, so long as they don't git into mischief," said the farmer, doubtfully. "But Maggie was so set on gittin' into the Park,—I ain't standin' for trespassin', you know."

PROMPTLY the next morning, the three children were standing in a row, gazing eagerly at the gate in the Park wall. When the far-off village clock struck ten, they expected certainly to see the little gate swing open and—something happen. But the last faint stroke of the musical bells quivered into silence, and nothing occurred. The children looked at one another with drooping mouths.

"Nothing doing!" said Maggie, disappointedly. "Ain't it too bad!"

"Not even an apple to-day," grumbled Bob, searching the ground with greedy eyes.

"Oh, well! Let 's go home and play hide-and-seek in the orchard," suggested Bess, with a sigh.

"No, I 'm going to sit down and wait," declared Maggie, following her words with action.

"Well, I 'm not!" Bob turned on his heel. Bess hesitated. Just then, they heard a little noise behind them. Somebody was coming down the pasture along the wall. As the sound came nearer, they saw a little, bent old woman in a long, hooded cloak which covered her from head to foot. She was leaning on a cane and hobbling painfully, and under her arm she carried a black cat. They could not see her face clearly because of the hood and the long gray hair that straggled over her forehead.

Maggie grasped Bess's hand excitedly. "She looks like a really truly witch!" she whispered. "Look at the black cat!"

The old woman seemed to hear her. "I look like a witch, do I?" she said. "Well, my dears, you can't always judge by looks. And what are you doing here, may I ask?"

The other two looked helplessly at Maggie. "We 're—we 're waiting for some one," said Maggie, bravely. "Some one told us to be here at ten o'clock. But the clock has struck, and there 's nobody here."

"Am I nobody, then?" asked the old woman, tartly. "Ho! children nowadays don't make much of old folks."

"Oh, are *you* Some One?" asked Maggie, eagerly. "Perhaps you are!"

"I should think so, indeed!" answered the stranger. "Though I may not be the one you expected to see, you would think me some one if you knew who I am! But I am not going to tell

you. And now, may I ask who you are, and what you are all doing here?"

The children looked at one another sheepishly. At last Maggie spoke up. "We hoped the Fairy would let us come into her Park. We want to see the wonderful things there."

"Humph!" croaked the old woman. "Are n't there any wonderful things outside?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Maggie, eagerly, "very wonderful to me, for I have never been in the country before. But I like the fairies best of all. And these kids are beginning to like them, too."

The old woman eyed the children in turn. "Who is this Fairy you talk about?" she asked.

"We don't know," answered Maggie, eagerly. "Do you?"

The question was so sudden that the old woman jumped. "Don't ask questions!" she said sharply. "That is *my* business. Come now; you say you have never been in the country. How does that happen? Tell me everything. And tell me no fibs, mind. For it 's not a good thing to tell lies to *me*, I assure you!" She sat down on a hummock of grass and took the black cat upon her knee, where it sat blinking its yellow eyes at the three.

Maggie flushed. "I don't tell lies to anybody," she said.

Bob and Bess shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Very well, then," said the old woman. "Now let me hear."

Maggie pouted, and kicked the grass at her feet. The old woman eyed her keenly. "Don't be sulky," she commanded. "I want to be friendly. Perhaps I can help you to get sight of what 's inside there," she nodded over her shoulder toward the wall, "if you give me good answers."

Maggie looked up. "Can you really?" she asked. The old woman nodded mysteriously.

"Perhaps. But first you must tell me why you want to go in there so much. I know something about you already. You are Maggie, *you* are Bess, and that is Bob," she nodded her head at the three in turn.

The children stared. How did she know? Here was magic indeed! "Tell me why you believe in the fairies," said the old woman, turning to Maggie with a suddenness that startled her.

"Oh!" said Maggie, "I can't tell why; I just do! They have helped me so."

"How?" asked the old woman. "Tell me everything!" And two brown eyes looked through the gray elf-locks at the child so keenly that Maggie dropped her own eyes.

"Why, you see," said Maggie, faltering, "when things were the limit at home and I got grouchy,

I only had to imagine that I was enchanted for a little while, and that I was really somebody else, living somewhere else in a fairy tale; and that some day it would all come out right; the way it always does in all the fairy tales you read."

"Ah, always comes right—in fairy tales!" muttered the old woman under her breath.

"And I guess it was really true!" cried Maggie. "For here I am in this lovely place, —with fairies for neighbors, —and grand things happening all the time. And when I do have to go back again, it will never be so bad any more. For Bob and Bess are my friends now, and they will write to me all about what goes on here. I never had any one write to me in all my life! I never wrote a letter till I came here."

"And she 's coming up to visit us every summer, Father says so," interrupted Bob, forgetting to be shy.

"And Mother says she does n't know what we 'll do without her," chimed in Bess, fondly squeezing Maggie's hand. "And she 's been here only four days."

"Ah!" said the old woman, who had been very quiet during Maggie's story. "And now what have you two to say for yourselves? What do you want, trying to get into the Park? Don't you know it 's trespassing for any one but the owner to go there without permission?"

Bob and Bess hung their heads and looked guilty. "It 's all my fault," said Maggie, coming to their assistance. "I wanted to go in. These kids have always lived here and never thought of such a thing. You see, they did n't know much about fairies until I came. But they are mighty good to me. They want to do what I like to do. So we all want to go in, dreadfully!"

"H'm!" mumbled the old woman, "what for?"

"We 'd—we 'd like to see the palace and the wonderful things," answered Maggie, timidly. "And we 'd like to see the princess, if we can."

"You can't," said the old woman, gruffly.

"Why not?" Maggie dared to ask. "Is she enchanted, too?"

The old woman hesitated for a moment, then answered shortly, "Yes."



"WELL, MAYBE WE CAN BREAK THE SPELL," SAID MAGGIE EAGERLY.

"Well, maybe we can break the spell," said Maggie, eagerly. "Generally in the fairy tales it is kids who help the most—or a fairy prince."

"Ho!" snorted the old woman, so crossly that all three started. "Don't talk of a prince, *here!*"

"How is she enchanted?" asked Maggie, hesitating to change the subject from princes. "There are lots of ways. Is she turned into an animal or something like that?"

"She is changed," said the old woman, sadly. "She is so changed that she does not know herself. Once she was the happiest lady in the world. Now she is the most miserable."

"Then it must be awful!" cried Maggie, pityingly; "I've seen some terrible miserable folks. But we kids will help her. I know we can."

"It is hopeless," said the old woman, in a gloomy tone. "But what is the use of talking? Here is a token that the lady means you well. Take these." She drew from her placket three large nuts, and gave one to each of the children.

"Oh!" cried Maggie. "Magic nuts! I know about them." The old woman nodded.

"Crack them," she said. The children did as she bade them. And there, inside of each nut, was a tiny gold ring.

"Put them on your right hands," said the old woman. They obeyed, wondering. "Now, come here to-morrow at this time—unless it rains," she continued; "wear your rings, and when you stand outside the gate, say these words:

"Open, Gate, I pray,
And let me in to-day.

As you do so, you must rub your rings with your left hands and wish hard that the gate may open. There is much virtue in wishing, you know."

"Yes," said Maggie, eagerly.

"Wishes don't always come true," suggested Bess.

"Not always," said the old woman, with a sigh. "But I think this one will if you wish hard enough. Now I am going to ask you something. You are all to close your eyes tightly while Maggie counts fifty. Then you may open them again. Do as I tell you, if you hope ever to gain your wish."

The children obediently closed their eyes and Maggie began to count aloud, "One, two, three—" When she had pronounced "Fifty!" the three opened their eyes. The old woman was nowhere to be seen.

"She was a witch," said Maggie, with conviction. "But I don't think she was a wicked one."

"I never saw her in Bonnyburn before," said Bob, wonderingly.

So that was the end of this adventure.

(To be continued)



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

THE OSTRICH AND THE TORTOISE

AN ENTIRELY NEW FABLE

BY D. K. STEVENS

PICTURES BY GEO. O. BUTLER

An ostrich, filled with self-conceit
And giddy ostentation,
One day, a tortoise chanced to meet
In casual conversation.
The tortoise, though extremely plain,
Was, like the ostrich, rather vain.

As all of you, no doubt, have guessed,
In noting this allusion,
The ostrich was, of course, possessed
Of feathers in profusion.
The tortoise had a useful shell
Wherein it was his rule to dwell.

The question they discussed was made
A theme for disputation:
*What is the best way to evade
Unwelcome observation?*
As each had fixed ideas, you see,
They were not likely to agree.

"My scheme is this," the ostrich said,
"If any one pursues me,
I'll dig a hole and hide my head—
They cannot fail to lose me.
The plan 's so simple, I'm surprised
That it should be so criticized."

"Your plan," the tortoise said, "is quite
Delusive and fallacious:
To draw the head in—out of sight—
Is far more efficacious.
Till I have cause to change my view,
That method I shall still pursue."

In this dispute they persevered
With vain vociferation,
Till suddenly two men appeared,
Commercial by vocation.
One gathered ostrich-plumes to sell,
The other dealt in tortoise-shell.





The ostrich, showing no dismay,
Was busy in a minute;
He dug a hole without delay,
And placed his head within it,
And thought, with egotistic pride:
"This is the only way to hide."

The tortoise said: "I still protest,
Though ostriches deny it,
My method is the very best—
At any rate, I'll try it!"
And with sarcastic smile withdrew
His silly head from public view.

The traders came, as you surmise,
And made an easy capture.
The feather-merchant viewed his prize
With nothing short of rapture.
"I did n't want his head," said he,
"His plumes are quite enough for me."



The other man was pleased as well,
And, after brief inspection,
Removed the tortoise from his shell
In spite of all objection.
"The tortoise not a penny brings,
But shell," said he, "makes combs and
things."



Of morals there are nine or ten,
But this one is selected:
Don't wear your shells and feathers when
You go out unprotected.
The other lessons taught hereby
I leave for others to apply.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE POND

UNDER THE BLUE SKY

BOB-SLEDDING AND SKATING

BY E. T. KEYSER

THERE was a gloomy gathering, which almost approached an indignation meeting, in one corner of the playground, for, that very morning, at the termination of the opening exercises, the principal had announced that, owing to a number of accidents which had occurred to coasters and pedestrians, no more sledding would be allowed on School Avenue Hill, "the only really decent coast in the town," as Bob Wilkie feelingly described it.

"It 's a shame!" "All our fun spoiled!" "Just mean!" were distinctly audible above the hum of voices that resembled the conversation of a hive of excited bees. Finally, the confused murmur subsided to the extent that one could realize that Harry Jackson was talking.

"It 's all right to say that our fathers always coasted on School Avenue," he said, "but then

there were about half as many people in town and no automobiles; anyhow, there were no bad accidents, as there have been this winter."

"But what are we going to do?" some one wanted to know.

"I think that I can see the way out," was Harry's answer; "and if some of you fellows are game for a half-mile walk after school, we can see if it will work. But scatter now or we 'll all be late for lunch!" And they scattered.

Six of the fellows were ready that afternoon for Harry's walk, and he led them a short way out of town to where, shining in the wintry sunset, lay a snow-covered hillside whose slope was unbroken by wall or fence.

"Can you beat that?" was his query. "It 's a longer run than School Hill ever gave, and no one to turn out for."

"Yes," said a doubter, "but it is n't packed."
 "Packed!" answered the irrepressible Harry, "why, that will be half the fun. We 'll have most of the school here Saturday morning, and by afternoon it will be the best coast that any one here ever saw. The question now is; are you fellows in on it?"

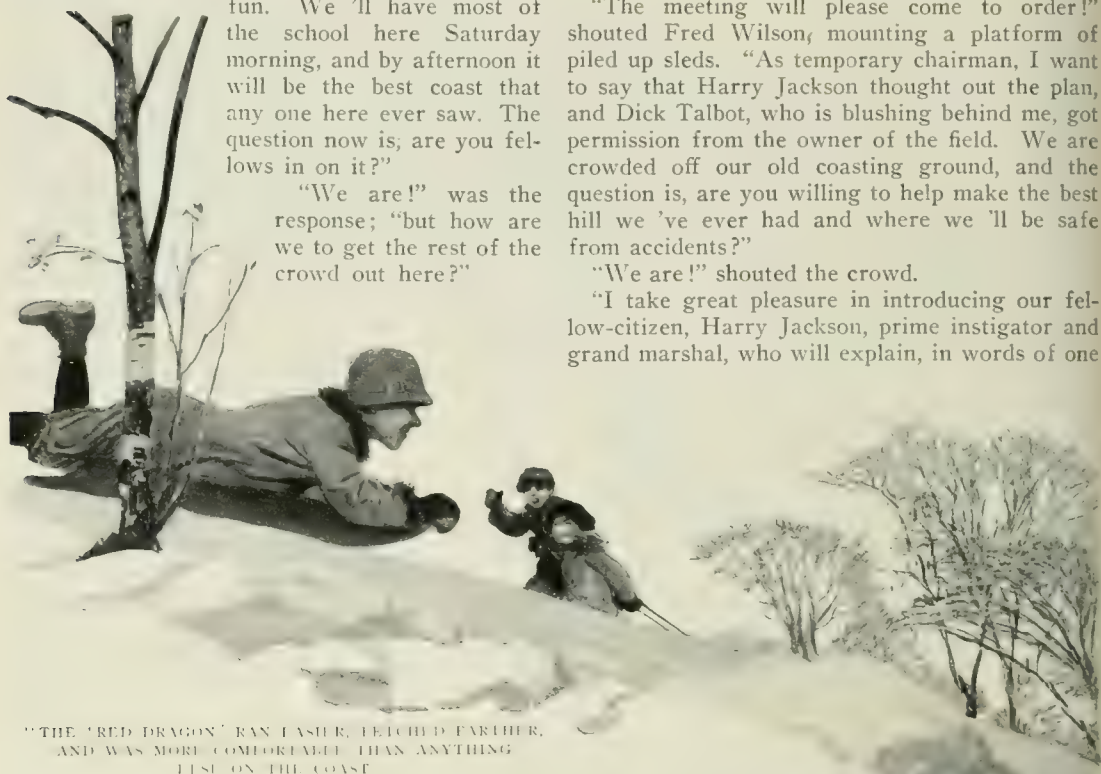
"We are!" was the response; "but how are we to get the rest of the crowd out here?"

small boys with sleds and overshoes, and even some of the girls, unable to resist a natural curiosity, had joined the crowd.

"The meeting will please come to order!" shouted Fred Wilson, mounting a platform of piled up sleds. "As temporary chairman, I want to say that Harry Jackson thought out the plan, and Dick Talbot, who is blushing behind me, got permission from the owner of the field. We are crowded off our old coasting ground, and the question is, are you willing to help make the best hill we 've ever had and where we 'll be safe from accidents?"

"We are!" shouted the crowd.

"I take great pleasure in introducing our fellow-citizen, Harry Jackson, prime instigator and grand marshal, who will explain, in words of one



"THE 'RED DRAGON' RAN FASTER, LEICED FARTHER, AND WAS MORE COMFORTABLE THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THE COAST

"Easiest thing in the world. Come around to my house to-night and we 'll make some posters and placard the town."

Next morning, arrivals at the school playground found the following notice tacked up near the entrance:

DO YOU WANT GOOD COASTING?

BORROW A SNOW-SHOVEL, BRING YOUR SLED, AND MEET AT THE BIG CHESTNUT AT THE EDGE OF JOHNSON'S MEADOW AT NINE SHARP ON SATURDAY MORNING. WEAR YOUR RUBBER BOOTS.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE FOLLOWING:

Harry Jackson.	Richard Talbot.	William Hardy.
Charles Wilkins.	John Harrison.	Fred Wilson.

It is to be doubted if the committee did much studying during the following two days, but the enthusiastic gathering which assembled at the big chestnut on Saturday morning testified to the manner in which they had presented the merits of the new scheme.

There were big boys with shovels and boots,

syllable, how the work is to be accomplished"; and the temporary chairman subsided.

"All of us who are wearing rubber boots will form a procession," commanded Harry, mounting the somewhat shaky platform; "big boys at the front, small ones in the rear, and march down in a straight line, four abreast, to where you see that stake with a red flag waving. Then pass around the stake and return the same way that we go down."

"But where do we come in?" those who were bootless wanted to know.

"Don't worry, your turn is coming," said the grand marshal, encouragingly; "meanwhile, stand by and applaud us."

The procession formed; down through the deep snow they marched, the big boys in the front ranks almost up to their waists, in places, the little fellows getting the advantage of the partial packing of their predecessors, and all enjoying the lark.

By the time that the procession had returned to its starting-place, there was a wide, fairly well-packed path, down which a sled might make moderate progress.

"Now, you bootless ones," cried the grand marshal, "it's your turn! Start coasting while the rest of us once more imitate our late cousin, the King of France, by marching down the hill and up again. Forward, my brave men!"

But this time another path was made, parallel to the former, but about forty feet away.

"This is for the little fellows and the girls," Harry explained, "and we will make another between the two, for bringing up the sleds; then, with the little folks and the returning coasters all out of the way of danger, we can make some records which will show you that we never really knew what good coasting was before."

By noon both coasts were in fair shape and becoming better each minute. By piling snow on bare spots and packing it well down, the shovel brigade had shown its worth in the scheme.



That night the two tracks were crowded, and the surfaces, hard as iron and smooth as glass, gave a speed which would have been dangerous on the old hill in town, but here, with a straight run, no traffic, and all going in the same direction, everything was safe, especially as a distance had been marked off by a red flag to indicate the lead each coaster must have before being followed.

When a thaw arrived coasting ceased, and the bare spots were carefully covered.

"If I'd had any idea that the hill would give us such fun, I'd have bought one of those bobs,"

said Dick, regretfully, to Charley Wilkins, as he pulled his sled home one evening; "but I spent the money for other things, and now it's too late."

"Why don't you build one?" Charley asked.

"Those home-made bobs are no good; they have no spring and go," was the disconsolate reply. "They're all right until you have tried a real factory-built affair, but after that you see the difference. It's funny, too, because I can't see *where* the difference comes in."

Charley smiled. "If I can show you the difference, and how a really good one can be built, will you come in on one with me?" he asked.

"Will a bear eat honey? Explain the mystery and I'm with you," said Dick.

"There's no mystery about it. When the average fellow puts a home-made bob together, he forgets all about what an automobilist would call its 'extended wheel-base,' as compared with a single sled, and the result is something so rigid that every bump and hollow makes the sleds rear up until they touch the snow on only a few inches of the runner shoes, cutting into the snow and slowing down the speed. If you will come around to-night, we'll figure out something which will be able to take any amount of bumps, look first-rate, and not put either of us back very much financially."

At the arranged meeting, Charley held forth: "In the first place your sled and mine are mates. I know that because

I measured them before I said anything to you. Now, we'll carefully take off the tops and substitute two pieces of planed chestnut stuff, which won't cost much. Then we'll need a ten-foot one-inch dressed oak plank, two circular

pieces of one-eighth-inch brass, each seven inches in diameter, and two one-inch, round iron rods, each as long as the sleds are wide and threaded at each end, also four iron nuts to fit the threads."

"I can see where everything but the brass plates and the rods come in," said Dick; "but go ahead and get them just the same."

"I don't like to do things that way," was the rejoinder. "Just listen to my plan. We are going to put this bob together in the usual way, with the exception of those bits of material which have been puzzling you. Now, here is a side-view of the bob. Those ears on the rear sled are the wooden axle-blocks screwed to the sled top and seat-board. Through the center of each runs one of the inch iron rods, which is held in place by a nut at each end. Another pair of blocks is on the other side, and the rod, running through the four, holds seat and sled together, and also forms a hinge which will allow the sled to follow every hollow and bump without straining the joint."

"The forward arrangement is similar, except we will put one plate of brass on the sled top, fastening it with countersunk flat-headed screws, and the other plate will be fastened to a piece of one-inch-thick stuff as wide as the seat and about one foot long. This will be fastened to the seat with a rod hinge, just the same as the after sled is arranged, except that the blocks, through which the rod runs, will be narrower, to allow

bar steerer. And now, if you say so," said Charley, having concluded his long explanation, "I'll order the stuff to-morrow, and expect you and your tools next day."

"It's a go," said Dick; "I'll be on hand day after to-morrow."

When the new bob, embellished with a coat of red canoe-enamel and the name "Red Dragon" stenciled in yellow on the seat, made its first appearance on the hill, its decoration appealed to the rest of the coasters more strongly than its novelty of construction, until it was noticed that it ran easier, fetched farther, and was more comfortable than anything else on the coast.

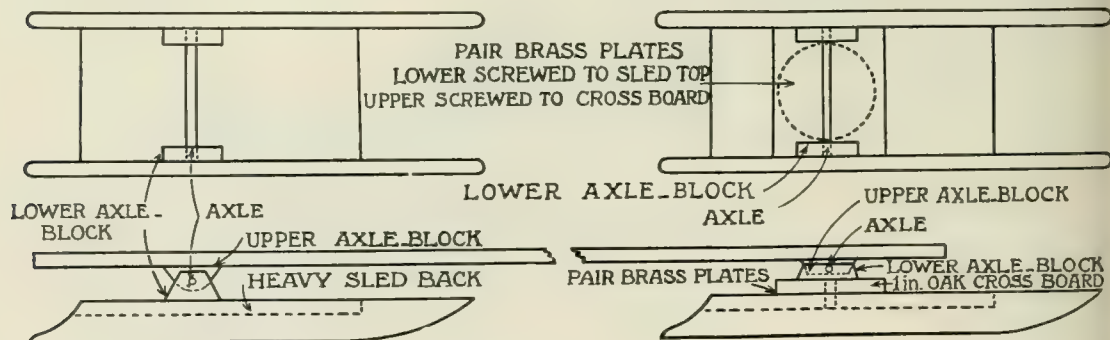
Then the boys became curious as to its points of difference from their own sleds, and began to adopt its improvements, until the hill was the haunt of a herd of "Red Dragons."

One Saturday morning, toward the end of winter, a melancholy crowd gathered at the hillside. A sudden thaw had set in, over night, and the coast was a long line of slush.

"No use, boys," said one, "it's the last of the fun for this season. If we had not taken the care that we did of it, it would have been gone long ago."

"What bothers me," said another, "is that all the good times that we've had together are over. I never knew a winter to pass so quickly."

"It was not just the coasting," chimed in another, "but all of us pitched in together and made the slide, and then kept it in shape and had our



for the difference in thickness caused by the inch board to which the upper brass plate is fastened.

"Through the centers of the brass plates a hole for a three-quarter-inch bolt will be bored, and this will be the pivot on which the front sled steers, while the brass plate acts as a fifth wheel, and allows of much smoother and easier steering than the ordinary wooden surfaces. This will save making a steering-wheel, and all the work and expense connected with it, and give good results, in connection with the old reliable cross-

fun, out of every one's way. We showed, too, what we *could* do, and now the crowd has to break up."

"But what's the use of breaking up?" a boy with red hair and a blue sweater wanted to know. "Why not form an association and start right now to plan for out-of-door fun right through the summer and even next winter?"

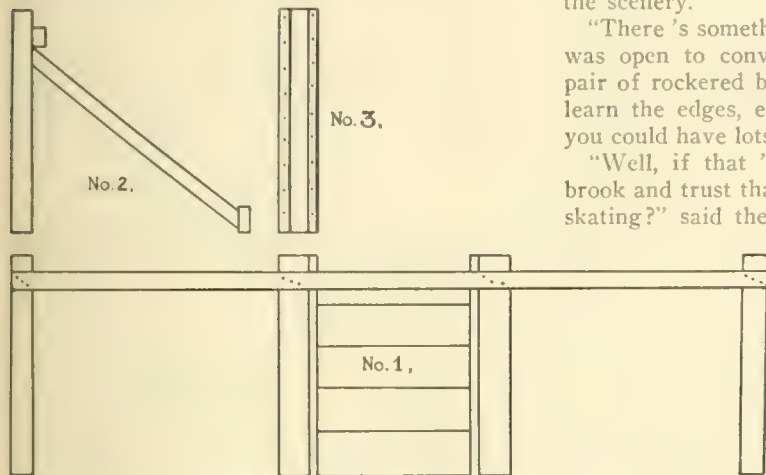
"Sure enough! Why not?" asked another boy. "What shall we call ourselves?"

"Well, suppose we make it 'The Blue Sky Club,'

and meet at one another's houses every other week? We won't have any dues or officers—just appoint a committee now and then when something wants doing."

So the club was formed there and then, unhampered by rules, regulations, or officers. At each meeting a chairman was elected for the next one, and to him was given written notice, at least two days before the meeting date, of any matter which any member wished to place before the club.

If the subject as announced from the chair received a majority vote, a committee on that matter was appointed by the chairman with instructions to report at the succeeding gathering.



THE CHAIRMAN'S PLAN FOR A DAM

No. 1, Front view of sluiceway and sluice-gate. No. 2, Side view of support-post, showing method of bracing. No. 3, Side view of sluiceway joists, showing furring strips nailed on to make groove for the gate to slide in.

The Committee on Birds studied up on the subject from books in the library, and arranged with relatives and friends for building bird-shelters, which the association industriously manufactured from waste material. The Committee on Swimming cleaned out the swimming-hole, built a spring-board, and begged some rope with which to fence off a safe bathing-place for the beginners. The Committee on Camping arranged with an up-stream farmer to be allowed the use of a meadow where the canoeists and wheelmen might gather for tent-life, with the understanding that the spot should be kept in good order.

When autumn arrived, the subject of skating came up at one of the assemblies. The Health Board had prohibited skating on the two ponds where ice was cut, and the river was seldom frozen over solidly enough to be safe. So a committee was appointed to look into the matter.

"We think that we have found the solution," was the report of the committee's chairman.

"The brook that runs through the swamp can be dammed—a two-foot dam will flood an acre. The owner is willing for us to try, if we will let the water out when spring comes."

"What 's an acre!" sniffed a disgusted member.

"An acre is a whole lot if you fellows would learn to *skate* instead of trying to see how fast you can rush over the ice!" was the reply. "The trouble is that most of you fellows put on a pair of flat racing-blades, and then start out to break a record and some one's neck at the same time. You don't get any more of the pleasure of *real* skating than a racing automobilist knows about the scenery."

"There 's something in that," admitted one who was open to conviction. "If you would get a pair of rockered blades, of moderate length, and learn the edges, eights, and a few other stunts, you could have lots of fun on an acre of ice."

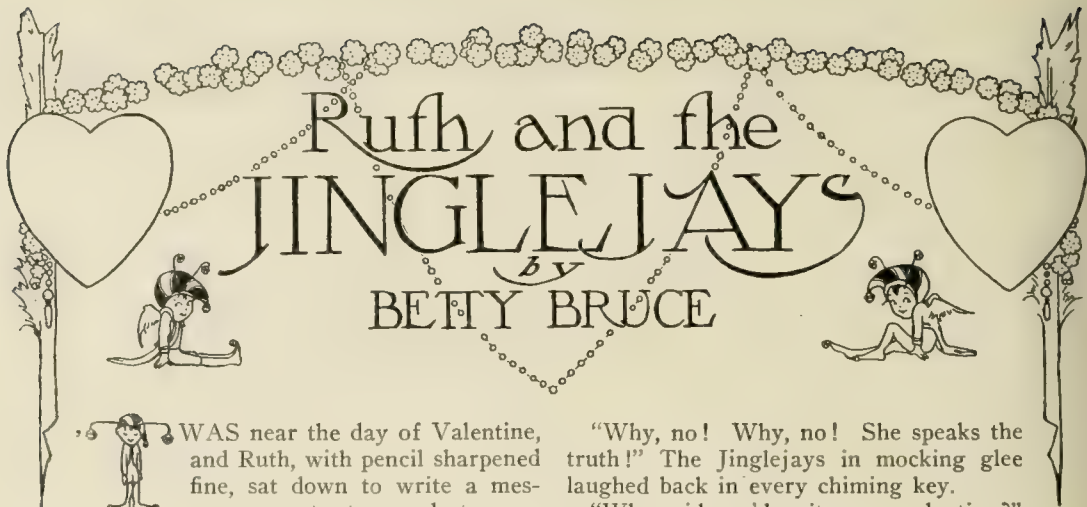
"Well, if that 's so, suppose we plug up the brook and trust that a blizzard will bring us good skating?" said the original objector. "But who knows how to do the plugging?"


"Here 's the plan of operations," the chairman replied. "We 'll borrow pickaxes, spades, and crowbars, and build up a two-foot dam, making it of the earth that we will dig from where the pond will be. Then we can drive two heavy joists, two feet apart, into the brook. These joists will have two parallel

furring-strips nailed to their inside faces, forming slides for the sluice-gate which will be let down when we want to flood the pond. Across the top of these joists we will nail another fastening the ends to two heavy posts driven into the ground and braced, on the down-stream side.

"Then we will extend the dam right out into the stream as far as the two upright joists, making a large part of the fill from stones. We can test the dam by putting in the sluices, noting the weak parts, and then letting out the water and strengthening the dam where it 's needed. It sounds like a lot of work, but there are plenty of us to do it; and the lumber is the only thing that will cost any money. All interested, please chip in."

"Count on me!" said the boy who had objected to the acre as being too limited. "I may not be able to do the 'grape-vine,' but that building of a dam sounds like more fun than I 've had since I was small enough to play in mud-puddles without feeling embarrassed."



 WAS near the day of Valentine,
 and Ruth, with pencil sharpened
 fine, sat down to write a mes-
 sage sweet, to send to one
 whom she would greet.

She wrote a line, and paused a bit to find a
 rhyme that it would fit. But nothing came to
 her, although she thought that verse would surely
 go. She chewed her pencil, stub and point; she
 chewed her pen-knife at the joint; she chewed
 the paper, chewed the rule, as she would never

"Why, no! Why, no! She speaks the
 truth!" The Jinglejays in mocking glee
 laughed back in every chiming key.

"Who said we 'd write your valentine?"
 demanded one.

"I had one line," poor Ruthie faltered.

"One! just one! You 'll never get the old
 thing done. Here, let me try!" One Jinglejay
 stepped from the mocking group away.

Along the line he gravely walked while all the
 others watched and talked. And at the end he



dare in school; and, as she chewed, she stared
 and stared, and back at her the lone line glared.

But suddenly, to her amaze, across the sheet
 below her gaze came striding forth the Jinglejays.

"Who are you?" quavered Ruth.

"Oh, we? We're just what we appear to be."

"Appear? You look like tiny flies!"

"Ha, ha!" they laughed. "That 's our dis-
 guise!"

And then across the page they ran, and made
 black marks for her to scan. She gathered up
 the page so white, and read by sunset's fading
 light:

"If the candy should burn, oh my love, oh my dream,
 And the cake should be cut, tell me, would the
 ice (s)cream?

"That 's not a valentine!" cried Ruth.

stopped and bowed, and pointing, with a manner
 proud, he showed a queer and wavering track of
 inky figures, shiny black.

Again with hope Ruth bent to read the Jingle-
 jay's brief tiny screed:

"I love you, oh my Valentine,
 Because you are so fat;
 I love you better than the dog
 And better than the cat,
 But I 'll never dare to call you mine
 Until the earth is flat."

"Now that 's a poem, you can see," the Jingle-
 jay said; "writ by me."

"A poem!" Ruthie's blue eyes flashed, and
 down her cheek a tear-drop splashed. "That 's
 not a poem, wicked elf! Why, I do better by
 myself!"

"Oh, do you? Then we need n't stay," said the insulted Jinglejay.

"I mean—I thought I could—but see, I can't get rhymes that will agree. Oh, do please help me if you can!"

"Shall we?"

As one they all began. They tugged and

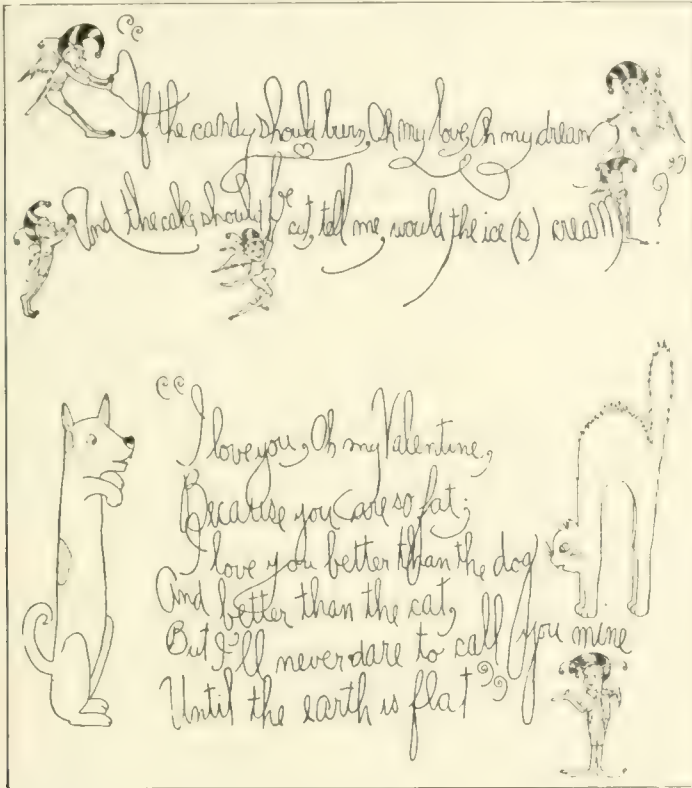
If I should send you jewels bright,
Or ornaments of gold,

They might be pleasing in your sight,
But, oh, they would be cold.

Then Valentine, dear Valentine,

'T would seem the better part

If I should make of love a line,
And on it send my heart."



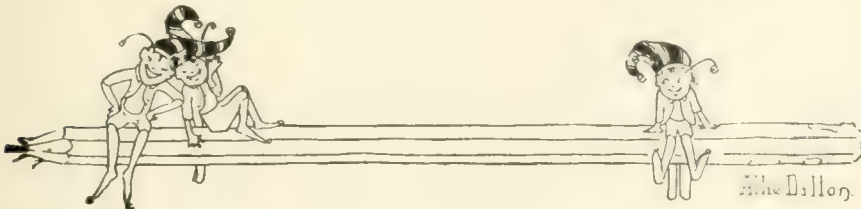
twisted words about with many a laugh and many a shout; they set them down in neat array, line upon line, each Jinglejay doing his part, until, at last, the rhymes were all with ink made fast. And then, like blackbirds in a cage, they stood in line across the page while Ruth read out to her delight a Valentine that seemed just right:

"Oh, Valentine, dear Valentine,
If I should send you flowers,
They could not speak my love in lives
Of just a few brief hours;

With eyes amazed, Ruth read the lines.

"Oh, thank you! thanks!" she cried. But every Jinglejay was gone. The door stood open wide.

She rubbed her eyes, and read the lines all neatly written down. 'T was much like other valentines, and yet a puzzled frown came to her brow the while she read, for in her hand she held a chewed-up pencil, showing marks of how it had rebelled. But there was still the valentine, in spite of Ruth's amaze. "I wonder," said she, "if it's mine, or it's the Jinglejays'."



THE STORY OF THE STOLEN SLED



I. TOMMIE'S mother sent him to the store to sell some eggs.



II. At the store, Tom went in to see if Mr. Brown wanted any.



III. When he came out to get the eggs, his sled was gone—also the eggs.



IV. Sadly journeying homeward, Tom wondered what his mother would say.



V. He heard cries from the direction of the mill-pond, and ran to see what was the matter.



VI. With his muffler, he saved the Coon boys, who, while coasting, had broken through the ice.



Great was Tom's surprise at finding his lost sled, and when he also found the eggs unbroken, he was so thankful that he forgave the Coon boys—who were never again known to do wrong.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER III

THE CONQUEST OF THE CHAGRES

MUCH to our delight, we learned that our enthusiastic friend of the sea-going railroad was to be a fellow-passenger all the way to Panama. We became very well acquainted on the voyage. Mr. Hawkins his name was, and he seemed to have an almost inexhaustible stock of sea tales and other yarns with which he whiled away the long hours aboard the ship.

It was early in the morning when our steamer tied up at Colon, the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal, and most of the passengers were up and ready to put in a long day of sight-seeing, because they were to sail again on the morrow. Near the wharf there was a train waiting to take visitors across the isthmus, and a crowd of excursionists flocked over to it. We were about to follow them when Mr. Hawkins detained us.

"You are going to stay here a few days, are n't you?" he asked. "Well, then, why don't you see the canal right?"

"If you will show us how, we 'll be only too glad to follow."

"Come along with me, then," he said, leading the way to a wharf where there were several launches. He picked one out that was manned by a Portuguese named Joe.

"We 'll get a much more impressive view of the work if we go up by water," remarked Mr. Hawkins.

It took us the better part of an hour to make the four-mile run up the old French canal, which brought us into the American canal within half a mile of the locks leading up to the great Gatun Lake. We were in luck to have a guide like Mr. Hawkins, who had been over the canal half a dozen times at least. He told us that Gatun Lake when finished would be eighty-five feet above sea-level, and would cover about 170 square miles.

"What puzzles me," put in Will, "is why they had to make a lake. Was it just because they were in a hurry to open the canal, and could n't wait to dig all the way down to sea-level?"

"Oh, I know," I interrupted, eager to show off my knowledge. "They say there is only a two-foot tide at the Atlantic end, while at the Pacific end there is a rise and fall of twenty feet. If the canal were cut down to sea-level, the water would rush back and forth through it twice a

day, in such a torrent that it would tear out the banks and wreck all the shipping."

"But they could have a lock at the Pacific end to keep out the tide, could n't they, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Certainly they could," he answered; "but it is n't the tide they fear so much as the Chagres River. You have no idea how it rains here during the rainy season. Why, I 've seen that river rise twenty-five feet in a night! There would be no keeping such a flood out of the canal if it were cut down to sea-level. So, instead of trying to keep the river out, the engineers decided to let it in and make use of it, only turning it into a lake instead, so that it can be kept under control. Accordingly, they have dammed up the whole Chagres valley at a place where it is about a mile and a half wide; and the reason they picked out that place was because there is a knob of rock in the middle of the valley where they could put the spillway, or overflow, and another mass of rock at one side to support the locks."

"But," I protested, "do you mean to tell us that that big dam is not founded on rock?"

"It is n't like any dam you ever saw. Why, it's a hill of dirt half a mile thick at the base and tapering to a hundred feet at the top. And the funny part of it is that they built that dam with water!"

"With water!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; muddy water. First they dumped a lot of rock across the valley to make two walls half a mile apart. Then dredges sucked up mud from the sea and pumped it up a long pipe-line to the dam, where it poured out in a muddy stream between the two walls. The fine mud settled to the bottom, and in time filled the space between the walls, while the water flowed over them, or trickled out between the stones, or was sucked up by the torrid sun. In that way a plug, or core of clay, was built across the valley, and on it earth was piled and more mud was pumped in, until at last the top rose one hundred and five feet above sea-level.

"While they were building the dam, they had to provide a new and higher course for the Chagres River. The wicked old stream made a desperate struggle before they finally conquered it. The rock for the two walls was dumped from trestles built across the valley. They tried to run the rock wall right across the river, but before

the last gap was closed, the current became so powerful that it swept away like chaff the huge rocks dumped into it. The river was putting up a better fight than they had anticipated. But finally they dropped a tangle of crooked railroad rails against the up-stream side of the trestles, which choked up the channel so that the current could not sweep the rock away. That was the last frantic struggle of the Chagres before it surrendered to the indomitable engineer. It is perfectly docile now. To be sure, it may fret and fuss a lot as it runs out of the lake over the spill-way during the rainy season, but it cannot do any harm, because it is confined within a concrete channel.

"Oh, hello! here we are in sight of the locks," exclaimed Mr. Hawkins as we swung out of the stream excavated by the French into the broad new canal dug by our own countrymen.

"Say, what are all those boats doing?" queried Will. "Are n't they going through the locks?"

"I believe they are. By jiminy! here 's our chance! Shake it up, Joe. See if we can't get in there behind that ladder-dredge."

Joe grunted some sort of a protest, to which Mr. Hawkins replied with a piece of money that had an inspiring effect upon the Portuguese. We were all excited now as the little launch responded to our coaxing and raced for the lock.

"Will they let us through?" I asked dubiously.

"I don't know. But it won't hurt us to try, will it?" retorted Mr. Hawkins. "Here, Joe, creep in between the dredge and that tug. I don't believe they will ever notice a little toy boat like this."

Whether they noticed it or not I cannot say, but we did succeed in slipping in with a crowd of about a dozen boats of all descriptions. We were no sooner in than two pairs of enormous steel doors began to swing on their hinges behind us.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Hawkins, slapping me on the back. "Now here is an experience that you would have missed if you had followed the crowd aboard the excursion train."

"It 's great!" I exclaimed.

The lock we were in was about as long as four New York City blocks, and half again as wide as Broadway. There was something uncanny about the way those gates were closing behind us. They towered fully thirty-five feet above us. We had felt small enough, sandwiched in between the other boats, but now, as we gazed at those ponderous gates, we were dwarfed into insignificance.

"What makes them move?" asked Will, in an awed voice.

Mr. Hawkins laughed. "It does look mysterious, does n't it? See those arms up there at the

top of the gates? They run back through slots in the lock wall. Each arm is attached to a big gear-wheel, five feet in diameter. They call it a 'bull-wheel.' When the bull-wheel turns, it pushes the arm out and forces the gate shut. It takes a lot of gearing and a twenty-seven horsepower motor buzzing at high speed to make that bull-wheel turn."

"I should think it would," said Will. "How much do the gates weigh?"

"Seven hundred and thirty tons each. They are eighty-two feet high and sixty-two feet wide, you know, and they are seven feet thick, but they are hollow, so that the water will buoy them up and relieve the hinges of undue strain."

Slowly the massive gates swung to, until they met at a rather flat angle. Then we saw them squeeze tightly shut.

"The mitering motors did that," said Mr. Hawkins. "There is a seven and a half horse-power motor on each gate to lock them shut after the big bull-wheel has done most of the job."

"Now what?" I asked, as we turned from the fast-closed gates and looked forward.

"Don't you see the water boiling around us? It is pouring in from scores of openings in the floor of the lock. These walls are honeycombed with passages, some as big as a railroad tunnel, to let the water in. Just watch the mark on that wall over there, and you will see that we are rising."

Sure enough, after watching a minute or two, the mark disappeared. The sensation was a curious one. It seemed as if those walls and the gates behind us were slowly sinking, while we stood still.

It took nearly half an hour to fill that lock and raise us twenty-eight and one-third feet to the level of the next lock. From our humble deck we could not see over the walls around us.

After we had entered the second lock, we stopped again while another double pair of gates was closed behind us.

"But why do they have a double pair of them?" asked Will.

"Just as a precaution," answered Mr. Hawkins. "What do you suppose would happen if one of those gates should give way? Why, the whole Gatun Lake would come pouring through the locks. The water would tear everything to pieces and wash out the whole works, like as not. Something like that happened on the Soo Canal once. That is the canal that connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron. Two boats were in the lock about to go down, when along came a third one that wanted to go up. The captain of the last boat gave the engineer the signal to stop,

but for some reason the engineer failed to respond, and while the captain frantically clanged the gong and shouted down the speaking-tube until he nearly cracked his throat, the boat sailed steadily on until it crashed into the lock-gates, smashed them open, and let loose such a deluge of water that all of the boats were wrecked. They are not going to run the risk of such an accident here. Chains are stretched across the entrance to the locks to stop runaway ships; then there are double pairs of gates, so that, if one gives way, the other will hold, and, in addition to that, there is an emergency gate that can be swung across the entrance to the highest lock of each flight; but, as if these were not precautions enough, the ships will not be permitted to enter the locks under their own steam. Little electric locomotives will run along the tow-paths or tracks at each side of the locks and tow the ships through."

I had noticed that the "tow-path," as Mr. Hawkins called it, made an abrupt rise from one lock-level to the other, and I remarked that the slant looked too steep for a locomotive to climb.

"But this is a rack-railroad," explained Mr. Hawkins.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, in the middle of the track there is a rail formed with teeth in it, and on the locomotive are toothed wheels that mesh with the teeth of the rail so that they can't slip, and they drive the locomotive steadily up the steep inclines, and, when descending, keep it from running down too fast. The racks will enable the locomotives to haul enormous loads without slipping. It will be a great sight to see a giant, fifty-thousand-ton ocean liner towed through these locks by two baby electric locomotives with two more locomotives trailing along behind to check the boat and keep it from smashing through the gates."

As we were passing out of the third lock, we went by one of the emergency gates. It was an enormous structure, like a railroad bridge.

"In case of trouble," said Mr. Hawkins, "they would swing the bridge around across the lock, and let down a lot of brackets or 'wicket girders' into the water to the bottom of the lock; and then they would let down a lot of plates against the girders to cut off the flow of water."

As soon as we had passed out of the locks, we made for shore and began a survey of our surroundings. To the south of us stretched the great Gatun Lake, and the dam really did look more like a hill than anything else.

We walked along the dam to the spillway, but the gates were closed, because the water was still filling the lake. At one side was the power sta-

tion, where part of the river was even then manufacturing electricity to pull the towing locomotives and work the valves and gates of the locks, not only at Gatun, but at Miraflores and Pedro Miguel on the Pacific end, as well.

"Oh, hello!" cried Mr. Hawkins, suddenly. "There is Colonel Goethals. Come on, boys; I'll introduce you to him."

"Does he know you?" asked Will, in an awed voice.

"We'll see. They say he remembers every one he meets. I walked around with him for an hour, last year, and it was wonderful the way he seemed to know every man on the job by name."

I had expected that the big chief of the Panama Canal would be dressed in gaudy uniform, as befitted a high military personage, but the man that Mr. Hawkins went up to was clothed in plain white tropical garb, and wore a wide-brimmed straw hat.

"Oh, how do you do, Hawkins?" he said, as if he had always known him. "Back again, are you?"

"Yes, Colonel." Mr. Hawkins beamed with pleasure. "I've brought some friends with me, a couple of waifs I picked up on the way down here."

"Glad to know you," said the colonel, giving us each a hearty grasp of the hand. "I suppose you have come down here to see us blow up Gamboa, to-morrow?"

"Yes," I stammered, utterly overwhelmed at the honor of shaking hands with so great a man.

"You see, he did remember me!" exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, triumphantly, after Colonel Goethals had moved on. "He is a wonderful man. He is a big father to all the men down here. Every Sunday morning, his house is open to any man on the job. If any one has a grievance, he goes and tells it to the colonel. If any one wants a word of encouragement, he stops in to see the chief. If you are here next Sunday, you must go and see the reception. It is a wonderful sight. And yet he is not the one to stand for any fooling. When I was here last time, the colonel was showing around a party of congressmen. One of the younger members of the party was acting very smart, asking foolish questions, and proposing idiotic stunts. They were putting up the lock-gates at Gatun just then. This young man proposed that the party climb up the framework of the gates, just as a lark. When nobody paid any attention to the proposal, he started to climb up himself. It was a rather perilous undertaking because of the concrete buckets that were swinging by his head, threatening to knock him off. He realized the fact

after he had climbed up about twenty-five feet, and started down again. When he reached the ground, he strutted up to Colonel Goethals and asked, 'What degree are you going to confer on me for performing this daring feat?' 'I shall confer on you the degree of "C.F." said the colonel. 'And what does that stand for?' asked the congressman. 'For "Champion Fool,"' quietly answered the colonel, while the whole party broke out into roars of laughter."

We had hoped to take a trip on the lake in the afternoon, but Joe found a chance to take his launch down through the locks, which upset our plans. We spent all that day following Mr. Hawkins as he wandered about the work at Gatun, studying the minutest details. Finally, as it grew dark, we took the train for Panama, where we arrived too tired to do any more sight-seeing that night.

The following day we were to witness one of the most important events in the history of the Panama Canal. The slice of ground that had been left to keep the Chagres River out of Culebra cut, during the work of excavation, was to be blown up with a giant blast of dynamite, and then the waters of Gatun Lake would reach all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific locks, and the canal would be all but completed.

CHAPTER IV

SEVERING THE ISTHMUS

WHEN I awoke the following day, the first thing I did was to jump out of bed and run to the window for my first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean. What I saw puzzled me at first, and then filled me with consternation.

"Hey, Will!" I shouted. "Wake up!"

Will turned lazily in bed and settled down for another nap. But I laid hold of him and began to haul him out of bed.

"What's matter?" he muttered, without opening his eyes. "What time is it?"

"That is what I can't make out," I cried excitedly. "It seems as though it must be morning, but the sun is just setting in the west. We've been 'doped' to make us sleep so long, and here we've missed the blowing up of the dike. Somebody's going to suffer for this."

"What do you mean?"

"Look out of the window there," I directed.

Will rubbed his eyes and blinked at the red ball of the sun that seemed about ready to plunge into the ocean.

"Well?" I remarked, after he had gazed at it for a full minute.

"It's rising, Jim," he said quietly.

"But how can it be, Will? That's the Pacific Ocean, is n't it?"

"Can't help it, Jim. It's rising just the same. Watch it now."

I had to admit that he was right. "Then that can't be the Pacific Ocean," I asserted.

"I am not so sure about that," declared Will, going over to the table, where he picked up a map that he had purchased the night before. "Look here."

Then I realized for the first time that the Isthmus of Panama has such a decided twist in it that the Pacific end of the canal is actually south-east of the Atlantic end, and that while people at Panama see the sun rise out of the Pacific, those at Colon see the sun set over the breakwater into the Atlantic Ocean.

When, later, we told Mr. Hawkins about our fright, he burst into a hearty laugh. "I made almost as bad a mistake myself," he said. "When I first came down here, I had a notion that as long as I was on the Pacific coast, I would take a run up to San Francisco. Much to my amazement, I learned that it would take me nearly twice as long to get there as it had to come down from New York. Then I got out my map, and found that Panama is almost due south of Pittsburgh, and that the distance from New York to Colon is only 1970 miles, while from San Francisco to Panama is 3280 miles. And here is another queer bit of geography. If you were to fly in a bee-line from Panama to Yokohama, Japan, you would make for the Gulf of Mexico first, and then strike up through the United States somewhere near Galveston, Texas, pass out over the Pacific somewhere near Portland, Oregon, and touch the Aleutian Islands on your course. You don't believe me, do you? But you just stretch a string from one place to the other on a school globe some time, and see whether I am not right."

It certainly seemed impossible, but we were ready to believe almost anything by this time.

The earlier part of the morning we spent wandering about the quaint old city of Panama, one of the oldest cities in the New World, while Mr. Hawkins entertained us with stories of its former importance and great wealth, and of its downfall at the hands of Morgan's pirates.

Along toward noon, we took a special train to see the blowing up of the Gamboa dike. I supposed, of course, that the dike would look like a dam separating the lake from a deep cut, but instead it was a narrow tongue of land with plenty of water on each side of it.

"Has there been a leak in the dike?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Hawkins. "The water was

siphoned into the cut on purpose, so that the dynamite would do its work better. You see, with one side of the dike backed by a lake and the other by nothing but the open air, the powder would be liable to burst out only the unsupported side."

There was logic in this, of course, but I was disappointed. I had expected to see a mighty torrent rush out of the lake into the cut. As a matter of fact, the water in the cut was about six feet lower than that of the lake, and there was quite a rush of water, as we were soon to see.

Will and I walked down toward the dike, but a guard stopped us before we had proceeded very far.

"It's loaded," he explained, pointing to the tongue of land. "You must n't go any nearer."

"How much dynamite is there in it?" asked Will.

"Forty tons."

"Whew!" I exclaimed. "It's going to be a big blast, is n't it?"

"Oh, pretty big, but not as big as some we've had."

"How many blast-holes are there in the dike?"

"About thirteen hundred; 1277 holes, to be exact; and if all those holes were put together end to end in one straight line, they would reach nearly eight miles!"

A large crowd had collected to witness the impressive spectacle. The blast was to be fired at two o'clock. My watch told me that it was five

minutes of two. A message was cabled to Washington, stating that everything was ready. Every one was waiting with bated breath. Then, far off in Washington, District of Columbia, President



A FLEET OF Barges, Tugs, Lighters, and other boats going through the locks to Galien Lake.

Woodrow Wilson touched a key. Instantly an impulse of electricity started on its long race to Gamboa. At intervals along the course the race was taken up by relays of electrical energy. The whole relay race over land and under the sea occupied but a fraction of a second, and then, with a mighty blast, thirteen hundred charges of dynamite burst open the dike, hurling tons of earth and rock into the air. The concussion was terrific, and as the echoes resounded from the hills, scores of steam-whistles and thousands of voices cheered the historic event.



THE EMERGENCY GATES. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT SWUNG CLEAR OF THE LOCK; THE ONE ON THE LEFT SWUNG ACROSS WITH "WICKET GIRDERS" DROPPED.



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THE ISTHMUS SEVERED! FORTY TONS OF DYNAMITE SHATTERING THE GAMBOA DIKE.

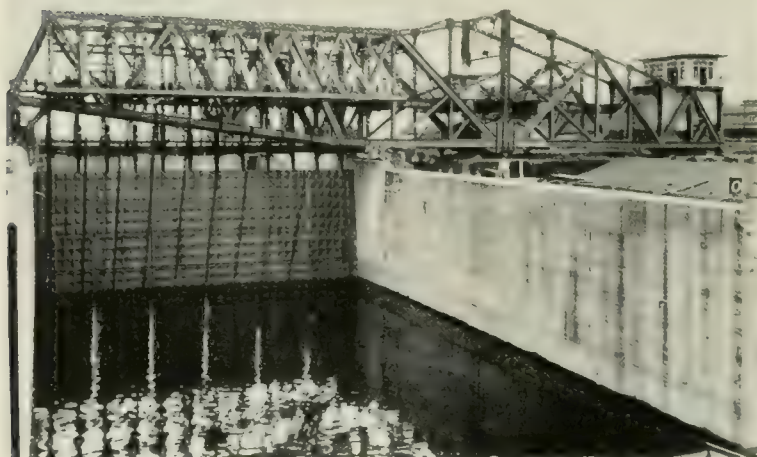
"Hurrah!" yelled Mr. Hawkins. "The isthmus is severed!"

Great clouds of poisonous gases hung over the dike. Then as they gradually dissipated, we saw through the rifts a wide gap torn through the dike, and the water rushing madly through the opening.

think of the wonderful things that happen in nature, and how puny are our performances in comparison. Talk about big blasts! Do you know, once there was a volcano in the Malay Archipelago that exploded. It was in 1883, before you were born, but maybe you have heard of it—the volcano of Krakatua. The explosion blew off the whole top of a mountain. Bang! and 30,000 people were lost in the tidal wave! A cubic mile of earth was shattered into dust! That is twenty-five times as much material as has been excavated from the whole of this canal so far, and you'll see that there has been quite a bit of excavation here, when you take a look at the Culebra cut in its deepest part."

On our way back to Panama, we planned to get off and see the great cut of which we had heard so much and of which we had caught only a glimpse from the railroad on our way up. A fellow-passenger told us that there was trouble at Cucaracha.

A slide had filled up the cut to a height of eighty feet above sea-level. I had heard a great deal about these slides, and had imagined that they were something like avalanches; but now I learned that they are very deliberate



EMERGENCY GATE WITH PLATES LET DOWN TO CUT OFF THE FLOW OF WATER.

"By George, that was a big blast!" declared Will.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Hawkins; "the biggest I ever saw. And yet," he continued, "when we talk about our great achievements, I cannot help but



GREAT CLOUDS OF POISONOUS GASES HOVERING OVER THE WATER AFTER THE BIG BLAST.

in their movement, creeping sluggishly down at a rate of two or three feet a day. In preparation for the flooding of Culebra cut, all the excavating machinery had been removed, and the slide, taking advantage of their absence, had gradually closed in on the cut, and now it was holding back the waters that had poured through the gap in the Gamboa dike. A gang of men was kept at work trying to keep a ditch open across the slide, but it kept closing up. Finally, a ton or two of dynamite was exploded in the slide; but the heavy clay closed right in again. It was not until two days after the destruction of the Gamboa dike that a trench large enough to admit a good stream of water was opened up.

"It looks as if the canal were far from done, yet," I remarked.

"You just wait until those big dredges get into action," said Mr. Hawkins. "They'll make short work of that slide. When I was here last year, this valley was fairly teeming with activity—engines puffing and snorting, machinery clanking, whistles screeching, wheels rumbling—a steady roar of action. Do you know, there was

more trackage on the isthmus and more cars too than many a full-fledged railroad owns, back home,—say the Boston and Albany, for instance. But a few big dredges are going to take their place now and handle those slides more effectually



THE CUCARACHA SLIDE MAKING MORE WORK FOR THE CANAL DIGGERS

ally than all that excavating machinery on wheels. And yet," he mused, "those slides have been bothersome. They have made us dig a valley instead of a gorge through the Culebra hills."

(To be continued)



THE APPLE-WOOD FIRE

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

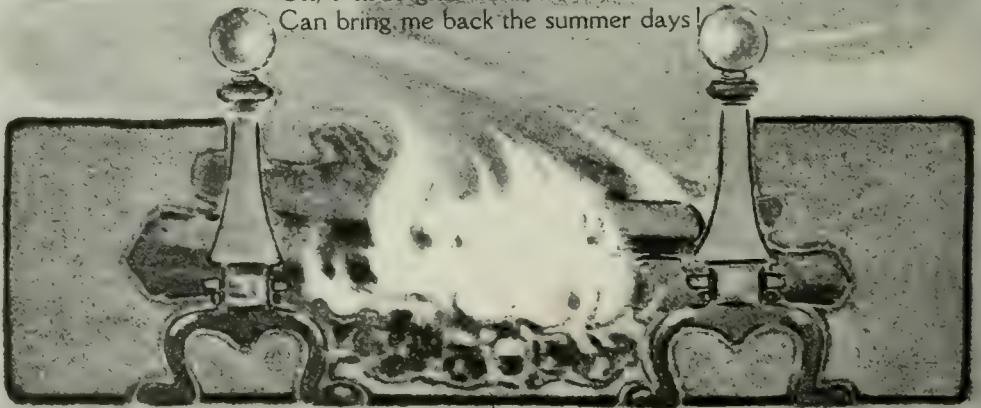
There 's nothing seems to me so good
As just the smell of apple wood.

It makes me think of everything
The summer and the country bring;

And it 's not very hard to tell
Why I so love that woodsy smell;

And when it burns, it shines as bright
As lovely yellow sunshine-light.

Oh, I 'm so glad this little blaze
Can bring me back the summer days!





AFTERNOON TEA
DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.



THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

SUPPER AT THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

WHEN the Junior Blairs came down to breakfast on New-Year's morning, there were three good-sized red-covered books lying on the table, one by each plate, and on the cover of each, in gold letters, was the name of Mildred, or Jack, or Brownie. But when they opened them there was nothing inside—only just nice, white paper leaves.

"What are they for?" asked Mildred, puzzled. "For school, for examples and compositions?"

"Not a bit of it!" laughed her mother. "They are cook-books, or they will be when you have filled them full of recipes. When you made such delicious things for Christmas, I ordered these for you, so you could write down each rule that you used then, and add others as you learned other things. You see, there are little letters all down the edges of the book, and when you want to find gingerbread, for instance, all you have to do is to turn to G; and when you want—"

"Cake," interrupted Brownie, "you turn to K."

Everybody laughed then, but in a minute Jack said soberly: "If you don't mind, Mother, I think I'll use mine for school. You see, boys don't cook."

"It seems to me I've heard that before," said Father Blair, nodding at him. "But you just tuck that book away in your bureau drawer and keep it, because I've an idea you may want it yet for a cook-book."

Jack shook his head energetically, but as Norah just then brought in a fresh plate of popovers, he was too busy to say anything more.

That afternoon, the girls began their books by copying very neatly the recipes they had already used: Brownies, Christmas Cakes, Icing, Christmas Elves, Gingerbread Men, Oatmeal Macaroons, Pop-corn Balls, and Tartlets all went in, each under its own initial. Then they said they wanted some more recipes right away, because these looked so lonely.

"Very well," said their mother; "but first we will have a talk, because I have a bright idea."

Now it happened that one of the particularly nice things about the Blair family was that they owned a little bit of a house not many miles from town, right in the midst of a pine grove. A farmer lived quite close by, but the trees hid his house from sight; and the trolley-cars ran just around the corner, but they could not be seen

either; so when the family went there for a day or two, or a week or two, it was just as though they were a long, long distance from everybody in the world. They called this little place the House in the Woods, and Brownie Blair often pretended it was the one in the fairy book, and that Goldilocks might come in at any moment to eat a bowl of porridge with the three Blairs, instead of the three bears.

"You see," Mother Blair went on, "the snow is still so fresh and lovely, and the sleighing so good, and the full moon is still coming up so very early, that I thought—"

"Oh, I know!" Jack shouted. "A sleighing party!"

"Yes," said his mother; "to the House in the Woods for supper. Won't that be fun? And you can cook the supper. Only, if you invite seven boys and girls to go with you, we must have plenty of things for them to eat; and of course you will want to cook them all yourselves."

"Of course," Mildred said decidedly. "What shall we have for the supper?"

"Oh, have cheese dreams!" Jack begged. "The

"Of course boys cook with a chafing-dish," he explained; "so do men, too. In college, lots of them make Welsh-rabbit and oysters and things



JACK BLAIR IN THE
CHAFING-DISH
COOKING
"CHEESE DREAMS."
SEE PAGE 345



MILDRED BLAIR WITH THE
BISCUITS
"THE BISCUITS WERE GREAT."
SEE PAGE 345

fellows think they're great. I'll make 'em myself, if you will. I learned how at the Dwights when I was there last week."

"You did!" teased his mother. "But I thought boys did n't cook?" Jack's face grew decidedly red.

like that for spreads, you know. And you can make the same things in a frying-pan on the stove just as well. So I'll make the dreams up before we go, and cook 'em when we get there."

"Very well," said his mother; "but I bargain with you that you are to put the recipe in your own cook-book." And Jack had to promise.

Then Mildred and her mother planned the rest of the supper. They were to have oyster stew, because that was what everybody wanted at a sleighing party; and then the cheese dreams, and potatoes, and cocoa; and Mother Blair said they would have a dish of scrambled eggs for anybody who did not like cheese. And, last of all, they would have little hot brown biscuits and honey; Farmer Dunn always had beautiful honey.

"Now, let us plan things out," said Mildred. "You and Brownie and I, Mother, can go out to the House in the Woods by trolley, and get the fires going and the table all ready; and Father and Jack can drive out with the others just at supper-time, and then we can all go back together afterward." This seemed the very best way of



THE SUPPER-PARTY RIDING HOME ACROSS THE SNOW. (SEE PAGE 346.)

managing; so early one Saturday afternoon, they reached the little house, and while Mildred and her mother went in and opened the windows and looked all around to see if everything was as they left it, Brownie ran off for Farmer Dunn, who soon brought wood and made up rousing fires in the rooms. By the time the baskets were unpacked on the kitchen table, he was ready to go back to his house and get milk and cream and eggs and butter and honey. As the Blairs always left the house ready to open at a moment's notice, they had sugar and flour and salt and things like that in the pantry.

Mildred and Brownie laid the table, putting on plates and cups and glasses, and they rubbed the forks and spoons and made them as bright as the sunshine. When it was all done, they got a beautiful great bunch of feathery pine branches for a centerpiece, and then it looked exactly as though the table knew there was going to be a party.

"It is nearly five o'clock," their mother called to them as they finished. "It is time we began to

get supper. Brownie, here is a recipe for you; do you think you can manage it all alone?"

"Of course," said Brownie, with great dignity. "Only you might just tell me how, first."

Mother Blair laughed, and read the recipe over to her, and told her what to do.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Take six large potatoes, wash and scrub them well, and bake them for about forty minutes in a hot oven, or till they are done. Take one potato at a time, hold it in a towel, and cut it in two, lengthwise. Scoop out the inside with a spoon into a hot bowl. When all six are ready, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of butter, beating and mashing well till they are light; then fill the potato shells, heaping them full; arrange in a shallow pan, and set it in the oven; bake about ten minutes, or till they are brown.

As soon as Brownie was busy with the potatoes, Mildred said she would make the cocoa, because that could stand and wait while other

things cooked. Her mother told her to get the double boiler, put some hot water in the outside, and set it on the stove. Then she gave her this recipe:

COCOA

- 6 teaspoonfuls of cocoa.
- 1½ cups of boiling water.
- 1½ cups of boiling milk.
- 1 table-spoonful of powdered sugar.
- 1 small pinch of salt.

Always measure spoonfuls just a little rounded. Put the powdered cocoa into the double boiler and pour on it the boiling water, a little at first, stirring it until it melts; add the boiling milk, and cook two minutes, stirring all the time; add the sugar, stir a moment longer; add the salt and take from the fire. If not to be used at once, stand the double boiler on the back of the stove till wanted.

"But, Mother, we will need a great many more cups of cocoa than this," Mildred exclaimed, as she read the rule over. "Those boys will drink at least two apiece, and the girls may, too; they will all be just starving!"

"Of course," said Mother Blair. "But what do you go to school for, if not to learn multiplication? How many times over must you make the rule?"

Mildred thought two whole minutes, and then said she thought about five times would do; so she very carefully measured everything five times over. "I never thought arithmetic was any good before," she said soberly. "But now I see it is to cook by."

"Yes, I find it useful myself," her mother said, with a smile. "Now, Mildred, we might make the biscuits, I think; those will not be hurt by standing any more than the cocoa will. But this rule I think you will have to multiply by three."

BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS

- 1 pint of sifted flour.
- ½ teaspoonful of salt.
- 4 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.
- ¾ cup of milk.
- 1 table-spoonful of butter.

Put the salt and baking-powder in the flour and rub the butter into these with a spoon; little by little add the milk, mixing all the time; lift the dough out on the floured board, dust it over with flour, and flour the rolling-pin; roll out lightly, just once, till it is an inch thick. Flour your hands and make it into little balls as quickly as you can; put a very little flour on the bottom of a shallow pan, and put the biscuits in it, close together. Bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes, or till they are brown.



These were great fun to make, and when the very last panful was done, Mildred tucked all the little brown biscuits up in a big fresh towel, and put them in a pan in the warming oven to keep hot till they were needed. At that very minute, they heard sleigh-bells, and everybody rushed to throw open the door and let the party in. Such shouting and laughing and talking you never heard in all your life. All the boys and girls had often before been out to the House in the Woods, and they were so glad to come again, they hardly knew what to do.

While they were taking off their wraps, Jack slipped out into the kitchen and demanded the frying-pan. "See," he said proudly, opening a box, "here are the cheese dreams, all ready to cook! Are n't they fine?"

"Lovely!" exclaimed his mother, and then added, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, "you 'll be a great cook yet, Jack!"

This was the recipe Jack had used to make them:

CHEESE DREAMS [six large sandwiches]

- 12 slices of bread, cut half an inch thick.
- 12 thin slices of cheese.
- 1 pinch of soda, cayenne pepper, and salt for each slice.

Put together like sandwiches, and then cut into rounds. Heat a frying-pan very hot, melt

a teaspoonful of butter in it, and lay in two or three sandwiches; when one side is brown, turn it over and cook the other; take from the pan and lay in the oven in a pan on a paper till all are ready.

Of course Jack had made more than six sandwiches, for he knew everybody would want two apiece; so he had a great boxful, and it took him quite a little time to fry them all; but it was just as well, for Mildred and her mother had to make the oyster stew, which was to be eaten first.

OYSTER STEW

- 1 pint of oysters.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water.
- 1 quart of rich milk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.

Drain the juice off the oysters and pass each one through the fingers to remove any pieces of shell that may still adhere to it; add the water to the oyster juice, and boil one minute; skim this well. Heat the milk and add to this, and when it steams, drop in the oysters and simmer just one minute, or till the edges of the oysters begin to curl; add the salt and take up at once; if you choose, add a cup of sifted cracker crumbs.

"What is 'simmer'?" asked Mildred, as she read the rule over.

"Just letting it boil a tiny little bit," said her mother; "around the edges of the saucepan, but not all over. And here is the recipe for

SCRAMBLED EGGS

- 1 egg for each person.
- 2 table-spoonfuls of milk to each egg.
- 2 shakes of salt.
- 1 shake of pepper.

Break the eggs in a bowl, beat them twelve times, then add the milk, salt, and pepper; heat a pan, put in a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut, and when it is melted, pour in the eggs; stir them as they cook, and scrape them off the bottom of the pan; when they are all thick and creamy, they are done.

"I have taken the rule for the stew three times over for twelve people, and I don't think it will

be a bit too much; but as almost every one will want the cheese dreams, suppose we scramble only five eggs.

"You 'd better do that right away, for supper is almost ready. Brownie's potatoes are just done, and she can be filling the glasses with water, and putting on the butter and bread, and these two big dishes of honey to eat with the biscuits for the last course."

While Mildred was cooking the eggs, Mother Blair put the oysters on the table, with the hot soup-plates and a generous supply of crisp oyster-crackers; the cheese dreams were done and in the oven, and Mildred covered the eggs and set the dish in the warming oven, and put the cocoa on the table in a chocolate pot. Then everybody sat down and began to eat.

After the oyster stew was all gone, they had the hot cheese dreams and scrambled eggs and the stuffed potatoes and cocoa all at once; and when those too had vanished, there were the little biscuits and the beautiful golden clover-honey in the comb, and perhaps that was the very best of all.

"Never, never, did I eat anything so good as this supper!" Father Blair said solemnly, as he ate his fourth biscuit. "That oyster stew—those potatoes—the cheese dreams—"

"What a conceited father!" said Mildred. "And you never said a word about the cocoa—"

"Nor about the scrambled eggs—" said Brownie, eagerly.

"But I ate them all," said her father. "I ate everything I was given, and I would like to eat them all again! Next time we come, have twice as much of everything, won't you?"

But everybody else said that they could n't have eaten one single crumb more. And they knew perfectly well that Father Blair could n't, either.

Then everybody helped wash the dishes and put things away, and Farmer Dunn came over to put out the fires and shut the doors; and presently it was all dark in the House in the Woods, and so still that, far, far off, you could hear the sound of the singing of the boys and girls as they rode home across the snow.



THE DUTCH DOLL AND HER ESKIMO

BY ETHEL BLAIR

AN idle Pixy chanced to stop
Before the doorway of a shop.

Within were dolls of every nation,
Each in its native habitation:
Cossacks, English, and Japanese,
Italians, Dutch, and Cingalese,
Spanish, Irish, and Eskimo.

The Pixy wandered to and fro
Until his eyes began to blink.
And so he shut his eyes—to think.
(You'll find that, toward the close of day,
Your father often thinks that way.)

He woke up very late at night,
And all the doors were fastened tight.
The store was quiet—the light was dim—
And all the dolls just stared at him.

(Of course *you're* brave, but even *you*
Might feel a little nervous, too,
To find yourself, all unprepared,
Locked up with glassy eyes that stared.)

The Pixy sang a faerie song,
And soon the magic grew so strong
The dolls began to breathe—to walk—
To fill the room with merry talk.

The clock struck twelve. And then, too late,
The Pixy thought about the date.
It was the day of lovers' signs—
The morning of St. Valentine's.

And as the big clock chimed above,
The dolls began to fall in love;
And then their troubles had begun,
For each doll loved the nearest one!

* * * * *

The Eskimo looked out to see
The Dutch Doll working busily.

He thought: "How comfy it would be
If she would come and cook for me."

(His Eskimotive may seem low,
But Iceland wives are *not* for show.)



He quickly won her for his bride,
And brought her to his hut with pride.

(The furnishings were rather few:
Two sealskins and a bowl or two.)

The Dutch Doll had n't much to say.
Perhaps it took her breath away.

(Whale blubber in an air-tight room
Can add much to the general gloom.
And fourteen dogs around the fire
Is more than many wives desire.)

He made her household duties plain,
And soon was fast asleep again.

The Dutch Doll looked around that room,
Then went and got her little broom.

Her husband, lying on the ground,
Was waked up by the strangest sound.

You see, he did n't know the meaning
Of spring (or any other) cleaning.

She waved the little broom about,
And fourteen dogs went flying out.

Her husband, feeling nervous, too,
Informed her this would never do.

She heard him out. (She did n't know
A single word of Eskimo.)



Thelma Cudlipp.

"SHE WASHED THE DOGS WITH SOAP AND LYE."

Then from her pail commenced to pour
The soapy water on the floor.

(A stream of water, rightly sent,
Is a convincing argument;
And coldness of the feet, you 'll find,
Will sometimes make you change your mind.)

The Eskimo forgot his pride,
And joined the fourteen dogs outside.

They soon could sympathize with him,
For when she got the house all trim,

She washed the dogs with soap and lye,
And hung them on the line to dry.

Then tried to get her husband clean—
But let us skip this painful scene.

He found it very hard to bear
Until she started on his hair.

She found two valued harpoon spears
Which had been missing several years;

Also a richly carved whale's tooth
Which he had lost in early youth.

She finished in an hour or more—
It left him rather weak and sore.

And now that busy little broom
Goes daily round the spotless room.

She makes her husband scrub the floor,
And (which he minds a great deal more),

She plaits the fur upon his clothes,
And ties it up with ribbon bows!



Thelma Cudlipp

RACING WATERS

BY LOUISE DE ST. HUBERT GUYOL

MILDRED MARSH and her father and mother stood on the levee, one evening in April, watching the big, muddy Mississippi River as it twisted and turned and twisted in swirling eddies and furious currents.

"Is the water coming much higher, Father?" Mildred asked.

"I think it is, Daughter. The crest of the flood is not due here for two weeks yet."

"Do you think—" began Mrs. Marsh, when she was interrupted by a shout, and, turning, she saw Dick coming up the road, riding his big silver roan, and waving an envelop toward his father.

"Bad news, Dad," he called; "Captain Murdock wants you at the fleet, right away."

Mr. Marsh hurried down the sloping green levee and took the envelop from Dick's hand.

"Crest of flood reported due here in next forty-eight hours," he read, scrawled hurriedly on the bit of paper he had taken from the envelop. "We have to go to Gold Bend to-night, to strengthen weak spots in levees there."

Mr. Marsh turned to his wife and Mildred, who had followed him. "I'll have to go at once," he said; then turned to Dick. "Take good care of your mother and the children."

"All right, Dad."

Mr. Marsh stooped and put his arms around Mildred. "You do your share, too, Daughter. And take good care of Oliver Twist. Have you learned to ride yet?"

"Learned to ride!" Dick shouted. "Learned to ride! She won't even get on him, Father. She's scared to death of a little old pony like that. He's hitched to the back fence now. I've been trying all afternoon to make her ride."

"He bites and kicks, Father," said Mildred.

"He's been teased. I told you that," Mr. Marsh answered. "If you'll be brave and not afraid of him, and treat him kindly, you'll find he won't bite nor kick any more. Father does n't want his little girl to be a coward."

"All right, Father." Mildred gave a little sigh. "I'll ride him to-morrow."

"That's a brave girl—good-night, dear."

Mr. Marsh kissed the children and his wife, and mounted the roan. Come on, Dick," he said; "ride down with me and bring Revere back."

Dick mounted behind his father, and called: "I'll be back soon, Mother," as they started off.

Half an hour later, they reached the fleet. At the far end was the *Amelia*, a big, broad-decked

steamboat where the commissary department and engineers' headquarters were; at the other end was the mess-room for the negro laborers. Between the two was a long line of barges and boats where were housed and cared for the tools and laborers employed by the United States Government in strengthening and improving the banks and bed of the Mississippi River.

Captain Murdock and Lieutenant Andrews awaited them on the shore.

"You did n't bring your family?" Lieutenant Andrews called, in a surprised tone.

"Is there any danger?" Mr. Marsh demanded.

"None that we know of, here," Captain Murdock said. "That is, no immediate danger. We'll be back to-morrow, and I think it might be well to bring the family down to-morrow night or the next day," he went on. "There's a little danger now, up at Gold Bend, where the levee is weak. The sand-bags and timber are on the way up there now, two barge-loads. Come on, the tug's waiting." Captain Murdock turned to where, on the opposite side of the *Amelia*, the tiny tug *El Dorado* bobbed up and down on the water.

"Dick," Mr. Marsh said, "take good care of your mother."

"Yes, Father, I will." Man and boy spoke quietly, looking straight into each other's eyes.

Then Dick bade the captain and Lieutenant Andrews good-by, and started homeward.

It was a long and lonely ride. There were only two homes between the fleet and the little town some five miles farther down the coast, and the Marsh home was the first one. But Dick was not lonely. The moonlight was very bright, and he let Revere walk as slowly as he wanted to. Sometimes he would pick his way slowly up the green slope of the levee until he reached the path along its crest, from where Dick could see, only a few feet within the crown of the levee, the mighty river rushing by. Then Revere would take to the road again, and Dick would look far across the green fields toward the woods, and wonder how these fresh fields would look if ever the water broke through the barriers that had so long held them to one channel.

When he neared home, he gave no whistling signal nor shouted greeting, as he usually did. On the contrary, he went slowly by. He said afterward that he never knew why he did it; he merely acted without thinking, and as though obeying some imperative command. So, silently,

he passed his home and went on down the road in the moonlight.

When he had ridden about a mile, he suddenly drew in the reins and sprang from Revere's back.

Was that moonlight, that shining spot on the levee, or had the river—

Dick stooped and laid his hand—in a pool of water!

The river had at last bitten its way through the levee, and, even in the moment that Dick stood there, staring, the pool of water doubled in size.

Dick sprang upon Revere and turned his face homeward. The big beast needed no urging, for he had scented danger, and his long, rapid strides soon left the break in the levee far behind.

"Mother!" Dick shouted as he neared the house. "Mother! come quickly!"

Before he reached the door, Mrs. Marsh was in the yard, two little children clinging to her skirts, Mildred following, the baby in her arms.

"The levee 's broken! Quick, Mother, mount!"

With her foot in his hand, Dick swung his mother upon Revere, behind the saddle, and put the baby in her outstretched arms.

"Put Ralph here, too," she said.

"No, Nell." Dick swung his little sister into position in front of his saddle. Then he said, "Mother, you 'll have to take the saddle. I 'll ride Oliver Twist, with Ralph and Mildred."

"No, you won't!" said Mildred, coming around the corner of the house astride the bare back of Oliver Twist. "Put Ralph here!" she commanded.

Dick hesitated. But behind them sounded the roar of rushing waters, flooding the lowlands.

"Put Ralph here!" Mildred spoke as though she were fourteen and Dick but nine, and Dick jumped the little boy up in front of his sister.

"I want my Minnie," Ralph whimpered.

Dick dashed up the steps and caught a black kitten from the doorway. Ralph's tiny hands squeezed the little body joyfully as he took the kitten and held it close to him, while Mildred's arms closed tightly around his own small body.

"Giddap!" Dick gave Oliver Twist's sleek neck a slap. Mildred's face went white as the pony started off, but her hands clung tightly to the reins, and her arms pressed close to Ralph's side. "I 'm proud of you, Sis!" Dick said. "Go on; I 'll be alongside in a minute."

He sprang to Revere, mounted, and, with his mother's arm around him and his around Nell, he started off, and in a moment was beside Mildred.

Behind them the roar of the rushing waters came louder and nearer. The big silver roan and the little bay pony broke into a dead run, and, step by step, raced along the moonlit road, in mad need to beat the coming flood.

Would they do it—could they do it?

Dick leaned forward, murmuring encouragement to Revere; or bent eager, glistening eyes upon his little sister, whose head was just about on a level with his knees.

Would they ever reach the bend before the waters mounted the up-slope of the road? Could they reach the fleet in safety? Where was their father? Would the water be very deep if it should overtake them?

Question after question passed through their minds. Did the same questions trouble the animals, straining their utmost, covered with sweat?

"Thank God!" Mrs. Marsh almost shouted as they rounded the bend and the lights of the fleet flashed before them.

A minute later, the foam-covered horses dashed up the gang-plank, and many hands were held out to lift down the white-faced family. Just then, a shrill whistle sounded, and the little tug *El Dorado* almost leaped across the water to the far side of the *Amelia*. When still some feet away, a black figure sprang from her upper deck, and Mr. Marsh landed close to the excited group on the lower deck of the *Amelia*.

"We heard the roar of the water! We were n't sure! We were nearly at Gold Bend. We—oh! Thank heaven!" Mr. Marsh tried to gather his entire family into his arms, all at one time, and Dick burst out laughing.

"I 'm proud of my kiddies!" Mr. Marsh said, a little later, as he sat with Mildred on his knees and his arm around Dick.

Mildred beamed, but Dick's face was serious.

"What 's the matter, Groucho?" Lieutenant Andrews asked, his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I—I wish we could have warned the people farther down, in the cottage," Dick said, looking toward the road, now a sheet of tossing, moonlit water.

"Dey ain't dere, Boss," said old black Adam. "Dey went off yistiddy, to see sum kin folkses."

Dick gave a shout of joy, and catching up Ralph and the kitten, tossed them across his shoulder as he beamed down at Mildred.

"She saved you, kid," he said, trying not to look too proud of his sister; "she did n't have time to be scared of a little thing like a pony. Come on, Sis, let 's go and feed 'em."

"Dat 's dun been dun, Boss," spoke Uncle Adam, with a generous gesture toward the bow of the boat; but Mildred slipped from her father's knee.

"I 'll go tell Oliver good-night, anyhow," she said, and, with her little white hand in old Adam's black one, she ran off to pet the horse, of which she was never more to be afraid.

AT THE CHILDREN'S MATINÉE



By Clara Meadowcroft

THE theater manager, who for so long believed that the whole world was made up of matinée girls, tired business men, and a few cultured persons, has at last discovered the children. Surely he must have been blind and deaf not to have found them out before. It is certainly not the fault of the children that they were neither seen nor heard, and the only plausible excuse he can offer is that he was unusually blind and more than ordinarily deaf.

Only a little over a year ago, there were no plays for children, and the theater was entirely a grown-up institution. Children had their own books, their own pictures, and their own songs, as a matter of course as well as of justice, but only once in a while, a very long while, a play of their own, like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Peter Pan."

Now this was a strange and unnatural condition, for children are always "playing at" something. They are the best "pretenders" in the world, and are surely just the people to enjoy real drama. The schools found this out long ago, and by giving annual plays in their various departments, laid a new and royal road to learning. But the theater manager had apparently heard nothing of the matter.

Suddenly some one changed all that. Mr. Winthrop Ames, at his Little Theater in New York City, announced a daily matinée performance of the dramatized fairy tale "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Every afternoon the Little Theater was given over to children, becoming a grown-up theater again only after the lamps were lit, and across the threshold of this beautiful little playhouse lay fairyland. Then, on the roof of the Century Theater, a Children's Theater was built, where Mr. George C. Tyler presented "Racketty-Packetty House."

At Christmas, also, came the return of "Peter Pan," while "Little Women" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl" completed the bewildering program. Unfortunately,

this season the Century Theater has passed into other hands, and the Children's Theater has, of course, gone with it; but if the fathers and mothers regret this loss as deeply as the children, there will surely be another real children's theater somewhere, soon.

The plays already given show that drama for children need not be limited to one class of plays. There is the picture-play, the story-play, the fantasy, the pantomime, even the childish problem-play. To these might be added plays from myth,

legend, folk-lore, and history; while music and poetry, the arts first learned and best loved by children, in lullaby and nursery-rhyme, should not be absent from their theater. The children's world of art is like that enchanted garden of statues in Eastern fairy-tale, where beautiful marble figures stand white and still, awaiting the disclosure of the magic charm that shall restore them to life. Pictures and stories are lovely, silent, art forms, lying bound between the covers of a book, waiting the magic power of the drama to set them free. Plays are stories brought to life, and so it is that seeing a good play is next best to living a good story.

As all of last season's plays are now touring the country to visit St. NICHOLAS children in their homes, the stories of these plays are given below. One of the companies offers a new opportunity to little folks. In "Racketty-Packetty House," the doll parts are all taken by children, who, though

they make the most lovable and lifelike dolls, are not easy to carry on a long and tiresome trip. Because of this, only a few children travel with the company, and all the rest are chosen in the



PETER PIPER IN
"RACKETTY-PACKETTY
HOUSE."

various cities in which the play is given. Both rehearsals and performances take place after school hours, so, Mother and the manager both willing, you may take part in the play yourself.

"RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE"

THE first play for children to be given in a real Children's Theater and enacted chiefly by real children, was written by a playwright whom all St. NICHOLAS children have long loved well—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who wrote the story itself, first of all, especially for St. NICHOLAS. It was from the pages of St. NICHOLAS, too, that *Lord Fauntleroy* made his first winsome bow to the world, and later the same pages gave us the beautiful story of little *Sara Crew*. So there was a large and friendly audience all ready to welcome Mrs. Burnett's merry little doll-play of "Racketty-Packetty House."

The play tells the story of six delightful, rowdy-dowdy dolls, who cut harum-scarum capers in a helter-skelter way, in the topsyturvy parlor of Racketty-Packetty House. This old-fashioned doll-house had been in the height of style during Queen Victoria's girlhood, when it had belonged to *Cynthia's* grandmother. But *Cynthia* is a very new-fashioned little girl, and she orders it carried out of the nursery to make room for Tidyshire Castle, a modern doll-house occupied by a family of stylish and snobbish dolls. By the intervention of the kind fairy, *Queen Crosspatch*, Racketty-Packetty House is placed in the nursery alcove, and the two tall footmen who attempt to carry it away are obliged to drop it suddenly exactly where it stood.

When we are introduced to the Racketty-Packetty family, they have just received notice of this intended removal, and they are still lying where the shock left them. *Peter Piper*, the head of the house and the hero of the play, first rises to the emergency—with the parlor table around his neck. He had been standing on the table when the crash came, and had taken the shortest way down to the floor, straight through the table. (It was a racketty-packetty table, you know.) *Peter* is a gay little hero, out at elbows, knees, and toes, but never out of temper nor out of clever tricks, and he always sees the bright side of things. "With one's head stuck through the table, one need never worry about being late for meals." In spite of this advantage, *Peter* falls out of the table and goes to the rescue of his family and furniture, both even more topsyturvy than usual. Then, not stopping a minute to mope at misfortune, this happy-go-lucky family all join hands and dance. As *Peter* explains, "We do it when anything nice happens, and we do it when nothing

happens at all." And when something happens that is n't nice, why, then they do it just the same. A pretty good working plan, is n't it?

The next thing that happens is very nice indeed. In through the parlor window comes a great grown-up hand and leaves a mysterious box on the floor. When *Peter* opens the box, out comes the lovely *Lady Patricia*, the daughter of the *Duchess of Tidyshire*. The footman has made a mistake and left her at the wrong address. So begins the happy friendship between "*Lady Patsy*" and the Racketty-Packetties, for her ladyship likes their gay life so much that she does not want to go home at all, and it is necessary for the *Duchess* and all the lords and ladies of Tidyshire Castle to come after her and take her away.

Of course a play must have a plot (the ups and downs, you know), and so *Lady Patricia* is locked up in the castle tower, and there breaks down and cries, while *Cynthia* orders Racketty-Packetty House taken down to the basement and there burned up; but through the timely visit of the real little princess, the grandchild of Queen Victoria, everything comes out right. *Peter Piper* and *Lady Patricia* have a lovely wedding, and Racketty-Packetty House becomes the treasured possession of the princess, with the hope of spending the rest of its days in Buckingham Palace.

Cynthia exclaimed wonderingly: "That old Racketty-Packetty House!" and even *Peter Piper* himself could not understand that it was the gay good nature and courage of the Racketty-Packetties that accounted for their rise in the world, as well as for *Lady Patricia's* affection for them. *Peter* always maintained, and this is the only thing against *Peter*, that *Lady Patricia* had "fallen in love" with him.

Children (and, of course, dolls too) have so many important things of their own to think about, that it is not necessary for them to borrow grown-up words and ways in order to have real drama. The whole world is a playhouse for the children. Frost-work and rainbows and the little horned moon, tangled forests and dragons and heroes, palaces and shop-windows and the house next door, are all "stage-properties." The children themselves are the actors, and Young Imagination is the stage-director. So, you see, there is no limit to the dramatic possibilities that may arise. Neither time, nor space, nor rhyme, nor reason has anything to say about the matter.

"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

"SNOW WHITE," in its exquisite settings and fairy atmosphere, possesses charm and distinction above most grown-up plays. Here are those



IN THE TOPSYTURVY PARLOR OF LUCKY LACK LUCKY DOGS.

THE CHILDS OF THE LITTLE
OF PERILOUS SCENES, IN LUCKY LACK LUCKY DOGS,
and glowing with the "light that never was on

sea or land." Each scene is a lovely page un-
folded from a living picture book—a wonder-
book whose pictures laugh and dance and sing.



"THE LOVELY WEDDING OF PETER PIPER AND LADY PATRICIA."

The play is a dramatization of the old fairy tale of the little princess whose hair was as black as night, whose skin was as white as snow, and whose lips were as red as blood. How she is hated by the wicked *Queen*, her stepmother, who tries to kill her; how she escapes through the wood to the house of the kindly dwarfs; how the *Queen* pursues her with the poisoned apple, which only sticks in *Snow White's* throat and does not really poison her after all—all this is well known



QUEEN BRANGOMAR AND THE WITCH IN "SNOW WHITE."

to every one, but no one before has seen it played in such magic pictures.

Some thoughtful person had whispered to the *Witch* that she must not frighten the children, and she had kindly remembered; but no one had warned the wicked *Queen*. This was a mistake, for the plot would have been just as clear without so much emphasis upon her jealousy and hatred. Children are sensible little philosophers, and when things happen, they happen, that is all. Nobody cares much why, especially if the cause must be explained by such frightful rages as the *Queen* went into. Such things do not count for much in real life, and neither should they in

drama. All wicked persons please take notice! Children see right through you from the start, so you do not need to put yourselves out to be horrid. Just be as horrid as usual, and they will understand.

In the end, of course, all the power of the wicked *Queen* is shattered with her magic mirror, and the princess, *Snow White*, is restored to her throne and her kingdom. The curtain falls on that last lovely scene in the throne-room, where *Snow White* dances with her little maids of honor, while beyond the marble terrace glimmers the blue, blue fairy sea. Very slowly and often looking backward, the wide-eyed audiences passed from that magic brightness, blinking, out into the common light of day.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

"*RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE*" is a story-play, and "*Snow White*" is a picture-play, but "*The Poor Little Rich Girl*," by Eleanor Gates, is a child problem-play. Little *Gwendolyn* has everything in the world except the things she really wants,—the outdoors to play in, and the companionship of her "too busy" father and mother. She is left to the mercy of maids and governesses, and tries to make the best of things with "pretend friends" and "pretend fun"; but her problem is a pretty hard one, and is finally solved almost at the cost of her life.

A wickedly careless nurse-maid, in order to secure an evening out, gives *Gwendolyn* an overdose of sleeping potion, and for a long anxious night the little girl battles for her life in the midst of the delirious fancies which beset her. These feverish dreams that pass through her head make up the episodes of the play, and *Gwendolyn* herself takes an active part in the fantastical scenes, which change constantly just as they do in a dream. The outcome of the nurse-maid's error is at first uncertain, but morning finds the danger past, Father and Mother at the bedside, and all *Gwendolyn's* "dearest pretends" about to come true.

The message of the play is for parents rather than for children, and so "*The Poor Little Rich Girl*" is not strictly a child's play. Nor is the circumstance from which the play arises a pleasant one to consider. It is hard to forget that behind the whimsical fantasy is a little lonely child lying between life and death, and this situation prevents the play from being really "enjoyable." Yet it may be something much better, if it helps other little *Gwendolyns* to find their mothers and fathers too.

As a dream-play, it is quite wonderful. Scenery shifts miraculously, almost before your eyes,

while people and things change from what they seem to be to what they really are, and yet the connection between the dream and the reality is

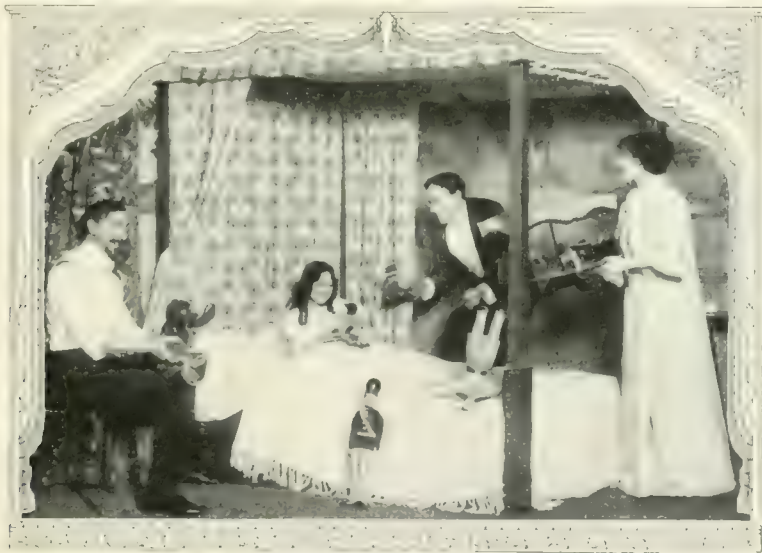
And on the way home, after you have fully expressed your opinion of the performance, and mentioned all the thoughts that came into your



SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

never lost. The governess becomes a "snake in the grass," the nurse, a "two-faced thing," the policeman, "heels over head," and other pictur-

head during those two delightful, tongue-tied hours in the theater, there is still another pleasure in store for you, for, if you are like some



THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL'S "PRETENDS" COME TRUE

esque phrases, such as, "a stiff upper lip," "a sharp eye," "riding a hobby," and "burning the candle at both ends," find literal expression in the dream.

other young people I know, you will probably amuse yourself by seeing how many more curious expressions you can discover in this marvelous language of ours.



A SCENE FROM "LITTLE WOMEN"

"LITTLE WOMEN"

It is somewhat of a question to decide whether one wants to go to see "Little Women" or not, but it is a question that must be settled by going to see them. If the book is very dear to you, if it is associated with all your own little-girlhood, if *Mcg* and *Jo* and *Beth* and *Amy* have been playmates and companions of your thoughts for years, then you will have queer feelings when the curtain goes up and discovers them all there before you on the stage. It is like seeing one's own family up there. And how you would feel about that may decide your feelings about the play.

The players too are in an embarrassing situation. All the little girls in the house know the story by heart. They know just how the little women should look, how they should dress, and how they should act. You can see the difficulty of realizing all those loved and conflicting ideals at the same time. The audience is altogether too knowing.

The play begins where the book does, in the sitting-room of the old Concord home, with the

four girls talking and dreaming around the fire, and ends in the orchard at Plumfield, with everybody grown up. The events between, brought out in such a leisurely manner in the book, crowd fast upon each other in the play, and remind one of the way people walk in moving pictures. It seems as if the actors ought to be fairly breathless. When *Jo* protests against *John Brooke's* visits to *Mcg*, and says, "We are all growing up too fast," the audience feels that she has found the root of the trouble. They are indeed growing up too fast, three or four times too fast!

That is the difficulty of making a play out of a two-volume story. A book lets you take your time to it; a play must stop at dinner-time or bedtime. So when a long story is put into a short play, there is bound to be a misfit.

Then, too, as everybody knows, the best part of "Little Women" is the first part. The second and more grown-up half was added only because of the demand for "more." But it is with the second part that the play is most concerned, and perhaps that is the reason for a final feeling of disappointment. While the young ladies are very

charming and agreeable, it is as "little women" that they are known and loved best.

"PETER PAN"

And "*Peter Pan*" who stayed so long in the Never Never Never Land that the children were afraid he had forgotten the way back, came fluttering joyously down among them once more and made every one drop his bundles and join hands in a rollicking ring.

That is *Peter Pan's* way. He does just what his godfather, Sir James Matthew Barrie, once wrote of Robert Louis Stevenson: "He tugs at the skirts of this old world, and *makes* it come out to play."

Why does *Peter* not stay and live with us? Why will he not yield to *Wendy's* loving plea? Why must *Peter*, who loves the firelight and the story-telling and the "thimbles," turn from them all and go back, lonely at heart but bravely piping, to the Land of Never Never? So many little hearts, in England and America, have asked this question, and longed to add their pleadings to *Wendy's* coaxing voice.

But *Peter* knows a fairy secret. You cannot get at the pinkness of a rose by crushing the petals in your fingers; you cannot shut up the sunbeams in a strong-box; you cannot gain happiness by grasping the things you want. A poet

learned this secret too, and told it to mortals thus:

Love thou the rose, yet leave it on its stem.

Thou'lt make a garden by tending all ye could.

Blessed are those that spare and that withhold,
Because the whole world shall be trusted them.

And so *Peter*, loving stories and firelight, loving *Wendy* and *Wendy's* mother, is yet true to himself and to the fairy world, and in that he finds eternal youth and joy. His home is the land of dreams, and his joyous mission it is to pass back and forth between There and Here to keep the paths open for us,—flitting lightly over the barriers of doubt and selfish common-sense, to prove that there *are* fairies, after all,—that there really is a Land of Never Never.

There were many wistful eyes watching when *Peter* finally disappeared over the tree-tops, but Miss Adams, through whose eyes *Peter* looks at us, and with whose voice he speaks (surely she must *be Peter* too), promises that he shall come back to New York every year at Christmas to spend the holidays. She has chosen this time because it is the nicest time for the children, and the most convenient for *Wendy* besides. *Wendy*, you remember, goes to the Never Never Never Land early in the spring to do *Peter's* housecleaning for him, and *Peter*, of course, must be at home to welcome her when she comes.



THE BOY OF LEAGUE

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE GREAT MARLBOROUGH AND SOME OTHERS

THERE is a song still sung by French children of which the refrain runs so:

Marlbrough s'en va t'en Guerre.
(Marlbrough goes to war.)

To-day this song is just a nursery jingle. But time was when it struck terror into the child who heard it, or even the grown-ups. For Marlborough went to war with a vengeance, pretty much all over Europe, and wherever he met the French, he defeated them. He broke the



After painting by Adriaen Vander Werff.
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

plans of Louis XIV of France to establish the French power over Flanders and the Netherlands, and made England supreme in the new alliance that embraced all the great Powers. He joined England and Scotland in a union that has endured till this day, and he was in truth the real ruler of England throughout the reign of Anne.

A picturesque figure was this great earl. The French called him "the handsome Englishman," while Lord Chesterfield said of him that he

"engrossed all the graces." Charming, winning, with a "careless sweetness" of manner that made him a general favorite in society, he was also a man of iron constitution and dauntless courage. He had made a love-match with a beautiful and fascinating woman of violent temper, and he adored his wife to the end. Through her, he absolutely ruled the weak Queen Anne, for she, also, worshiped the Duchess of Marlborough. Between Her Majesty and the lady all questions of rank were dropped; and in their familiar intercourse the duchess became "Mrs. Freeman" and the queen "Mrs. Morley."

For all his charm and all his greatness, however, Marlborough, or John Churchill, as he was known before being created an earl, was very little bothered with considerations of honor.

He deserted James for William, and then conspired to drive William from the throne and put Anne in his place, well knowing that this would make him the virtual king of England. These designs were discovered, and King William banished the earl and his wife from court. Princess Anne followed her favorites. But Queen Mary died, and William had to recall the princess, who was heir to the crown. Back with her came the Marlboroughs; and since it was now pretty clear that William himself had not long to live, there was no danger that the earl would again betray his sovereign. The king, though he never trusted him more, nor liked him, yet eventually gave him command of the army in Holland, and recognized him as the greatest subject in England. William's death was hastened by a fall from his horse, and in dying he recommended Anne to take Marlborough as the fittest guide to be found.

All this fighting, all the changes that were taking place, as well as the manners and customs of the times, which were as gay and highly colored as the costumes, make these years of England's history extremely interesting. And the romance writers have given us some exciting stories.

"In Kings' Houses," by Julia C. R. Dorr (L. C. Page, \$1.50), tells about London during the last of William's and the earlier years of Anne's reign. It is a story that brings in many of the famous persons of the day, and it is exceedingly readable.

To this period belongs Thackeray's great novel, "Henry Esmond." The story is supposed to be written in George III's time, but it relates

to Anne's reign. Marlborough, General Webb, Steele, with Lord Mohun, and Hamilton the unfortunate, all come into the story, as does the youthful "Old Pretender," James III, as he was called by the Jacobites. It is one of the immortal novels of the world, a wonderful, entrancing story, full of details that put the characters and the places clearly before you, realistic as the account of an eye-witness, or rather of some one who did himself go through with the scenes depicted. It is a book that you will enjoy all your life, and you must surely read it for a faithful picture of the later years of Anne's reign.

Before we get entirely away from King William, I want to speak of a buccaneering story that is set in the end of the seventeenth century. The book is called "A Gentleman-Adventurer," and is by J. Bloundelle-Burton. It is timely now, because it tells the exciting story of how a band of English pirates made the famous attempt in the year 1698 to wrest Panama from Spain. It is a stirring, adventurous book which you will greatly enjoy. I do not know whether it has been published in America, but you can often find it in libraries.

The indefatigable Harrison Ainsworth has not neglected the reign of Anne. "St. James, or, The Court of Queen Anne," is the title of his novel, which has many pictures of court and social life strung on a story that will hold your interest.

A book of a different sort is Anne Manning's "The Old Chelsea Bunhouse." It was written for young people, and is a quiet but fascinating story with a lovely flavor of the bygone times of the eighteenth century (Dutton, \$1).

The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies were among Marlborough's magnificent victories. E. Everett Green, in "Fallen Fortunes," tells us a lot not only of London, but of the latter of these two combats. Henty has also written of the mighty captain, who was called the most powerful, as he was the richest, subject the world had known. There are two books by him, "A Cornet of Horse" and "With the Irish Brigade," both telling incidents of Marlborough's foreign wars. The history is accurate, and the stories, with their boy heroes, the usual Henty kind (Scribner's \$2 and \$1.50).

A different phase of the period, with a hero quite as famous as Marlborough, for very different reasons, is contained in another of Ainsworth's books, "Rookwood," which tells the career of Dick Turpin, the highwayman. A wild and reckless tale it is, beginning with the year 1705 and running to 1739. Dick's famous ride is one of the features of the story (Dutton, \$2).

A charming juvenile, if you can get hold of it, is Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell's "Old Shropshire Life," full of tales and legends, told in a simple but lovely way, about Much Wenlock and neighboring halls and villages. The quiet country spirit of the early eighteenth century is reflected delightfully in this little volume.

Anne died in 1714, and after some anxiety George I, of the House of Hanover, succeeded to the throne. Marlborough's glory was over,



ANNE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.
QUEEN ANNE.

the queen having turned against him some time before her death, and another sort of man now guided England. Robert Walpole, the hard-riding, hard-drinking country squire, with his big, ugly face and burly body, his shrewd good sense, and genius for understanding the needs of his country, stood at the head of the Whig party. And the Whigs ruled England. The first two Georges were commonplace men and respectable kings, but with Anne the last shadow of real kingly power faded from the throne. Anne had had her way in many matters, and had presided at the cabinet councils of her ministers. This no subsequent sovereign has done, nor yet ventured to refuse consent to an Act of Parliament. The Whigs were the dominant power in Parliament, and Walpole was their leader.

A story by Charlotte Yonge, called "Love and

Life," covers all of Anne's and most of the first two Georges' reigns. It is written for the young, and is a faithful picture of much of the life both in city and country, as well as a story you will enjoy reading (MacMillan, \$1.25).

The Jacobites, as the people who favored the Old Pretender, James, or his son, Charles, the Young Pretender, were called, kept right along giving England a lot of trouble. The year after Anne's death there was a great uprising of these Jacobites with much loss of life and wild fighting. Walter Besant's "Dorothy Forster" is a splendid book for this period. The story is supposed to be told by Dorothy herself, who is a garrulous maid, delighting in drawing intimate pictures of her friends, the gentry of Northumberland. The thrilling and heartbreaking story of the rebellion leads on to London, with scenes of Georgian society, and to the Tower, and finally to Newgate. The romantic and chivalrous figure of the Earl of Derwentwater dominates the book, as he did the heart of Dorothy (Dodd, Mead, \$1).

Bulwer has also written a very interesting story of this same eventful year, 1715, "Devereux" (Little, Brown, \$2.50, 2 vols.). Fielding, Swift, Addison, Pope, the Minister Bolingbroke, and many other famous personages come into the narrative, and are cleverly characterized.

A book that tells us of the London of Walpole and Bolingbroke, with most of the action in the years 1726-7, is M. E. Braddon's "Mohawks" (Harper, 25 cents). About the same spot in history is covered in the light, amusing story by Agnes and Egerton Castle, "French Nan."

Scott's beautiful romance of "Rob Roy" shows us Scotland and the Scots during these Jacobite troubles. For pure bewitchment, Scott never wrote a more enchanting tale than this.

Another novel by Besant is set in the reign of George II, running from 1740 to 1760. It is "The World Went Very Well Then," and is filled with love, war, and adventure, on shipboard and at Deptford-on-Thames (Harper's, \$1.25 and 25 cents).

I dare say many of you have seen Booth Tarkington's play "Monsieur Beaucaire." The book is even better and more engrossing than the play, and belongs just here in our long list of romances. Bath, with its famous Pump-room, is the scene, and the men and women are typical of the day. Two other stories by the Castles also fit in at this place, "The Bath Comedy," with its sequel, "Incomparable Bellairs." These are slight, gay little tales, but they reproduce the

spirit and manners of eighteenth-century England very cleverly.

Henty's "Bonnie Prince Charley" gives the Jacobite side of affairs. But a book that presents the whole movement in truly wonderful and moving fashion is Scott's well-known "Waverley," the first of the long chain of novels he was to write. It is a romantic story, tragic enough at times, and among other events presents the ill-fated field of Culloden, and the execution of the great Highland Chief, the hero's friend and companion-in-arms. His "Heart of Midlothian" should also be read at this time. Queen Caroline, wife of George II, is one of the characters, and the Porteous Riots in Edinburgh provide much of the interest. Most of the book is devoted to humble Scotch life, however, and you will learn a great deal of just how all these big affairs looked to the poorer folk. Jeanie Deans, one of these humble persons, has been called Scott's noblest heroine. A fine brave lass she is, and a friend worth having, even though she lives inside a book.

In the year 1745, there was another rebellion of the Jacobites. A good book that is laid in this time is Amelia Barr's "Thyra Varick," and also her "Berenicia," which tells of the hard years following the uprising.

Several of Robert Louis Stevenson's matchless adventure tales belong to the time of the Georges. The Scotch stories, "David Balfour," "Kidnapped," and "Catriona," are all Jacobite tales. And what tales they are! How living, how unforgettable, how actual! You will feel very much at home in the days of King George when you have read these three books.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is also set about the middle of the eighteenth century, and is an accurate picture of the possibilities of adventure and character in that not-so-distant day. A more splendid and rousing story was never written, and from the first moment when the old brown seaman with the saber cut across one cheek appears on the dusty road, to that when you close the volume on the dream-sound of "pieces of eight, pieces of eight," you cannot bear to separate yourself from the story even to eat and sleep.

This will do for one month. Though, if you want very good measure, you might take up Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington," as delightful a tale (dramatized under the name of "Masks and Faces") as ever there was; or dip into "The Spectator," which is first-hand information, for it was written in the times of which it tells.

THE BABY BEARS' FOURTH ADVENTURE

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



THE little cubs try hard at school
To learn, and use, the Golden Rule.



The teacher kisses them good-by,
And gives them each an apple-pie.



Then, as they homeward wend their way,
The jolly postman stops to say:



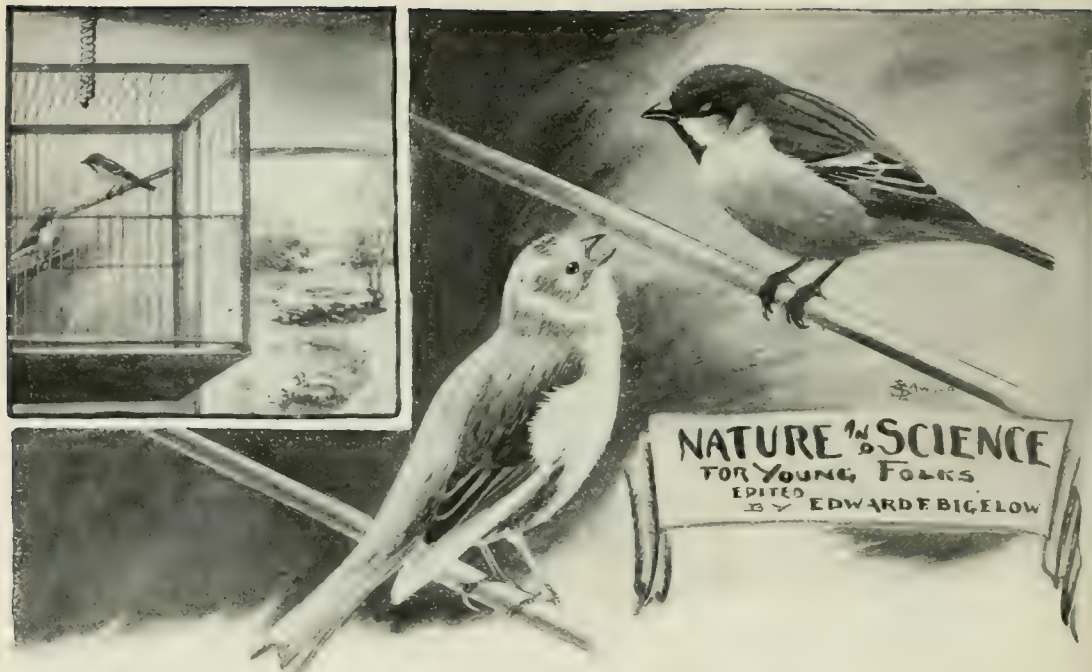
"Hello, my pets! run quick, now do,
And see what I've just left for you!"



"Let's rub our rings and wish," said they.
"It's lots of valentines so gay!"



And oh, what joy for Sam and Sue!
The rings had made their wish come true!



AN ENGLISH SPARROW LEARNING THE CANARY'S SONG.

TRAINING ENGLISH SPARROWS TO BECOME PLEASING SINGERS

Who would have thought that the much-abused English sparrow, with his homely dress and monotonous chirp, possesses the ability to imitate to a large degree our most popular house-bird, the canary? Dr. Conradi, of Clark University, has demonstrated that this is the case. In his experiments he has sought to have the sparrow, from the very first, hear only the notes and songs

since the canaries did not make good guardians for the young sparrows. They neglected or deserted the young birds, and in one case the female deliberately trampled them to death.

Of several sparrows about a day old that were placed in charge of canaries, only one lived. This one in due course developed the sparrow chirp when calling for food, but he did not long continue to use it. In the room in which he was kept were about twenty canaries, and some of these were constantly singing. The chirp of the sparrow was heard less and less frequently, and instead, his call changed into a fine peep, this becoming mellow and more like the whistle of a quail as he grew older. This sparrow, which was hatched in July, showed no desire to sing until the latter part of October, when he suddenly chimed in with the canaries "in his own fashion, giving a low note followed by a few high notes, with now and then some slurs from a high to a low note similar to the notes the canaries have in their overtures." This he continued for a few days, until, suddenly becoming ill, he did not sing for some weeks. When he recovered his health, he again burst into song. This time it was a confusion of notes resembling the sounds made when three of the canaries were together singing at their best. This outburst he kept up daily with much enthusiasm as long as he was associated with the canaries. Another sparrow, which, dur-



AN ENGLISH SPARROW ADDING HIS DISCORDANT NOTES TO THE HARSH SOUNDS OF HUMAN INDUSTRY.

of the canary. To do this he placed some sparrow eggs, for the last few days previous to hatching, in canary nests. These experiments failed,

ing the most impressionistic weeks of his life, heard only occasional canary notes, later developed the canary song to a very high degree, except that the voice did not have the musical finish of that of the songsters. Both these sparrows adopted the call-note as well as the songs of the



THE MOCKINGBIRD, WHICH LEARNED THE SONGS OF THE CANARIES.

canary. In May, they were removed from the canaries and placed in an open room where they pretty continuously heard the natural call of the sparrow. Here they were unable to stimulate each other to continue their musical perform-



THE MOCKINGBIRD, WHICH LEARNED THE SONGS OF THE CANARIES.

ances, the "call of the wild" proving too overpowering. They gradually developed the "chirp, chirp" of their brethren, although their notes were never so harsh as those of the wild birds. In the fall, they were returned to the room in which the canaries were kept, and there soon regained the accomplishments which they had lost during the summer.

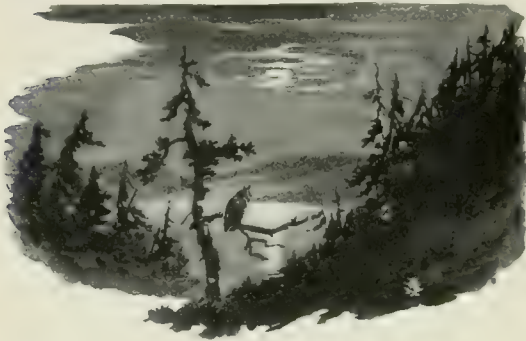
These experiments would seem to lend support to the idea that some of the most beautiful songs



MOCKING-BIRD, FOR-WHITE, BLUE-JAY (IN FLIGHT), AND KING-BIRD.

of our birds are an imitation of sounds which they hear in nature. One cannot help wondering if the unattractive sparrow acquired his noisy and disagreeable chirp through his long continued association with the noises and sounds made in civilized communities.—MAUD DEWITT PEARL.

Many scientists have studied the manner in which birds may be taught to imitate the songs of other birds. It is said by some that birds'



THE WEIRD SOLITUDE FINDS A VOICE IN
THE OWL'S NOTES

songs are largely, if not entirely, a matter of imitation, though other scientists do not accept this suggestion as even probable. Edward Conradi, Ph.D., has extensively investigated not only the songs of English sparrows, but of several other birds, and in an interesting pamphlet tells us the results of his own investigations and those of other ornithologists.

Mr. C. A. Witchell finds that "imitation is very prominent in bird song. Birds in their wild state not only imitate other birds, but also insects, quadrupeds, and sounds produced by the elements." A few of his illustrations will make his point clear: the voices of the owls simulate the moaning of the wind in hollow trees, such as these birds frequent; the *sweet ree* of the common swift is similar to the swish of his wings as he skims through the air; the voices of mallards, pelicans, flamingos, and herons resemble the croaking of frogs and toads. In British Columbia, he heard a wren imitating perfectly the trickling of water. Moreover, many of the warbling birds build their nests not far from water, probably on account of the insect supply, and are thus often within hearing of the intricate music of babbling brooks. He thinks that such birds as the robin, wren, hedge-sparrow, blackbird, and blackcap, which sing mellow tones and intervals of pitch rather than imitations of other sounds, may have acquired this music partly through the influence of the murmurs and gurgles of rippling streams. The

common call-note of the brown wren resembles the chirp of the cricket—this bird is generally found along hedge-rows where crickets abound, and thus hears the cricket's chirp by day and by night. The song of the grasshopper-warbler is exactly like the persistent song of the green field-cricket. The cry of the ostrich resembles the roar of the lion, and the shrill note of the red-headed woodpecker that of a species of tree-frog which frequents the same trees. In the latter case, the resemblance is so great that the cries can hardly be distinguished. The squirrel and the snake reproduce in their alarm-cries the sounds made by these animals during rapid retreat—the squirrel the swish of a long twig, and the snake the rustling of dry grass as she glides through it. He gives very numerous instances of birds imitating other birds.

Mr. W. E. D. Scott investigated the Baltimore orioles. When left without training, they sing a song of their own. Two birds isolated from their own kind and from all other birds, but with a strong inherited tendency to sing, originated a novel method of song. Four birds, isolated from wild representatives of their own kind and associated with the two that had invented the new song, learned it from them and never sang in any other way.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his observations in South America on this interesting subject, says that



GRASSHOPPER SPARROW AND THE GRASSHOPPERS
WHICH HE MIMICS.

the notes of the parent birds affect the young of several species even before they are hatched.

"When the little prisoner is hammering at its shell, and uttering its feeble *peep*, as if begging to be let out, if the warning note is uttered, even

at a considerable distance, the strokes and complaining instantly cease, and the chick will then remain quiescent in the shell for a long time, or until the parent, by a changed note, conveys to it an intimation that the danger is over."

The subject is important, entertaining, and instructive. It affords a comparatively new field for study, and one that is within the reach of many who love birds and desire to increase the world's store of valuable information.

A HITCHING-POST FOR COLUMBUS IN PORTO RICO

Just outside the city of Ponce, Porto Rico, on the road to Juana Diaz, is an enormous ceiba-

and ate within the shelter of the roots for nearly a twelvemonth, and until told by the civic authorities that he would be obliged to find a less public place in which to make his home.

The particular root which, tradition says, Columbus used, still thrusts out its strong and vigorous arm. The branches of the tree are wide-spreading and perhaps gave shade to the resting explorer and his party.—FREDERIC DEAN.

There are various traditions regarding this tree. Some people even claim that the "hitching" was for horses, and some that it was for ships. But aside from all traditions, the tree is remarkably interesting. At the request of the editor of this department, Mr. J. N. Rose, Research Asso-



A FAMOUS OLD TREE IN PORTO RICO, KNOWN AS "COLUMBUS'S HITCHING POST."

tree, known as "Columbus's hitching-post." Scientists, who have examined the tree, say that it is fully a thousand years old, and the people who live in its vicinity declare that the peculiar formation of the roots—protruding some ten or twelve feet up from the ground—was noted by them in their childhood, and had been described to them by their fathers and grandfathers as remaining without change for generations.

These roots—which form a complete circle of fully eighteen or twenty feet in diameter—are now inclosed with a stout wire fence to keep out intruders. Old residents of the city remember the time when a member of their borough slept

ciate of the United States Museum, personally visited the tree and carefully examined it. He reports as follows:

"The editor of this department made inquiry of me regarding a tree called Columbus's hitching-post. Upon investigation I found that this tree is the so-called silk-cotton tree, *Ceiba pentandra*. I did not then learn, however, the reason for the popular name or the place where this name was first applied. One can easily imagine the pleasure it gave me, therefore, when, on visiting the island of Santo Domingo, recently, I found the very tree to which, according to tradition, Columbus tied his ship when visiting that

island, over four hundred years ago. The surroundings are such that one is inclined to accept the story as true. The tree is just outside of the wall of the old town of Santo Domingo, founded by Columbus in 1496, and near the landing-stage of all boats. This spot may have been the landing-place in prehistoric times. At the present time, the wharf of the Hamburg-American Line steamers is but a few feet away from this tree, which is the only one of any size along the river front. It is doubtless very old, and may well have been there five hundred years. The trunk is thick and short, all the large branches but one having been broken off, giving the tree a one-sided shape. The city of Santo Domingo has recently built a fence about the tree to protect it from vandals."

SALT FROM SEA-WATER

THE accompanying photograph shows a pile of salt manufactured near San Diego, California, by evaporating sea-water. During the very high tides, which occur about twice a month, the water flows into a large storage pond, and after a short time is pumped into small, shallow ones, where it is kept until partly evaporated by the sun's heat. It is then let into smaller and still shallower ponds, known as lime or pickle ponds, in which it stays until it is so nearly evaporated that the remaining brine is about sixty per cent. salt and about forty per cent. water, and where the gypsum, magnesium, and other foreign substances are deposited, so that, when the brine is drawn off into the crystallizing ponds, or "vats," as they are called, it is rid of most of its impurities.

In the bottom of these vats most of the salt

and again until the layer of salt is about ten inches thick, when it is broken up and taken to the washer. Here it is forced through water



NOT ICE, BUT SALT, DEPOSITED EIGHT INCHES DEEP ON THE BOTTOM OF A CRYSTALLIZING POND, OR "VAT."

which is too salty to dissolve any of it, but which cleans it thoroughly. The salt is then taken up in wire baskets, sprayed with fresh water, and passed to a conveyer by which it is dumped on the stack shown in the cut. It is still "commercial" salt, however, and good only for tanning, pickling, freezing ice-cream, and the like. Before it is fit for table use it must be dissolved in absolutely pure water and crystallized again, this second process being repeated over and over until all of the impurities are removed.

H. S. McDONALD.

THORNS IN WHICH ANTS LIVE

AT one of the Central American ports where our steamer called on a recent trip from Panama to San Francisco, I took a walk ashore and was interested in some thorny shrubs of the acacia tribe which I found growing wild. The needle-pointed thorns were an inch and a half, or more, long, and set on the branch in diverging pairs. Each pair bore a striking resemblance to a pair of cattle horns in miniature, and, as they were of attractive colors, I cut off some branches to take to the ship as curiosities. Immediately, my hands were overrun with ants which bit sharply, and an inspection showed that the little insects emerged from inside the thorns, which were hollow, and each perforated with a minute hole. Each thorn was thus the habitation of an ant colony which, in return for free lodging, benefited their host by attacking anything that molested the plant.



A PILE OF SALT UNDER THE WASHER AND STACKER, READY FOR SHIPMENT

in the brine then gathers in the shape of crystals, when the water is pumped out, being replaced by fresh brine. The operation is repeated again

The plant, furthermore, supplied the ants with honey, of which they are very fond, and which, I noticed, exuded from glands on the leaf stalks.

Afterward, I learned that the especial enemies against which this ant garrison is effective are species of leaf-cutting ants which, in the tropics, often swarm in great numbers upon plants and denude them of foliage. Should they invade a plant where these thorn-dwellers are colonized, they are beaten off by the fierce little thorn-folk, and the plant's leaves are saved.

Once I saw a procession of the leaf-eaters on their way home from despoiling an unprotected shrub. There were myriads in the line of march, each ant hidden beneath a bit of leaf, the size of a dime, which it carried as one holds an um-



ANTS MAKE THEIR HOMES WITHIN THESE THORNS.

brella. From this fact the natives call such ants "umbrella-ants."

A photograph of the acacia thorns accompanies this note.

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

VOL. XLI.—47.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF WEASELS

HERE is a photograph of very shy, quick-motioned, bloodthirsty, and cruel little animals. Photographers have never succeeded well with weasels because they are difficult to find, owing



THE KEEN-EYED WEASELS.

to this shyness and quickness. But Mr. W. S. Thomas, who made the accompanying photograph, has succeeded remarkably well by placing a camera in front of the entrance to a hollow tree in which a family of them were hidden. He then probably knocked on the tree and took the photograph as the weasels came out.

Weasels sometimes visit chicken yards with very disastrous results to the chickens, for they kill far more than they can eat, apparently for the love of killing. Indeed, they are the very intensity of wildness and animal fierceness, and, country boy as I was, I have seen only two or three in my life. As E. S. Cope says: "A glance would suffice to betray its character. The jaws are worked by comparatively large masses of muscles. The forehead is low and the nose is sharp; the eyes are small, penetrating, and cunning, and glitter with an angry green light. There

is something peculiar, moreover, in the way that this fierce face surmounts a body extraordinarily wiry, lithe, and muscular, and ends in a remarkably long and slender neck in such a way that it may be held at right angles with the axis of the latter. When the creature is glancing around, with the neck stretched up and the flat triangular head bent forward, swaying from one side to the other, we catch the likeness in a moment—it is the image of a serpent."

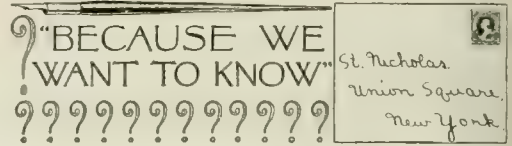
Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton thus sums up the characteristics of the weasels:

"The weasels have the unloveliest disposition of all our wild animals. Outside of their strength and courage, we find in them little to admire. Most other animals have a well-marked home region and friends, but the ordinary life of a weasel is that of a wandering demon of carnage."

AN AUTOMOBILE LOCOMOTIVE

THE photograph shows an automobile that has car-wheels for the railroad track instead of the ordinary rubber-tired wheels for the road. It

wagon or for automobile, and bad traveling afoot for man or horse. These are the reasons for the use of the auto-tram car. FRANK W. LANE.



THE MOON AND THE TIDES

Boulder, Col.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why, in California, when the moonlight nights come, the tide rises?

Your reader, ESTHER REED.

The moon causes the high water, but the highest mound of water is not directly under the moon, as it would be if the moon and the earth were both at rest. The moon tends to heap the water up under itself, but the place where the highest water is on the earth is very much modified both by the fact that the earth is rapidly turning, and by the fact that the water cannot



THE AUTOMOBILE THAT RUNS ON A RAILROAD TRACK.

makes the round trip between Caldor and Diamond Spring, California, in two and one half hours, traveling seventy miles and using a narrow-gage track. It was converted to its present use by A. Hassler to accommodate the employees in a saw-mill located far from a railroad station. The roads in that vicinity are hardly passable for

change its place instantaneously. The result is that at some ports the time of highest water follows the passage of the moon by one hour, at some by two, and at others by more, all the way up to twelve. The interval between the time when the moon is south and when the high water comes is called the "Establishment of the Port,"

This can be found for all marine coast stations in many almanacs. Thus if, where you are, the time of high tide comes, say, eight hours after the moon has "southed" to-night, it will always follow the moon by this same interval.

Everywhere the highest tides occur when the moon is full and when it is new, because the moon, earth, and sun are in one straight line at these times, and so pull together. The sun-tide and the moon-tide then combine, and their effect is united. (Consult any work on general astronomy for a detailed explanation of this.)—E. D.

THE DIFFERENT COLORS OF CLOUDS

GREENWICH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why are some clouds white and some black? The black ones are generally in the sky before and during some big storm.

Your interested reader,
EDWIN N. CHAPMAN, JR. (age 11)

White clouds are those which are so thin that sunlight comes through them, or else they are in such a position that the side seen by the observer is lighted by the sunlight. Black clouds are those that are so thick, or dense, that little sunlight passes through them, and at the same time are not illuminated by sunlight on the side seen by the observer. It is these heavy, large clouds that are most likely to produce rain.—H. L. W.

DREAMS ARE NOT PROPHETIC

SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please explain to us how it is that some people can dream things, and that these things afterward prove to be true, although, at the time, the dreamer had never heard or imagined such a possibility? For instance, the brother of a friend of ours was going to a school a very long distance from his home. A short time before he left, his sister dreamed that he had arrived, and found himself in a girls' school, or, rather, in the girls' part of a school for girls and boys. Of course it was an amusing situation, and apparently impossible. The strange thing was that, when the brother actually got to his school, he found there were girls there as well as boys. None of his family had had any idea of this.

We could give several other examples, but perhaps this one will be enough.

Your interested readers,
R. M. RICHARDSON,
LILY A. LEWIS.

So far as our evidence goes, "prophetic" dreams appear to be merely accidental. The dream is touched off by the events of the day before, and the nature of the dream is determined by the interests, character, and experience of the dreamer. In the present case, the brother's departure had, no doubt, been frequently talked about, and the sister had probably compared and contrasted the mode of life at girls' and boys' schools. There is, then, nothing unlikely in the dream reported. Notice, too, that the fulfilment is partial only.

One of the reasons for belief in the prophetic nature of dreams is that we tend always to remember the favorable cases and to forget the others. Had the brother found boys only at the new school, the present dream would have been laughed over and forgotten. To get reliable evidence, we must list a large number of dreams, and calculate the ratio of fulfilments to non-fulfilments.

It should be added that some persons who are liable to recurrent ill-health, regularly dream the same dream as their illness comes upon them. In these cases, the appearance of the dream may suggest dietetic or other preventive treatment, and the dream itself may, in a sense, be termed "prophetic."

E. B. TITCHENER.

WHY SMOKE RISES

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why smoke rises? I always thought carbon dioxide (which is heavier than air) was in smoke. I could not understand it, so I thought I would ask you.

Affectionately yours,
NORMAN C. CARRIE.

The visible part of smoke consists chiefly of small, unconsumed particles of carbon from the fuel. They are carried upward by the currents of heated air from the fire. All the gases, including the carbon dioxide, if present, are expanded by the heat and rush upward with the current of hot air, which has sufficient force to carry upward objects heavier than itself.

A COMMON MYTH REGARDING SNAKES

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell us whether, when you kill a snake, it does not die till sunset.

DOROTHY INGRAM,
CAROLYN ROGERS.

I would explain that this belief, that if a snake is killed it does not really die until the sun sets, is brought about by the excessive nervous stimulus of the snake. When a snake's back is broken with a stick or its head is crushed, the reptile will continue to twist and move its body and the tail to wiggle for several hours; but the animal is actually dead, although the muscles contain a certain amount of nervous stimulus that produces this movement. The same effect, but in a lesser degree, may be noted with a chicken. If the head is cut off, the mutilated creature will beat its wings on the ground or run a short distance before the nervous energy or stimulus dies away.

There is absolutely no connection between the duration of the nervous stimulus of the snake and the setting of the sun, although the cool air of the evening may bring about a quicker rigidity of the muscles.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.



ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

Our special thanks are due to the Young Photographers this month, for they sent in an overwhelming array of "lucky snap-shots," captured by their quick shutters and even quicker wits. Several of the pictures, indeed, would attract remark in any exhibi-

tion, such, for instance, as the tense scene of the East Indian snake-charmer and his hooded cobra, on page 374, and the view on page 373 of the steamboat, the aeroplane, and the little rowboat, caught all together with one click of the camera. The big dirigible balloon floating above the roofs of Paris is another notable success, as is also the tennis player with the ball in mid air; and there

were so many admirable photographs of people, pets, and animals in top-speed action or in novel and charming poses, that to select from them was no easy task. We should gladly have printed all those represented by the first Roll of Honor, had space permitted.

The writers of verse, too, are still proving that their poetic gifts are not of the "hothouse" or the will-o'-the-wisp variety, but are becoming, in each young contributor, a sturdy faculty—that grows with his or her growth, and shows month by month an added vigor of imagination and expression. Several little poems by Honor Members were crowded out at the last moment, and we were loth to lose them; but the first claim to such space as we have belongs, of course, to the eager aspirants who have not yet won, or are just winning, the coveted laurels.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 168

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Marjorie Skiff** (age 16), Boulder, Col.

Silver badges, **Elisabeth Goldbeck** (age 11), Sag Harbor, N. Y.; **Emily Strother** (age 17), Ruxton, Md.; **Florence Whittier** (age 12), La Mesa, Cal.; **Adelaide H. Noll** (age 14), Sayville, N. Y.; **Bennett Cerf** (age 15), New York City.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Rosanna D. Thorndike** (age 15), Boston, Mass.; **Stephen Vincent Benét** (age 15), Port Washington, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Lidda Kladvko** (age 15), Long Island City, N. Y.; **Nina M. Ryan** (age 16), New York City.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Loena King** (age 15), Houston, Tex.; **Edwin M. Gill** (age 14), Laurinburg, N. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Dorothy V. Tyson** (age 17), Pasadena, Cal.; **Helen Gertrude Scott** (age 16), Montclair, N. J.

Silver badges, **Janet Waldron Victorius** (age 14), New York City; **Irving A. Leonard** (age 16), New Haven, Conn.; **Harriet A. Parsons** (age 10), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Carolyn F. Rice** (age 15), Somerville, Mass.; **Fremont C. Peck** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Ruth Putnam McAneny** (age 12), New York City; **Mina Dosker** (age 14), Grand Rapids, Mich.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **J. Roy Elliott** (age 13), Rochester, N. Y.; **Lowry A. Biggers** (age 16), Webster Groves, Mo.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Douglass Marbaker** (age 17), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Gladys S. Conrad** (age 14), Suffern, N. Y.; **Harold Kirby** (age 13), West New Brighton, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Hildegard L. Maedje** (age 13), East Cleveland, Ohio; **Marjorie Marks** (age 12), New York City; **Gavin Watson** (age 13), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Max Stolz** (age 13), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Anne B. Townsend** (age 13), Overbrook, Pa.; **Mary L. Ingles** (age 12), Douglas, Ariz.



BY JANET W. VICTORIUS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH F. CORNELL, AGE 13.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT."

TO ONE I LOVE

BY ANNABEL LUDWIG, AGE 14

(G. I. League, Silver Badge, Nov. 1911)

Sunbeams slowly deepening settles into night,
 Crossed and crossed in chains of pink and white.
 Slow across the glowing sky steals a violet veil,
 Soft against the fading pink gleams a drifting sail.

Up and up the darkness sky climbs the evening star,
 Lights begin to twinkle forth, out across the bar;
 In the field, and from the wood, crickets drone their
 SONGS.

Birds cease their tunes, the world is stilled, for night
 will fall ere long.

And so, my tired mind, at night, settles into rest,
 Work accomplished, brightly turns to the dream loved
 best:

Slow across its vision, cleared, as by cooling dew,
 Comes one dear, refreshing thought, one lingering
 thought of you.

Up and up across my mind climbs its evening-star,
 Which becomes a wistful face, gazing from afar;
 'T is your own familiar face, smiling from above,
 Hovering there to crown my thought, the thought of
 one I love.

THE TEST

BY MARGARET SKIFF, AGE 10

(G. I. League, Silver Badge, Nov. 1911)

"Don't forget to come home, and don't be afraid of the water!" called Frank, teasingly.

Edith, his sister, pushed the boat from the wharf, letting it drift down-stream. "He 's always teasing me

"Quick, Nan!" cried Edith. Both girls stood and seized an overhanging bough as they were carried close by the island. The current tugged with might and main while the girls held fast. But Nan had to let go soon, not being as strong as Edith. "I can't hold on a minute longer," she declared. Then all was still again, save for the rushing of the fierce, relentless water.

"Oh, Edith, look!"

Edith, holding on with her last ounce of strength,



"A LUCKY SNAIL-SHOOT," BY WILLIAM A. LEONARD, AGE 10.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

gave a cry of joy. Then she sank, a tired little heap, into the bottom of the boat.

Frank had come to tow them home.

WHEN Frank had heard the story, he gave a sigh of relief. "You 're all right, Sis, even if you *did* forget the oars!" And this, from Frank, was a great deal.

AFTER VACATION

BY WILLIAM A. LEONARD, AGE 10

(Silver Badge)

SUMMER had passed, and it was getting cold. The little gray squirrel who lived in the big tree in front of Peggy's summer home ran down the tree and hopped up on the front stoop. He sat there for several minutes, waiting for Peggy to come with his nuts.

Every morning since he had lived in the hollow in the tree, and Peggy had been in the country, she had brought him some nuts to add to his winter store. Now, this morning, he waited and waited, but Peggy did not come. It was very queer, for she had never missed a day. He went back to the hollow a very unhappy and disappointed squirrel.

For several mornings, he went to the stoop and waited; but Peggy never came. It seemed very lonely to the little gray squirrel, but it was after vacation for him, as well as Peggy, and he must bear it. But he still hoped, and every warm morning during the long winter, he would run over to the stoop, and wait for Peggy.



"A LUCKY SNAIL-SHOOT," BY WILLIAM A. LEONARD, AGE 10.
 (SILVER BADGE.)



"A LUCKY SNAIL-SHOOT," BY WILLIAM A. LEONARD, AGE 10.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

for forgetting things, and being such a coward," she said to Nancy, her chum. "Have I forgotten anything this time?"

"Let 's hope not," Nancy laughed. "Oh, where are the oars?"

"I forgot them!"

"How can we stop ourselves? The rapids are n't far below the island."

Edith looked worried as she added, "And Dad said it was n't safe to go farther than the island."

"Do you suppose we can stop?"

"I don't know. Let 's try."

Gradually the boat drew nearer the tiny, wooded island. The current grew a little swifter.



BY CAROLYN F. RICE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY A. POWELL, AGE 13.



BY HELEN G. SCOTT, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1910)

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT."

MYSTERY

BY SILPHEN VINCENT BENÉT (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1912)

THE giant building towered in the night
Like a titanic hand released at last
From under cumbering mountain-ranges vast,
Poised menacingly high, as if to smite
A silent, sudden, deadly blow at Man.
I slunk along its base; then, cowering, ran,
Feeling the while it mattered not how fast,
Since it would strike me from behind at last.

Next morning, as I passed among the hive
Of careless people, to myself I said:
"You do not fear. You 've only seen it dead.
I 've seen the thing alive!"

THE TEST

BY EMILY STROTHER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN his only treasure, an old gun, had been taken by
young "Marse George," and he had run to cry out his woes
in Mammy's lap, she had told him his day would come.

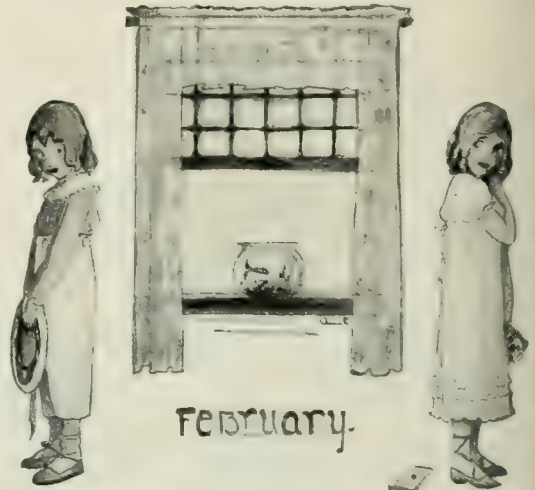


"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT" BY DOROTHY V. TYSON,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON
DEC., 1911)

When he had been accidentally shut into the spring-
house for three days, and was brought out half dead,

the lady had fed him herself, and laughingly told him
his lucky day would come. So he had always believed
it would.

The lady was his divinity. He would climb a tree in
front of the house and sit there for hours, in hopes of
seeing her. His name was Jim, and he was only a poor
little Alabama nigger; but one day his day did come.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY ALISON M. KINGSBURY,
AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

The lady was riding her spirited chestnut mare, and
Jim had run, by a short cut, a mile down the road to
see her pass. He was crouching in the bushes, when he
heard a shout, and, looking out, he saw the lady coming
at a headlong gallop and uttering little screams. The
horse was running away! Without a moment's hesita-
tion, he sprang into the road, and, as the animal shot
past, swung onto the bridle and hung there like a vise.

When the brute finally stopped, the lady descended
and tenderly lifted the limp little figure. With one
hand she supported him, and with the other led the
horse home. While the doctor looked at Jim, she sat
at the top of his bed with his little woolly head in her
lap. After a while, he opened his eyes and looked up
into her face, then closed them forever. His day had
come—and gone. He had been tested and proved true.



BY L. C. THYWE, AGE 13.



BY THOMAS C. LYON, AGE 15. (SILVER IMAGE.)



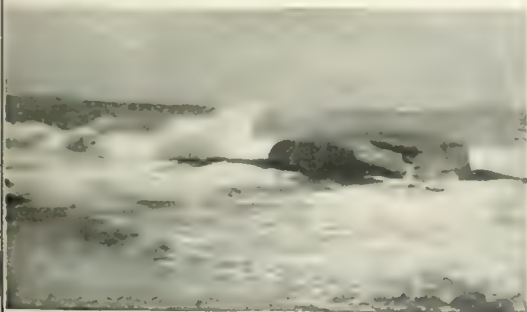
BY H. M. GRIFFIN, AGE 12.



BY MABEL L. UTEY, AGE 12.



BY LOUISE JEFFERSON, AGE 15.

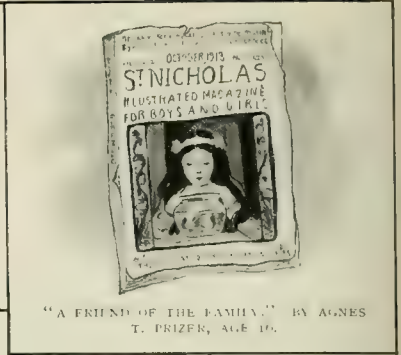
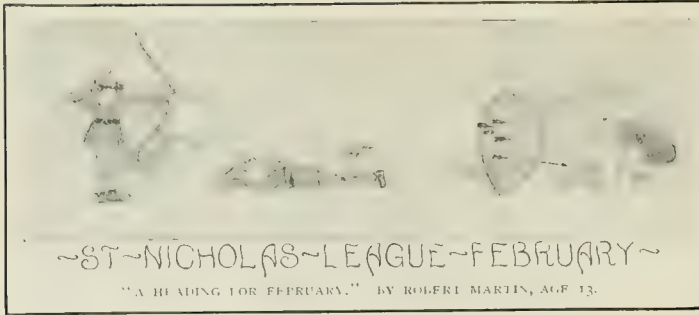
BY ELLIOTT M. M. ANSON, AGE 12.
(CHAPMAN)

BY LOUISE M. ZABRISKIE, AGE 11.



BY MARGARET BIDDLE, AGE 14.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT."



TO ONE I LOVE

BY LIDDA KLADIVKO (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

You wept to see the roses die,
The limp, pale blossoms, frail and sweet.
Thou couldst for me, love, do no more,
Though I lay dying at thy feet.

You wept to see the roses die.
O love, how dark seem skies above!
For how couldst thou love such as I,
When thou hast all the world to love?

You wept to see the roses die.
Shall I complain, when all is done,
That thy great soul for all can sigh,
And my poor heart can love but one?

AFTER VACATION

BY FLORENCE WHITTIER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

TINKLE, tinkle, ti-i-inkle. Buzz, buzz, bu-u-uzz. That is my orchestra. I am a little elf living in a small nook in a large hollow oak-tree. My house is in a large forest where we fairies dance and dance all night long. This summer, I went far, far away on the wings of a wind-storm. It was quite an adventure. We almost collided with a rainbow. I am very young, only about three hundred years old, but I am old enough to go to school, so I must give up dancing, except on full-moon nights, when I dance for the queen, and start my studies, for vacation is over.

I have gone to school only a few nights. I started a

week ago, but the moon went down, so we had to wait for new moon. My teacher is a very large grasshopper. He wears spectacles and a tall silk hat. My fellow-pupils are elves, fairies, gnomes, grasshoppers, lady-bugs, and frogs. The first night we learned to mix the scarlet paint to paint the spots on the tiger-lilies. We also learned to tame butterflies to ride, so we can go very fast. We are going to learn how to tint the dawn and sunset sky, the rainbows, and the autumn leaves.



"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT." BY ANNE BURROW, AGE 13.

We all enjoy school (all of us except one big frog, who is so fat and lazy that he can hardly sit on his toad-stool). The things we will learn will make many people happy, and keep us busy all the nights in the year.



BY MINA DOSKER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



BY JESSICA B. NOBLE.



BY EDITH WIMELBACH, AGE 14.

"A LUCKY SNAP-SHOT."

MYSTERY

BY FLORA McDONALD COCKRELL (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

Along my garden's winding path I strolled

The world was fragrant with the breath of morn,
The early sunshine bathed the earth in gold,—

A day was born.

The changing shadows fell upon the ground,

All flecked with gold where'er the bright sun shone,
And there, beside my garden path, I found

A rose half-blown.

I looked, and marveled that it was so fair,

So perfectly 't was formed by nature's art,
Its half-unfolded petals laying bare

Its golden heart,

Its perfumed breath, that stole upon the air,

The loveliness of each exquisite shade,

The satin texture of each petal rare,
So finely made.

Like some fair princess of a world of love,

It seemed a fairy gift, a thing apart,

With all the purity and freshness of

A maiden's heart.

I wondered had the sunshine and the rain

Performed the miracle this seemed to be—

Alone? Yet question not. It will remain

God's mystery.

TO ONE I LOVE

BY HENRIETTA L. FERRINI (AGE 12)

Satisfy me, dear St. Nick?

Well, I just guess so.

If I were to have the pick

Of all the magazines I know,

St. NICHOLAS would be the one—

Lots of laughter, lots of fun.

None but you to please me,

With stories great and glad;

None but you to please me,

With pictures sweet and sad.

None but you to please me,

With "Competition" wonders;

None but you to appease me,

When I make frightful blunders.

None but you to tease me

With puzzles I cannot guess,

Satisfy me, dear St. Nick?

Well, I just guess, yes!

THE TEST

BY ADELAIDE H. NOEL (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

THE group of chums was discussing the tests which come sometime to every one. "I believe," said Marian Glenn, "that we all encounter our test—it may be of courage, or endurance, or another form—and I think every one ought to face theirs bravely." The subject was quickly forgotten, but Marian did not know how soon she would be called upon to prove her words.

One pleasant morning a few weeks later, the girls went over to the beach for the day.

Marian decided to walk along the shore, and she had gone quite a distance, when she noticed a little child who was wading in the ocean. Marian idly watched the

little girl for a moment, then suddenly a big wave splashed up, lifted the child off her feet, and carried her back into the ocean.

Marian's heart beat wildly; she looked about; no one was near, and she realized that by her actions the child must be saved, that possibly it might mean her own life. All this flashed across her mind in an instant; then Marian rushed into the breakers.

She was an excellent swimmer, and soon her efforts brought her to the child, who was being tossed back and forth by the heavy surf. Holding the little girl by one arm, Marian slowly made her way to the shore, though she was thrown again and again by the powerful waves.

Just as she struggled to the beach with her burden, several people who had seen the rescue from afar reached her.

They, excitedly explained to the gathered crowd how Marian had saved the child's life.

A little later, when Marian was alone with her friends, one said, "Oh, Marian Glenn, how *could* you do it?"

And Marian answered, simply, "It was my test."



"A HEADING FOR THE LADY" BY EDNA KING, AGE 15 (CHALK TABLET)

TO ONE I LOVE

BY ELEANOR HENMAN (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

I saw these crossing roads but once before,
Yet all the place is full of thoughts of you.

The mighty winds come down from out the blue
That bounds the prairie to the farthest north;
They toss the marsh-grass tall like tangled hair;
Like furies' whips, the willows lash the air;
Around the hayricks many voices roar;
Their splitting sound about the wires they pour,
And shriek in anger that you are not there.

I mind me of a day they issued forth
Because the sheer, strong joy of sweeping down
To bring fresh breezes to the tired town,
And rush o'er valley and the billows brown
Of autumn prairie, and the wish to hold
The pale, elusive autumn sunshine gold,
Roused an unrest that could not be controlled.
You should remember; you were with me then.
We two were happy all the day, dear heart.
I never dreamed our ways would go apart.
Oh, turn to me, my sister, turn again!
The angry winds will all be singing when
You mingle the glad sunlight of your eyes
With that which pours from out these autumn skies.

TO ONE I LOVE

BY ELIZABETH MORRISON DUFFIELD (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

IN all the years that I have lived,
You've been my dear-loved guide;
Encouraged by your loving smile,
To be like you I've tried.

You've given me my high ideals,
Taught me what's right and true;
And all of gentleness and love
That's mine I've learned from you.

You've sympathized in every joy,
My trials have all been yours;
And all my sorrows and complaints
In you have found their cures.

You've taught me everything I know,
Helped me from day to day;
And, oh, the years you've worked for me,
With love I can't repay.

More than a comrade, more than friend,
Not like to any other;
My dearest love I give, to-day,
To one I love—my mother.

AFTER VACATION

BY MARIAN POOLE (AGE 15)

"Oh, Mother, must I go back to that old school again?" sighed Ethel. "I hate the thought of starting in again."

Mrs. Van Allen smiled a little as she listened to her daughter's complaints. The opening of each school term had heard the same arguments, but this year Ethel seemed more dissatisfied than ever. Mrs. Van Allen decided to cure her of this for all time.

"Well, dear," she said, "if you feel that way about it, why not stay home the first week, and then decide whether you want to return or not?"

Of course Ethel was delighted, and immediately started to make plans for the following week.

Early Monday morning, Ethel saw her friends start off for school, and thought herself very lucky that she need not go. In the afternoon, she walked down to meet them.

After their first greeting to her, they were all so busy talking about their studies and new teachers that Ethel was hardly noticed. Tuesday was just the same. Ethel came home feeling slightly "out of it" with her friends.

Ethel planned to entertain a few of the girls at her home Wednesday night. First of all, she invited Dorothy, her best friend. Dorothy was very sorry, but her lessons must be done, and Father had made the rule that she must not go out on school nights. Each girl invited had the same excuse. Ethel was very disappointed, and rather hurt.



"A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY." BY EDWIN M. GILL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

It was no longer a pleasure to be with her friends in the afternoon, for she was left entirely out of the conversation; and so Ethel spent Thursday and Friday in staying at home and reading.

All during the week Mrs. Van Allen had never mentioned school. Saturday evening, just before bedtime, she asked Ethel about the preceding week.

"Well, Ethel," she said, "have you had a pleasant week? Are you willing to spend your whole winter this way, or would you rather return to school?"

Ethel laughed a little shamefacedly. "If I ever had to go through another such week, I don't know what I'd do. Let me go back to school by all means. I can hardly wait to start in the dear old place."

A MYSTERY

BY HUGH WARREN KITE (AGE 10)

THE door was shut in Sister's room
(December twenty-third).

In vain I peek through keyholes—
Hark! what was that I heard?

Only a piece of paper
Fluttering to the floor.
I hear the scissors cut the twine,
Then—open comes the door.

I hurry in, expectant,
And look about the room.
Where has that present vanished?
Eagerness fades to gloom.

I turn to question Sister,
But she has gone away.
"Oh, dear," I cry, "how I *do* wish
That this was Christmas Day!"

TO ONE I LOVE

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

HOWE'ER you came, sweet visitant, to steal my heart
one day,
I know not, save that I was glad to give it quite away.
The charm you cast about me was so perfect and so
new,
I was content to dwell therein, and love but only you.

You're like a spirit of the air, so gay, so sweet, so free,
Yet with the distant loveliness that holds you far from
me;
And, somehow, at the beauteous calm which looks from
out your eyes,
I feel ennobled, then subdued, then raised unto the
skies.

A thrill of poignant ecstasy comes over me at thought
Of how my love transformeth me. In wonder have I
sought

To question of the pure unknown, from whence you
came at birth,
How yet you *live*, when you are more of heaven than
of earth.

The stars are brighter than of old, they have looked
down on you.
The sunlight is a softer gold—it gave its glow to you.
All things to me are more divine, around, about, above;
The whole world is a paradise, for in it dwells my love.

AFTER VACATION

BY BENNETT CERE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

SEPTEMBER! Labor Day has come, and with it the end of vacation for the year. One last, fleeting glance at the village and the hotel from the car window, and we are off, bound for home! And as the train draws nearer and nearer to the city, in proportion our excitement grows. A plunge into the tunnel, a jolt, and, "All off!" cries the porter, grinning as we hand him his tip.

Back into the bustle of the large city, the clanging of bells and the tooting of horns, Broadway, with its millions of tiny, yet brilliant, electric lights—we are home! And as we make a dive for the news-stand for an "extra" (which, by the way, is the first evening paper we have seen in ages), our hearts throb; instinctively we throw out our chests. After all, there *was* something missing in the country, an indefinable something that seemed something to spoil our pleasure. Perhaps it was the air of loneliness and quiet; we were born in the city and brought up in the city—brought up to be one of a great multitude, brought up to dodge autos and the like, to rush and hustle,—and we *can't do without it!*

Happily, therefore, we enter our cozy little home, and find, to our amazement, that the trunk is already there! Marvel of marvels! Now our happiness is complete! What if Mother's and Sister's dresses are so wrinkled that "they'll have to turn right around and have them pressed all over again"? what if everything smells terribly of camphor? what if the painters are due in a week or two to turn the house topsyturvy? We feel like giving three lusty cheers, and making oodles of resolutions that we're going to work—work hard and well the coming winter;—we're back!

After all, there's no place like home!

TO ONE I LOVED

(My old nurse)

BY NINA M. RYAN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DEAR wrinkled face and tender, watchful eyes,

It hurts so not to have you sitting there—

When twilight comes and nursery lamps are lit—

With outstretched arms, in the old rocking-chair.

There's no one now to sing us fairy songs

And tell of Sheila and the Holy Well;

No one to chant the strange old Irish words

That children murmured by the Witches' Fell.

But, Nurse dear, though the little fairy folk

You loved so well have taken you at last,

Your loyal faith and service still remain,

As tender memories of a happy past.



"A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY."
BY VENETTE M. WILLARD,
AGE 15.

A MYSTERY

BY JEAN E. TRIGMAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Two tarts were perched upon a shelf,
A tempting, juicy pair;
A little lad stood down below,
And when I to that shelf did go,
They were no longer there.

I glanced about, and where they were
I really could not see;
Believe me, when I truly say
That to this very latest day,
'T is still a mystery.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Fannie M. Kessel	Anna McAnear	Iva Albanesi
Dorothy van Orker	Elsie Baum	John Perez
Gladys Miller	Theron C. Hoyt	Doris F. Halman
Suzetta Herter	Olive E. Bishop	Elizabeth Dobbin
Irene M. Evans	Ruth Dagnall	Eleanor Johnson
Marguerite Siegler	John Heselden	Eleanor Linton
Adelaide E. Money	Isadore Cooper	Elizabeth Macdonald
Frances Kestenbaum	Emmeline C. Shultes	Edwina Pomeroy
Claire H. Roesch	Mab Barber	Elizabeth Land
Viola Fisher	Gladys M. Smith	Caroline F. Ware
Agnes Nolan	Elmaza Fletcher	Katherine Bull
Ruth Schmidt	Ruth Williamson	Margaret C. Bland
Elizabeth Doyle	Anna M. Sanford	Katharine Riggs
Anne Peterson	Mabel Macdonald	Adèle Chapin
John T. Orpe	Anna Washburn	Margaret Pennewell
Eleanor N. Kent	Hazel Pettit	Lucy C. Ricketson
A. G. Johnson, Jr.	Rachel E. Saxton	Edna M. Cook
Dorothy H. Mack	Maurice Johnson	Sarah M. Braden
Dorothy Walworth	Carroll Mitchell	Elizabeth H. Yates
Elizabeth Cobb	Nell Upshaw	Isobel Simpson
Elizabeth C. Carter		
Catherine Lloyd		
Katherine R. Blake		
Margaret M. Miner		
Francis D. Hays		
Fredrica McLean		
Lucile Walter		
Margaret Herbert		
J. P. O'Brien		
Martha E. Whittemore		
Josephine Hoyt		
Eugene J. Vacco		
Philip R. Nichols		
Hélène M. Roesch		
Edith L. Mattice		
F. V. Hebard		
Dorothea Haupt		
Eva Goldbeck		
Henrietta M. Archer		
Elizabeth G. Osius		
Mildred G. Wheeler		
Marion H. Weinstein		
Richard M. Gudeman		
Laura Morris		
Kathryn Motley		
Betty Penny		
St. Clair Sherwood		
Dorothy Davie		
Watson Davis		
Margaret Lantz		
Sarah Keady		
Alvina Kapp		
Lucile G. Phillips		
Bettie Porter		
Dorothy R. Johnson		
Thora Gerald		
Alfred Valentine		
Louise Cramer		
Dorothy Levy		

PROSE, 2

Edward Eliscu
Rose Kadishevitz
Olive E. Northup
Isabella Rugg

VERSE, 1

Helen A. Winans
Dorothy C. Snyder
Emily S. Stafford
Emmanuel Laubstein
Carolyn T. Ladd
Constance Withersall
Marianne Weaver
Jeannette E. Laus
Grace N. Sherburne
Grace C. Freese
Mary L. Morse
Georgette J. Henshaw
Ruth M. Paine
Elizabeth P. Smith

Beth M. Nichols
Henry C. Miner, Jr.
Sarah Borsack
Mary M. Flock
Mildred R. Campbell
Nell Adams
Jesse Edgely
Harriet A. Wickwire
Eleanor D. Hall
Florence L. Kite
Ruth B. Brewster
Francesca W. Moffat
Elsie L. Lusty
Edgar S. Owens
Elizabeth Pratt
Ferris Neave



"A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY"
BY HELEN BENNETT, AGE 13

Ivan C. Lake
Nora R. Swain
Hannah Rayburn
Elizabeth D. Terry
Florence W. Towle
Mignon H. Eliot
Priscilla Fuller

VERSE, 2

Helen Schoening
Helen M. Phillips
Dorothy F. Robinson
Rosamond S. Crompton
Madeline Buzzell
Maria B. Platt
Eunice T. Cole
Lucile H. Quarry
Felice Jarocky
Phoebe M. Moore
Virginia A. Carlson
Sara L. Sappol
Margaret Kilgariff
Margaret Jordan
Louise C. Witherell
Richard C. Ramsey

DRAWINGS, 1

Kenneth C. Davis
S. Dorothy Bell
Welthea B. Thoday
Arthur Beckhard
Margaret E. Hanscom
Paul Sullivan
Henrietta H. Henning

DRAWINGS, 2

Mary Porcher
Marguerite S. Pearson
Emily Seaber, 2d
Mildred H. Aaron
Helen Spies
Marion S. Bradley
Doris Lobenstein
Emily L. Cobb
Frances Badger
Elizabeth Jones
V. Grimbale
Mavis Carter
Alice Warren
Mary L. Hunter
Pauline Coburn
Katherine B. Neilson
Mary McKittrick
Louisa Mustin
Catharine Watjen
Elizabeth Thompson
Jennie E. Everden
Rita Jarvis
Ellen R. Haines
Murray C. Haines
Nora C. B. Stirling
Alta I. Davis
Samuel Kirkland
Jane Ellis
Lois C. Myers
Charlotte F. Kennedy
Catharine H. Graub
Alice F. Levy
Elizabeth Ash
Adelaide Winter
Jennie Ekroth
Helen F. Bingham
Dorothy Fisher
Joseph Ehrlich
Sadie R. Corcoran
Elizabeth V. Moose
Herbert Sternau
Katherine Young
Paulyne F. May
Madeline Zeisse
Mary Winslow
Lucile Robertson
Dorothy Brown
Jessie E. Alison
Beatrice Cozine
Otto Hebold
Dorothy Calkins
Mary F. Mayes
Henry J. Meloy
Carolyn Nethercot
Caesar A. Rinaldi
Leonora B. Kennedy

William Kane
Alene S. Little
Mildred Fisher
Josephine M.
Whitehouse
Winifred W.
Whitehouse
Joseph Dennis
Annette N. Wright
E. Dargan Butt
Gladys S. Conrad
Elizabeth Snyder
Henry P. Staats
Edith M. Smith
Janet S. Taylor
Emilie Bohm
Ethel W. Kidder
Winifred W. Newcomb
Margaret R.
Goldthwait
Marion S. Kaufmann
Imogen C. Noyes
Louise S. May
Jack Field
J. M. Hirschmann
Jane W. Neilson
James A. Pennypacker

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Gail Morrison
M. Gilliland Husband
Howard N. Tandy
Marion Dale
Helen Lewengood
Madeline W. Gammon
Charles A. Stickney, Jr.
Gladys E. Livermore
Howard R. Sherman,
Jr.
Eloise M. Peckham
Sallie Crawford
Laura Barney
Elaine Manley
R. Levison
Helen H. Wilson
Hope Satterthwaite
Frances B. Roberts
M. Alison McIntyre
Harriet Van Deusen
Henry G. T. Langdon
Dorothy Leonard
Louise A. Wiggernhorn
Dorothy K. Grundy
Mary E. Jackson
Forris Atkinson
Theodora R. Eldredge
Ruth E. Prager
Evelyn S. Guy
Edward Starr
Esther Atwood
Elizabeth T. E. Brooks
Frances A. Scott
Homer I. Mitchell
Christine Crane
Alice S. Nicoll
Patrina M. Colis
Estelle Raphael
Lydia S. Morris
Virginia Nirdlinger
Martha Robinson
Dorothy Collins

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Shirley Nierling
Richard E. Williams
Lucy Lewton
Thomas Reed, Jr.
Perry B. Jenkins
Jane A. Langthorn
Rose Marimon
Nancy French
Allen McGill
Mary L. Black
Mildred Hughes
Jeanne E. Welles
Eugene D. McCarthy
Margaret A. Bauer
Clara E. Quinlivan
Robert Bachelor
Alice Greene
Wirth F. Fergar
Dorothy Thorndike
Winifred Jelliffe

Margaret Bliss
Hobart Skofield
Walter P. Miller, Jr.
Elise N. Stein
Catharine M. French
Anita Marburg
D. H. Morris, Jr.
Howland H. Paddock
Mary Drury
Dorothy J. Stewart
Louise de Gaugne
Mildred Rightmire
Margaret Anderson
Leona Tackabury
Dorothy Gladding
George M. Bird
Alexander M. Greene
Mary S. Esselstyn
Sarmia Marquand
Elizabeth Carpenter
Richard G. Atkinson
Margaret Brünnow
Paulina Ayers
Madeline K. Brown
Louise Stuart
Margaret K. Hinds
Gretchen Rand
Margaret Earle
Lorna Kingston
Daniel S. Wood, Jr.
Elsie Wright
Marion B. Mishler
Mary J. Johnson
Madeline McCarty
Lucy Pomeroy
Doris Grimbale
Yvonne Zenut
Alice J. Loughran
Julia M. Hicks
John J. Miller
Katherine G. Batts
Dorothy Deming
Margaret Griffith
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Benjamin A. G.
Thorndike
Lilian L. Remsen

PUZZLES, 1

Gustav Diechmann
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Alvin E. Blomquist
Arthur Schwarz
A. B. Blinn
Salvatore Mammano
"Chums"
Miriam Goodspeed
Constance Guyot
Cameron
Bessie Radlofsky
Juliet Thompson
Eleanor Manning
Eugenia St. Towle
Elizabeth E. Abbott
Wyllis P. Ames
Virginia Lee Conner
Lionel Henderson
Thomas D. Cabot
Marguerite T. Arnold
Carl Fichandler
Tena O'Leary
Alpheus B. Stickney
Margaret Spaulding
Joseph B. Morse
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Eleanor W. Bowker
Warwick Beardsley
Joe Earnest

PUZZLES, 2

Parker Lloyd Smith
Sophie C. Hills
Virginia M. Thompson
Gladys Funck
Elizabeth Jones
Virginia Hitch
Evelyn Brady
Jonas Goldberg
Armand Donaldson
Edith J. Smith
Jean F. Benswanger
Leonora B. Kennedy

Nat. M. Wilson
Adele Courtleigh
Henry Ardley
Jerry V. Thrums
Peyton Spooner
Cecil Reinhardt
Horace Porter
Gladys Brown
Edith Lowe

Alice M. Pincus
Corrie V. Calkins
Elvira Tompson
Henry Sterns
Frank S. Stone
Downley Vardon
Gertrude O'Neil
Elbert H. Day
Marguerite Story

Frank Hardwick
Foster Drake
Homer Ellsworth
Thomas Atkins
Francis Burnes
Elizabeth Ryder
Henrietta Stein
Percy Gangloff
Narcisse Réjane

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 172

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 172 will close **February 24** (for foreign members **February 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS for June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In Blossom Time."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Village Mystery."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Playground Pictures."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On Time!" or a Heading for **June**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **St. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph*.

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

VENICE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and you are my favorite magazine. I do not think there is any magazine (at least I have never seen it) that has such splendid stories and interesting competitions.

All the stories in the St. NICHOLAS are so good that it is very hard to choose which I care for most, but I am inclined to think that "More Than Conquerors" is my favorite.

I always get the St. NICHOLAS late, for it is sent from America to our bankers, and is forwarded from there to where we are. So it is seldom that I have any hope of my contribution getting to you in time.

My younger brother is as anxious to read you as I am, so there is always a scramble when you arrive.

Your admiring reader,

ALICE WARREN.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are now in Manila at the palace, or the governor-general's house, because my father is Governor-General Harrison, and we are going to stay here four long years.

We live right on the Pasig River, which is very muddy and dirty.

Our trip was very interesting, going to Japan and all that.

I have never seen a letter from here before.

With wishes for a long life I remain

Your loving reader,

VIRGINIA R. HARRISON (AGE 12).

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years. So I thought I would write and thank you for the many hours of pleasure you have given me.

"The Land of Mystery," "Beatrice of Denewood," and "More Than Conquerors" are my favorites. Father particularly likes the last, while my small cousin enjoys the *Brownies*.

I am a member of the St. NICHOLAS League, and my brother and I have both been once on the first Roll of Honor.

The Letter-box is very interesting. I could never end in telling you how much I like St. NICHOLAS. I wonder what I did before I knew you?

Your interested reader,

HELEN SNOW.

ELTHAM PARK, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel I must write and tell you how I like your magazine; it is all so very interesting, and I think, on the average, American children are more clever than their English cousins. This is complimentary, but I think it is true, at least from the League contributions it seems so. I wish I could get a lot more English children to join. I think I will try.

I have felt a greater inclination for drawing since I heard about the League. I was always fond of sketching, but never found anywhere to send my sketches. I had a short story brought out in a magazine last May, but I find more encouragement in your magazine.

I would like to tell you that I liked the article on London fire-engines very much indeed. Our Eltham horse-drawn engine was quickest to turn out in a com-

petition for all the London stations. It had the swinging harness, an American device, but now we have a motor fire-engine. It was the first engine of its kind used in the London district.

I can speak both French and German. I like German best, though.

I have to lie down a good deal, and I nearly always read you then; you are one of my best companions.

With best wishes,

Your devoted reader,

EDITH MARIE SMITH (AGE 16).

PETERSBURG, TEXAS (AGE 14), SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I find the greatest pleasure in reading your stories, especially the interesting articles called "With Men Who Do Things." "Beatrice of Denewood" was such a pretty story, I enjoyed it immensely. I love reading, and like nothing better than to spend an



THE SPLIT ROCK

afternoon with a book. I've only taken you since October, 1912, but look forward to my month's copy regularly.

I live in South Africa and love this country, it's so very sunny and bright. It was almost unbearably hot here before Christmas; we thought we would never survive the heat. It really was awful.

I am inclosing a snap-shot which I took when out for a picnic sixteen miles from town. It is of a split rock which is quite unique, for it has a winding path right through it, and one can walk through it with comfort.

It is caused simply by the constant trickling of rain through the tiny cracks in this huge rock.

From your most interested reader,
GERALDINE ALLIN (age 15).

BAYHEAD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please excuse me for not writing in ink, 'cause Mother and Father won't let me, 'cause I spill it all over myself. I have had your magazine for nearly three years, and I like it very much. I like "Beatrice of Denewood" better than any story I have ever read.

I just got my magazine this morning. I have started about twenty times to write to you, but something always happens; nothing happened this time.

With much love,

FORSYTH PATTERSON (age 9).

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second time I have written to you, but I really must again tell you how much I enjoy you. I have belonged to the League for about three months, but I have never yet sent anything; I think I will try this month.

You have been a companion to me for three years, and I hope to continue right along.

I think "The Land of Mystery" is one of the most exciting stories I have ever read, and I also liked "Dorothy, the Motor-girl" and "The Lady of the Lane," and was sorry when they stopped.

I am very fond of writing stories, and a friend and I are at work on a series. We hope we will make a success of them.

Your devoted reader,

BARBARA COYNE (age 11).

HEXHAM-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my first copy of you this month, and liked it very much.

I think the serial story called "The Runaway" is very interesting, and I can hardly wait for the next number to go on with it. Most of the other stories I have read several times already.

Although I am English, I have lived in America for five years. It was at a pretty seaside place called Winthrop, near Boston, Massachusetts.

A year ago, we came back to England on the Cunarder *Franconia*, a ship of 18,000 tons, and the largest in the Boston service.

Hexham is a pleasantly situated town on the banks of the river Tyne, twenty miles from the nearest city, Newcastle. Although comparatively small, it is somewhat historic.

In the year 1464, a battle took place at Hexham between Henry VI and Lord Montacute, during the War of the Roses. Probably many know the pretty little story about the escape of Queen Margaret and her infant son, for when the king's army was defeated, they were obliged to flee into the woods, where they met a robber who was very kind to them, and gave them shelter in his cave. A cave which fringes the Dipton burn near Hexham is called Queen Margaret's cave on the strength of this story. Although a great many believe it to be the actual cave, it is in reality a fiction as far as Northumberland is concerned, for the incident really took place in the forest of Hainault. Moreover, the nature of the rock is such as to render the very existence of the cave at that time doubtful.

Hexham Abbey is also of interest. It was built by St. Wilfred six or seven hundred years ago, but is called "The Priory Church of St. Andrew." It was burned down when Galloway, Wallace, and Bruce destroyed the town at different periods, only its walls remaining standing. Since then, it has been rebuilt, and a year or two ago, a new section was built on. The Chapter House is still in ruins however.

The abbey has a very beautiful chime of bells. These bells are so celebrated that a gentleman, visiting in Rome, in listening to some organ music in the streets there, was told that a certain part of the music was an imitation of the beautiful Abbey Church bells at Hexham, in England. The present peal was recast in 1742 from a peal of six which had hung in the old abbey tower for centuries, and which was praised by many tourists of note. The present peal consists of eight bells.

The Moot Hall is the next building of interest to the abbey. The Duke of Somerset was beheaded there, after the battle of 1464. In earlier years, it is supposed to have been used to defend the abbey and its property in time of danger, or for a tower on which sentinels could look out for the approach of an enemy.

The manor office is also of note, and was probably used for similar purposes as the Moot Hall, though not quite as old as the latter building.

Although now living in Hexham, I am not a native of the town. I belong to a little place called Haltwhistle, fifteen miles west of Hexham, where we lived before going to America in 1907.

Your interested reader,

ELSIE M. BELL (age 15).

TOLLAND, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in the mountains at a height of 9000 feet. My little five-year-old sister and I are having a very nice time up here. I have just gotten in a lot of wood in the push-cart we have. Father chopped it, and then he helped me to bring it in and fill the big wood-box. Most of the wood I get in is lodge-pole pine.

We see a lot of birds, and we see a lot of flowers. Mother planted an alpine gentian last year when we were here, and we think it has come up this year, too.

Mother thought up a little verse for us to fit into that poem of yours called "A Vacation Song." Here it is:

I know where I'll be, I'll be,
As soon as I'm free, so free,
On mountains high
So near the sky,
The clouds will play with me, with me.

Your loving reader,

JOSEPH DENISON ELDER (age 7).

SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I must write to you now to tell you how much I enjoyed "The Land of Mystery."

My mother is an American, and she always used to have St. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl.

In 1908, we went out to Mauritius for three years. It was very hot there, and many of the natives died of the plague. We had many pets out there, a dog, a cat, two pigeons, two canaries, and a duck, also a big horse, called Percy. I was only four years old when I went out to Mauritius, and now I am nine. I have a sister named Betty who is six and a half.

Your loving reader,

PEGGY WAYMOUTH.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

NEW-YEAR'S ACROSTIC. Primals, Maria Edgeworth, finals, "Castle Rackrent." Cross-words: 1. Mimic. 2. Arcana. 3. Rebus. 4. Inapt. 5. Annul. 6. Hite. 7. Dream. 8. Greta. 9. Ethic. 10. Wreak. 11. Osier. 12. Rille. 13. Token. 14. Haunt.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE COLLEAGINGS. Robert Burns: 1. Operative. 2. Absorbent. 3. Probatum. 4. Impending. 5. Introduce. 6. Continuent. 7. Rabbinism. 8. Saturnian. 9. Matrimony. 10. Magnetism. 11. Sensation.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Mozart: 1. Mortar. 2. Poebler. 3. Lizard. 4. Banana. 5. Retort. 6. Cornet.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life."

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Greece, Servia. From 1 to 8, Belgrade; 9 to 14, Athens. Cross-words: 1. Gorges. 2. Draper. 3. Emerge. 4. Havens. 5. Bisect. 6. Alcove.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 13 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Helen G. Robb—Douglass Markaker, Eleanor E. Carroll, Horace B. Davis, Russell Herman, Gladys S. Conrad—Gavin Wats, Hildegard L. Mardje—Anne Barton Townsend, Harriet Kirby—Max Stolz—Marjorie Marks—Mary L. Ingles—Arnold Guyot Cameron—William T. Flickinger—Evelyn Hillman—Frances B. Gardiner—"Terrapin"—Ruth V. A. Spicer—Janet Bruse—"Chums"—Lothrop Bartlett—Helen A. Moulton—Thomas D. Cabot—L. S. Hopkins—Katharine Chapman—Gertrude Van Haren—Dorothy Livingston—John T. Brown—"Adi and Adi"—Esther Ward—Jessie Weiss—Florence S. Carter—"Midwood"—Edgar H. Rossbach—Theodore H. Ames—Florence M. Treat—Claire A. Hepner—Sophie Rosenheim.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Henry G. Herz, 2—Martin H. White, 2—Tina O'Leary, 3—Eleanor Manning, 3—Lanny Schleisner, 3—Albert E. Grithn, Jr., 7—Janet B. Fine, 6—Philip H. Ward, 6—Marian E. Stearns, 6—Amy Erlandsen, 6—Dorothy Hieber, 4—Helen E. Ney, 4—Cornelia F. Goldbeck, 4—Dorothy Crane, 3—Frances K. Marlatt, 3—Rosalie L. Smith, 3—Nelle C. R. Bartlett, 3—H. Okell, 2—E. Bray, 2—C. F. Chandler, 2—G. M. Potter, 2—F. Rogers, 2—G. Aich, 2—"Puzzler," 2—C. Hartt, 2—David P. G. Cameron, 2—C. M. Wood, 2—C. A. Rinaldi, 1—M. Feuerman, 1—V. A. L., 1—S. Mammano, 1—A. Harrison, 1—F. W. Floyd, Jr., 1—E. Mayo, 1—R. M. Regan, 1—E. Carpenter, 1—R. L. Wiel, 1—J. G. Greene, 1—H. Herren, 1—F. Cuntz, 1—R. Leech, 1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in hat, but not in cap;
My second in sleep, but not in nap;
My third is in bread, but not in meat;
My fourth is in warm, but not in heat;
My fifth is in ink, but not in water;
My sixth is in niece, but not in daughter;
My seventh in grove, but not in tree;
My whole is a fish we sometimes see.

ALFRED CURJEL (age 10), *League Member*.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters spell the name of a famous American writer.

1. A guide. 2. Obscurity. 3. To misuse. 4. A water-nymph. 5. An insertion. 6. A frolic. 7. To let. 8. A feminine nickname. 9. In disguise. 10. A throng. 11. A city of Montana. 12. To bury.

ELIZABETH M. BRAND (age 13), *League Member*.

DIAGONAL

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-

hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a beautiful city.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A region uninhabited by human beings. 2. Pouched animals. 3. Hopeless. 4. A poisonous weed. 5. Imaginary. 6. A kind of small brig having no square mainsail. 7. To collect into an assemblage. 8. Casual. 9. Amusement. 10. Place of abode.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 15), *Honor Member*.

CONUNDRUM

WHICH cutting tool would make the best incubator?

SHERWOOD BLACKSTAFF (age 12), *League Member*.

NOVEL DOUBLE ZIGZAG

*	.	14	*	11
.	*	15	6	*
*	13	1	*	7
10	*	3	*	*
*	5	.	*	17
.	*	8	.	*
*	12	16	*	2
9	*	4	.	*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a flower. 2. A king of Troy. 3. To surmise. 4. Circumference. 5. Frilled or plaited lace. 6. Bashfully. 7. Meaning. 8. A Russian measure of length.

Primal zigzag, a flower; final zigzag, the gem which

is assigned to the month named by the figures from 1 to 8; from 9 to 17, a pleasant remembrance often bestowed during that month.

EUGENE SCOTT (age 15), *Honor Member*.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this numerical enigma, the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-four letters, is a quotation from Charles Lamb.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

WHEN Harold asked his friend Jack how old he was, Jack replied:

"I am two years older than one sixth of my father's age. Four years ago, I was one seventh as old as my father. Eight years from now, I will be two thirds older than I am now."

How old were Jack and his father?

J. ROY ELLIOTT (age 13).

CONCEALED DOUBLE TRANSPOSITIONS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE:

Jack Brown resides on Simpson Street;
He says he 's sure our side will beat.

In the above is concealed a day in March; the letters in this word may be transposed to make expires and rim. Answer, ides (in resides); dies; side.

1. Their side, the one that won the candy;
Her ace, the card that came in handy.

A contest; a measure of surface; solicitude.

2. Less than a hundred shares were sold;
The company had lost its hold.

A timid rodent; to heed; a Greek goddess.

3. "Can't come," he called, "cause I feel bad;
I 'll come sometime—don't look so mad."

A famous island; misery; capable.

4. The time elapsed; she reappeared,
Too thinly clad, her mother feared.

A fruit; to peel; to harvest.

5. "Hope Annie found you all quite well;
I arrived in time to visit Nell."

A falsifier; to scoff; a den.

6. The captain gave a sudden start;
Despairing fear seized every heart.

Lairs; to transmit; terminates.

7. Oh, what a clamor then arose;
"Our soldiers have attacked the foes!"

A flower; the god of love; painful.

8. Irene gave illness as a reason;

It seemed but little less than treason.
To conceal; wickedness; a masculine name.

9. The doctor's aid was not required;
The little boy was only tired.

Uttered; a throne; assists.

10. I had good cause to doubt, in sooth,
For Emma never spoke the truth.

Hair on the neck of a beast; title; stingy.

11. His Christmas presents gave him joy;
The first a book to please a boy.

To pierce; bits of lace on a bonnet; heavy clubs.

The initials of the last of the three words defined (eleven letters in all) will spell the name of a noted English essayist born in February.

LOWRY A. BIGGERS (age 16).

PRIMAL AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a famous queen of ancient times, and the central letters will spell a famous queen of the Middle Ages.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Neat. 2. A flowering shrub. 3. Banishment. 4. Flows gently. 5. A thick board. 6. A book for photographs. 7. Subject. 8. Proportion. 9. To detest.

IDA CRAMER (age 12), Honor Member.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the zigzag beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, forms a quotation from Sophocles. The zigzag beginning with the upper, right-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, forms another quotation from Sophocles.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Not present. 2. To blast. 3. To protect. 4. To accompany. 5. Muscular. 6. Not able. 7. To labor hard. 8. To stick fast. 9. Severe. 10. A separate portion of a sentence. 11. The reputed home of Ulysses. 12. Profits. 13. One who makes beer. 14. Gaudy. 15. To revolve round a central point. 16. A famous Greek poetess. 17. Tiny fragments of bread. 18. One who employs a legal adviser. 19. A coarse shoe. 20. To dismount. 21. To prepare by boiling.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 15), Honor Member.



CHILDREN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON.

PAINTED BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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ST. NICHOLAS

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MR. RACKHAM IN HIS GARDEN



ARTHUR RACKHAM: THE WIZARD AT HOME

BY ELEANOR FARJEON

THERE have been three creators of *Rip Van Winkle*. The first, who was Washington Irving, created him with his pen; the second, who was Joseph Jefferson, created him with his personality; and the third, who is Arthur Rackham, created him with his brush. And all three owed much to another, far earlier, and unknown creator—the nameless imagination which, in many lands, through many ages, built up the haunted storehouse of lore and legend to which only the true imaginations of later ages possessed the key. Irving, Jefferson, and Rackham, all true imaginers in their different veins, have all held that key in their possession; and though it is of the third holder, only, that I am writing, it is for a particular reason impossible for me to think of

him without thinking of the other two as well. For Joseph Jefferson was my grandfather, and *Rip*, in my family, is regarded as a household god by inheritance.

Rip was the first book to bring Arthur Rackham fame, and I doubt whether it had to pass through so severe a test at the hands of the qualified critics as at our hands, who judged it from a special personal standpoint. But we were captured instantly. There was never doubt that this dear vagabond figure of *Rip* in his tatterdemalion youth—this wild, pathetic figure of *Rip* in his lorn age—was *our* "Rip"; or that the red-roofed village under the haunted mountains was his village, or that the haunted mountains were the "Kaatskills" of Hendrik Hudson.

We knew Arthur Rackham's *Rip* before we knew Arthur Rackham, but it was inevitable that, after knowing the book, we should know the man. A quarter of an hour's walk separates our houses, and it was not long before that ground was covered.

I had always had the impression, from the intimate inside knowledge of Fairy-land which his work betrayed, that Arthur Rackham was a kind of wizard; that he only pretended to call himself Arthur Rackham, and hobgoblins really hailed him by some more mystic name on stormy nights on Hampstead Heath, which is an easy broomstick ride from a certain little house in Chalcot Gardens. Acquaintance has not entirely allayed the suspicion. Arthur Rackham looks rather like a wizard—a wizard of the unmalicious order, who dabbles in sly, freakish, and delightful arts. He watches you from behind the Spectacles of Cunning, and there's a

into, in case he should turn me into a speckled toad.

If you know Arthur Rackham's fairy-land of books—if you know ancient *Æsop* and modern *Peter*, and their immortal equals, *Rip*, *Undine* and *Alice*, *Puck* and *Mother Goose*; if you know Grimm, who is better than painted gingerbread and striped sugar-sticks, and if you know the gods and giants and dwarfs and nymphs of the legendary Rhine—not only through the wonder-makers who first shaped them for our hearts, but also through the wonder-maker who has reshaped them for our eyes—then you really know as much of Arthur Rackham as can be told. But nowadays we cannot leave our wonder-makers alone; we must know how they live and where they live, and what they do when they are not weaving the spells that have enchained us.

You must not be disappointed to learn that this particular magician does not weave his particu-



THE DINING-ROOM

whimsical line in his face that can translate itself into the kindest of smiles. He is light and spare and alert, so that I imagine his favorite form of transformation to be some kind of a bird. But these are matters I do not inquire

into, in case he should turn me into a speckled toad. If you know Arthur Rackham's fairy-land of books—if you know ancient *Æsop* and modern *Peter*, and their immortal equals, *Rip*, *Undine* and *Alice*, *Puck* and *Mother Goose*; if you know Grimm, who is better than painted gingerbread and striped sugar-sticks, and if you know the gods and giants and dwarfs and nymphs of the legendary Rhine—not only through the wonder-makers who first shaped them for our hearts, but also through the wonder-maker who has reshaped them for our eyes—then you really know as much of Arthur Rackham as can be told. But nowadays we cannot leave our wonder-makers alone; we must know how they live and where they live, and what they do when they are not weaving the spells that have enchained us.



MR. RACKHAM'S HOUSE, 10, CHALCOT GARDENS, CHALCOT, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND

Chalcot Gardens. Outwardly it is not unsuited to the pages of fairy tale. It has a mellow red-and-brown charm, and is the kind of house that could very well have been built of gingerbread and candy. Behind the house is the kind of garden that makes me feel six years old again: a place where the grass and trees seem to preserve, in an atmosphere of quiet sunshine, a share of memories that are almost like expectations—it might be memories of a child they expect to come again. Some gardens have this air for me—I never quite know why, unless they resemble a garden I played in when I was six—and I am filled with momentary hope that I am the child they remember and expect. But this garden has its child, blue-eyed and golden-haired, green-frocked and deep in fancy. Her name is Barbara. If you want to find her, do not walk straight down the road, for that is the way to miss the house. It is a house that says "Come and find me" as it steps back a little in the corner of a curbed inclosure, secure from the common traffic of automobiles and motor-bicycles, things which Arthur Rackham has been heard to declare are at the root of most modern evils. With them he classes telephones and type-wri-

ters ("I would rather," he told me, "have a page of hand-writing I could n't read than a type-written manuscript"); and he ought to include the Automatic Piano-Player that lives in his very beautiful un-automatic dining-room. But he must have music at any price, and he has confessed that he is incapable of playing common time with one hand and triple time with the other, so, for once, he has had to fall victim to a machine. I suppose he *has* been seen in a taxi in his day, but I am sure he would prefer to amble across London on a camel; and I know from experience that a magic carpet is kept in the house for personal use.

There 's magic, too, in the green carpets on the stairs. They are the color of grass-rings after fairies have danced in a meadow, so it is not hard to guess what takes place up and down the Rackham staircase after the lights are out. The very stairs are tricky things, branching different ways like forked twigs on a tree; I am never certain that it is always the same fork which leads me to the Wizard's studio. It is a big room, innocent enough at first sight, but it has its surprises. Look at that easel—half-visible gnomes lurk there, and are on every

table, and in every bookcase. In one corner there 's a wooden door sunk under an arch, and if you open it unexpectedly, you may find yourself looking over the world in sudden light, on a giddy little platform with a spiral stair running down as fast as it can into the garden. In another corner of the room, almost as far away as possible from the daylight door, the Wizard keeps a second door, up a dark stair. I have n't had the courage to mount that stair and discover the mystery behind that door. I can only guess that, as behind the first door the Wizard keeps his brightest spells, so behind the second he keeps his blackest.

Luckily for me, he was in a harmless mood enough the last time I saw him. I had almost said that, for a wizard, he was in a helpless

and-such—where *is* that letter? did I leave it in Barbara's room?" (Here he vanished without so much as hey presto! and reappeared as rapidly.) "No, I can't find it—and so etc., etc., etc.,—you really should hear the letter, but it is n't here, or here—let me look once more." (Again he vanished, and again came empty-handed.) "Of course," he reflected, picking up some kind of a portfolio in a discouraged way, "this is where it *ought* to be." He opened the portfolio, and that was where it was. Then, looking at me warningly through the Spectacles of Cunning, he observed: "Ah! *now* you see the mistake of putting things in their proper places!"

It is one of his peculiarities that, like his own house, Arthur Rackham steps back a little in the corner off the highway the moment you try



THE STUDIO.

mood. He was looking for a letter, in much the same way as my mother looks for her house-keeping bag seven times a day. We were chatting about odds and ends as he hovered vaguely among the furniture.

"You see," he was saying, "so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so . . . but I must read you that letter . . . and then such-and-such, and such-

to come and find him. I don't mean by this that he literally shuts his mouth and runs away. On the contrary, his instincts are social. He likes company, and he likes fun. And he is far from locking himself up in his studio. He is to be found almost as often in the garden, where, in his own words, he is "continually moving paths and flower beds"—a process that entails long

expostulations with a robin, who insists on coming and getting in the way of the spade and the rake whenever there is the chance of a grub turning up. But if the unexplained charm of the

can, in the studio. Nevertheless, a few of us believe that he is of less account than one other member of the family—the child for whom the garden keeps its memories and expectations.



MR. RACKHAM AT HIS WORK.

garden is due to the Wizard's influence, it is the Wizard's wife who is responsible for the unexplained charm of the house. She really ought to have an article all to herself, but she is as shy and elusive as the little green people of her native Irish hills, so I've small hopes of catching her. In the little house in Chalcot Gardens, the sweet fellowship of daily life is made perfect by the fellowship of work. Under that roof Mrs. Rackham has her own studio; things pass from it now and again to the walls of the Royal Academy, and one of her paintings has lately found a permanent resting-place in the Luxembourg.

Perhaps the most important inhabitant of the house—certainly in his own eyes—is Jimmie, who goes on four feet, and purrs. To formal acquaintances he is Sir James; he was named after J. M. Barrie, and of course he too must have his baronetcy. He does not consider kittens the place for the toilets of titled cats, and makes a point of being combed, as often as he

It is pleasant, after you have been chatting with Arthur Rackham upon every subject from Shakspeare to skeeing, to hear him say, "Now come and see Barbara. We shall have her to ourselves. Mademoiselle is out."

It is pleasanter still to see him, in what is supposed to be Barbara's "Rest Hour," solving puzzles for her that St. NICHOLAS brought on December the sixth; or playing *Cinderella* while she plays the *Prince*; or teaching her to dance with a hop and a skip across the floor; and presently (since it is her Rest Hour) whispering, "Slip out quietly so that she does n't notice."

Between Barbara and Barbara's mother and Jimmie, and skeeing in Switzerland, and fishing, tennis, and golf in England (he is the only golfer, good or bad, that I ever heard say, "Yes, I play golf," and then talk about something else), and the automatic piano-player in the dining-room, it is rather to be wondered at that the studio sees anything of him. And it is in that part of himself, the part which produces the



ONE OF ARTHUR RACKHAM'S EARLY DRAWINGS FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

work we know and love, that Arthur Rackham reminds me of his own house retiring round the



MR. RACKHAM'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, BARBARA.

corner. He is willing to talk, and does talk, well and definitely, about a multitude of subjects, with equal keenness and interest; but if you mention *Rip*, he will talk of Irving and Jefferson, rather than of Rackham. And it is interesting to hear *Rip*'s last creator on his predecessors. Of my grandfather he has said:

"One feels it was he who made the character for all time the great living entity that it is. At least I, for one, very much doubt whether Irving's playful fiction or morality would have become immovably established—to the degree of a creed, a genuine local legend—if Jefferson had n't given *Rip* the living personality that we now recognize him by. I think *Rip* one of the most remarkable of created characters. Created as the sheerest piece of pleasant moralizing, acknowledging, even, that it was cribbed from old-world sources, here is *Rip* as firmly fixed in the hearts of all good Americans as any genuine myth. I can think of hardly another modern instance."

Personally, I think that among recent inventions *Peter Pan* might have lived as the same kind of local myth, if his author had not created two entirely different *Peters*. The *Peter* of the play is not the *Peter* of the book, and the play has so outdistanced the book in its power

of appeal, that the name of *Peter Pan* now instantly calls to mind, not Kensington Gardens, but the Never-Never Land.

Yet it is impossible to say that the chance of a permanently haunted Kensington Gardens has quite been let slip. Arthur Rackham has many times put a fine imagination to the service of the finest imaginations that have set the earth aglow—he has created kingdoms of humorous goblins and fairies with rainbow-colored wings; of two-headed ogres with knotted clubs; of gnomes, and dragons, and witch-wives, and other shapes minute and mighty, fearsome and fair—but his magic never held so firm as when he took the Kensington *Peter* for his theme.

He had done marvels in the Catskills, and was yet to do marvels in the wood near Athens (which is really a wood in Warwickshire). He was to draw *Robin Goodfellow* (and I do not know who could draw *Robin Goodfellow* that had not really seen him). But when our wizard did marvels with fairy-land in London, he perhaps made *Peter* more inseparably his than any other of his creations.

Under the roots that the trees and plants send down into the earth he has fashioned for us an elfin realm so fantastic, so incomparable, so complete, that we can no longer doubt what we should find if, like the icing off a cake, we should slice the top layer off Kensington Gardens. And the seen has as much enchantment as the unseen, the tree-tops as much fairyhood as the tree-trunks, the colors of the Serpentine as much mystery as the glimmering fairy lights which it reflects.

When the wizard shows us the delicate webs of leafless branches traced against a wintry sky, when he paints evening light for us, or pale marbled clouds, or patterns upon water, or children

and flowers as well as fairies in the Gardens—then he reveals a magic which Londoners may



TWO OF MR. RACKHAM'S CHARACTERS

encounter day by day. And if, through years of apathy, we have grown numb to it, it is from Arthur Rackham that we may catch the angle of true vision again.





The Deacon's Little Maid

(A True Story)

By

Ruth Hatch

"PRISCILLA! Priscilla!" Mistress Abbott's voice carried all too well, and Priscilla dared not pretend not to hear. Slow and unwilling, she dragged up to the house where her hated sampler was waiting, for she knew that she should have done her stint before going out to play. Silently her mother handed her the square of linen where, already, stiff, cross-stitched roses bloomed in the border, and neat and clear stood out:

	x	1789	x	
x	Priscilla Abbott is my name		x	
x	America my nation		x	
x	Andover town my dwelling-place		x	
x	And Christ is my salva			

Priscilla sat down on the door-step and began her work, but the thread *would* tangle, and the needle *would* prick her finger, and she hated to sew anyway. In the garden, the early November sun shone warm and bright, dead leaves whirled in the breeze, and the corn-stalks rustled tantalizingly. The little maid was only ten years old, and her feet ached to run about.

Finally, however, a crooked, straggling t was done. How Mistress Abbott frowned when she saw it.

"Priscilla, that must come out. What kind of a needlewoman will you become if you do such work? Cousin Elizabeth Osgood has already hemmed her father's ruffles. My daughter should do as well. Take out that letter, every stitch."

"Won't!" answered Priscilla, stamping her foot. Such disobedience was unheard of, and her mother could scarcely believe her ears. But, "Won't!" Priscilla repeated.

Before she had a chance to say more, Mistress Abbott gathered up the sampler and work-

box in one hand, while with the other she grasped the little maid's arm and led her up-stairs to her own chamber.

"Stay here until you can be good and have finished the whole word as it should be done! Then you may come to me."

The door shut, and Priscilla was alone. Downstairs she heard the clatter of kettles; outside the bare branches of the cherry-tree tapped against the window, the crows called over the fields, "Come! come!" She looked at the sampler.

"I hate you! I hate you! I won't learn to sew! I wish Mother would n't make me. Mothers may like to sew, but girls don't. Well, Cousin Elizabeth may, but she is different; she never wants to play. She is always so good! Well, I'm not Cousin Elizabeth! I hate to sew!"

The unfortunate sampler was kicked under the bed, and Priscilla flung herself down on the floor in a storm of angry tears. The cherry-tree brushed against the window. She lifted her head. She climbed upon the sill. One foot slipped out onto a limb, the other followed, and, in a moment, down the tree slid the child.

An hour later, Mistress Abbott heard a clear, shrill voice singing the song that the Andover men had brought back from camp:

"Ye that reign masters of the serf,
Shake off your youthful sloth and ease;
We 'll make the haughty Tories know
The tortures they must undergo
When they engage their mortal foe!
Huzza, brave boys!"

There was Priscilla running through the garden, quite forgetful of her misdeeds. Her mother was very, very angry, and Priscilla was again shut up, this time in a room with no convenient tree, with many Bible verses to learn about the punishment of disobedience, and a



"MY GLOVE HAS RIPPED. CHILD, WILL YOU MEND IT FOR ME
WITH SUCH FAIR SEWING?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

coarse, hard seam to sew. Then she was sorry, and, next morning, in all Massachusetts no better, busier little maid might be found than the deacon's daughter as she sat in the great room of Abbott's Tavern in Andover town, and none made neater, fairer stitches.

Suddenly, there was a great stir and a hurrying hither and yon, as several men on horseback drew up before the door. Deacon Abbott himself rushed to help the tall-stranger on the gray horse to dismount, never so much as noticing Master Phillips, who was president of the Massachusetts Senate, and who rode with him. Mistress Abbott curtsied in the doorway, and men and maids bobbed and bowed. Priscilla looked on in wonder until she caught the magic name, "General Washington." This tall man, all dusty and travel-stained, with the tip of his finger showing through his torn riding-glove, was General Washington, her hero!

Her head drooped shyly over her sampler when he entered the room. Then a kind voice said to her, "Art the deacon's little maid?"

She slipped from the great settle to greet him, and her sampler fell at his feet. There it lay, each letter clear and plain, each stitch straight

and neat. General Washington himself quickly picked it up. How glad she was, then, that she had taken out that crooked t, and made another, quite perfect!

The great man smiled as he looked at it. "The little maid is indeed a fine needlewoman, Mistress Abbott. Many an older person might be proud of these stitches. My glove has ripped, child; will you mend it for me with such fair sewing while I breakfast?"

Her heart was so full of joy at the praise that she could not speak, but only nodded and took the glove. Stitches firm and even, the very best she had ever made, Priscilla set in the glove.

Just as the men came out to ride away again, the work was done. General Washington took the glove. "I thank thee, little maid," he said, and he lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

Priscilla could dream of no greater honor. But suppose she had never learned to sew? She never saw him again, after he vanished around the turn of the road, but for a whole week she would not wash the cheek he had kissed, and to the end of her life she was proud to tell, again and again, the story of the day when General Washington kissed the deacon's little maid.

THE SEASONS' CALENDAR

WHEN I think of winter,
 I think of driving snows,
 Of whirling flakes, and dazzling drifts,
 And every wind that blows.
 I think of sparkling night-time
 With all the starry crew;
 I think of great Orion
 On the midnight blue.
 I think of chestnuts in the fire
 Bursting and telling fates,
 I think of sleigh-bells in the dark,
 Of sleds, and skees, and skates.

When I think of springtime,
 I think of rushing rains,
 Of grass that springs to meet the sun
 In all the country lanes;
 Of venturous dandelions
 Glowing with friendly gold,
 Of willow-trees that on the wind
 Their yellow fringe unfold.
 I think of apple-blossoms—
 As if the world had wings!—
 And gardens that I mean to make
 In the time of pleasant things.

When I think of summer,
 Comes sweetness on the air,
 With roses, roses, roses,
 Blowing everywhere!
 I think of ringing scythes; of sails—
 The outbound fishing fleet;
 The rhythmic sound of distant oars
 That in the rowlocks beat;
 Of thrushes singing in the shade
 O'er swimming-pools, and all
 The strawberries in the mowing-field,
 The peaches on the wall.

When I think of autumn,
 I think of scarlet heaps
 Of apples underneath the trees
 Where the gray squirrel leaps;
 Of towering woodsides' crimson glow—
 Bare boughs against the sky
 In lacy lines; of wings that sweep
 Southward, with trumpet cry—
 The wild-geese clanging from the north;
 Of Indian summer days,
 And of the first fire on the hearth;—
 And warm me in its blaze.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The GAME I LOVE

By
Francis Ouimet

*National Golf Champion
of America*



MY INTRODUCTION TO GOLF

"Big brothers" have a lot of responsibility in life, more than most of them realize. "Little brother" is reasonably certain to follow their example, to a greater or less degree, hence the better the example set, the better for all concerned. My own case is just one illustration. Whether I was destined to become a golfer anyway, I cannot say; but my first desire to hit a golf ball, as I recall, arose from the fact that my older brother, Wilfred, became the proud possessor of a couple of golf-clubs when I was five years old, and at the same time I acquired the idea that the thing I wanted most in the world was to have the privilege of using those clubs.

Thus it was that, at the age of five years—fifteen years ago—my acquaintanceship with the game of golf began. To say that the game has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me might lead the reader to think that the greatest pleasure of all has been derived from winning tournaments and prizes. I can truthfully say that nothing is further from the fact. Of course, I am pleased to have won my fair share of tournaments; I appreciate the honor of having won the national open championship; but the winning is absolutely secondary. It is the game itself that I love. Of all the games that I have played and like to see played, including base-ball, foot-ball, hockey, and tennis, no other, to my mind, has quite so many charms as golf,—a clean and wholesome pastime, requiring the highest order of skill to be played successfully, and a game suitable alike for the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

MY FIRST "GOLF COURSE"

THE first "golf course" that I played over was laid out by my brother and Richard Kimball in the street in front of our home on Clyde Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, a street which forms the boundary of one side of The Country Club property. This golf course, as I call it, was provided by the town of Brookline, without the knowledge of the town's officials. In other words, my brother and Kimball simply played between two given points in the street. With the heels of their shoes they made holes in the dirt at the base of two lamp-posts about 120 yards apart, and that was their "course."

Nearly every afternoon they played, while I looked on enviously. Once in a while they let me take a club and try my hand, and then was I not delighted! It made no difference that the clubs were nearly as long as I was and too heavy for me to swing, or that the ball would only go a few yards, if it went at all. After all, as I look back, the older boys were only dealing me scanty justice when they occasionally allowed me to take a club, for when they lost a ball, I used to go searching for it, and, if successful, they always demanded its return. In the case of such a demand from two older boys, it is not always wise to refuse.

MY FIRST CLUB

"Big brother" was responsible for getting me interested in golf; "big brother" likewise was in great measure responsible for keeping me interested. On my seventh birthday, he made me a

birthday present of a club—a short brassy. Here was joy indeed! Not only had I now a club all my own with which to practise, but I already had amassed a private stock of seven or eight golf balls. The way this came about was that the journey from my house to school (this school, by the way, had only eight pupils in it, and the school-house was built in Revolutionary days) took me past the present sixth hole of The Country Club course, and I generally managed to get a little spare time to look for lost golf balls.

Some boys do not like to get up early in the morning. Any boy or girl who becomes as interested in golf as I was at the age of seven, will have no difficulty on that score. It was my custom to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then get up by six o'clock the next morning, and go out for some golf play before time to get ready for school. The one hole in the street where my brother and Richard Kimball first played had now been superseded by a more exacting golfing layout in a bit of pasture-land in back of our house.

DON'T PICK OUT "THE EASY PLACES" TO PLAY

HERE the older boys had established a hole of about 130 yards that was a real test for them, and, at first, a little too much for me. On the left, going one way, the ground was soft and marshy, an easy place to lose a ball. If the ball went on a straight line from the tee, it generally went into a gravel pit, which had an arm extending out to the right. There also was a brook about a hundred yards from the tee, when the play was in this same direction. Here, then, was a hole requiring accuracy; and I cannot but think that a measure of what accuracy my game now possesses had its foundation back in those days when I was so young and just taking up the game. I believe, moreover, that any boy or girl who becomes interested in golf should not pick out the easy places to play at the start, simply because they like the fun of seeing the ball go farther.

What bothered me most, in those days, was the fact that I could not drive over that brook going one way. The best I could do was to play short of the brook, and then try to get the second on the improvised green. Every now and then, I became bold enough to have another try to carry the brook, though each time it was with the knowledge that failure possibly meant the loss of the ball in the brook, in a time when one ball represented a small fortune. At last came the memorable morning when I did manage to hit one over the brook.

"OVER THE BROOK"—AT LAST!

IF ever in my life a golf shot gave me satisfaction, it was that one. It did more—it created ambition. I can remember thinking that if I could get over the brook once, I could do it again. And I did do it again—got so I could do it quite a fair proportion of my tries. Then the shot over the brook, coming back, began to seem too easy, for the carry one way was considerably longer than the other. Consequently I decided that for the return I would tee up on a small mound twenty-five to thirty yards in back of the spot from which we usually played, making a much harder shot. Success brought increased confidence, and confidence brought desired results, so that, in course of time, it did not seem so difficult to carry the brook playing either way.

This was done with the old, hard ball, then generally known as the "guttie," made from gutta-percha. About this time I picked up, one morning, a ball which bounced in a much more lively fashion than the kind I had found previously. Now, of course, I know that it was one of the early makes of rubber-cored balls, but, at that time, I simply knew that it would go much farther than the others, and that, above all things, I must not lose it. That ball was my greatest treasure. Day after day I played with it, until all the paint was worn off, and it was only after long searching that I managed always to find it after a drive.

HOW I LOST MY FIRST "TREASURE"—A RUBBER-CORED GOLF BALL

REALIZING that something must be done to retain the ball, I decided to repaint it, and did so with white lead. Next, I did something that was almost a calamity in my young life. To dry the white lead, I put the ball in a hot oven and left it there for about an hour. I went back thinking to find a nice new ball, and found—what do you suppose? Nothing but a soft mass of gutta-percha and elastic. The whole thing simply had melted. The loss of a brand-new sled or a new pair of skates could not have made me grieve more, and I vowed that in future, no matter how dirty a ball became, I never would put another in a hot oven to dry after repainting.

ON THE COUNTRY CLUB COURSE—AND OFF AGAIN!

ALL this time I had been playing with the brassy that Brother gave me, and all my energies were devoted to trying to see how far I could hit the ball. My next educational step in play

came when Wilfred made me a present of a mashy, whereupon I realized that there are other points to the game than merely getting distance. Previous practice with the brassy had taught me how to hit the ball with fair accuracy, so that learning something about mashy play came naturally. Being now possessed of two clubs, my ambitions likewise grew proportionately. The cow-pasture in back of our house was all right enough, as far as it went, but why be so limited

forth over the one 130-yard hole three times, each using the same clubs. We even got to the point where we thought it would add excitement by playing for balls, and one day I found myself the richer by ten balls. But let me add that it is a bad practice for boys. There is too much hard feeling engendered.

As we became more proficient in play, we began to look over the ground with an eye to greater distance and more variety, until finally we



in my surroundings.

There was the beautiful course of The Country Club across the street, with lots of room and smoother ground; nothing would do but that I should play at The Country Club. I began going over there mornings to play, but soon discovered that the grounds-keeper and I did not hold exactly the same views concerning my right to play there. Whatever argument there was in the matter was all in favor of the grounds-keeper. Of course I know now that he only did his duty when he chased me off the course.

COW PASTURE PLAY

WHILE my brother's interest in golf began to wane, because foot-ball and base-ball became greater hobbies with him, other boys in our neighborhood began to evince an interest in it, until it became a regular thing for three or four of us to play in the cow-pasture after school hours and most of the day Saturday. We even had our matches, six holes in length, by playing back and

lengthened out the original hole to what was a good drive and pitch for us, about 230 yards; likewise we created a new hole of about ninety yards, to play with the mashy. From the new green, back to the starting-point, under an old chestnut-tree, was

about 200 yards, which gave us a triangle course of three holes. In this way we not only began gradually to increase the length of our game, but also to get in a greater variety of shots.

BEGINNING RIGHT

As I look back now, I become more and more convinced that the manner in which I first took up the game was to my subsequent advantage. With the old brassy I learned the elementary lesson of swinging a club and hitting the ball squarely, so as to get all the distance possible for one of my age and physical make-up. Then, with the mashy, I learned how to hit the ball into the air, and how to drop it at a given point. I really think I could not have taken up the clubs in more satisfactory order. Even to this

day, I have a feeling of confidence that I shall be sure to hit the ball cleanly when using a brassy, which feeling probably is a legacy from those old days.

And a word of caution right here to the boy or girl, man or woman, taking up the game: do not attempt at the start to try to hit the ball as far as you have seen some experienced player send it. Distance does not come all at once, and accuracy is the first thing to be acquired.

I DO PLAY ON THE COUNTRY CLUB COURSE

THE first time that I had the pleasure of walking over a golf course without the feeling that, at any moment, I would have to take to my heels to escape an irate greens-keeper was when I was about eleven years old. I was on The Country Club links, looking for lost golf balls, when a member who had no caddy came along and asked me if I would carry his clubs. Nothing could have suited me better. As this member was coming to the first tee, I happened to be swinging a club, and he was kind enough to hand me a ball, at the same time asking me to tee up and hit it.

That was one occasion in my golfing career when I really felt nervous, though by this time I had come to the point where I felt reasonably confident of hitting the ball. But to stand up there and do it with an elderly person looking on was a different matter. It is a feeling which almost any golfer will have the first time he tries to hit a ball before some person or persons with whom he has not been in contact previously. I can remember doubting that I should hit the ball at all, hence my agreeable surprise in getting away what, for me, was a good ball.

Evidently the gentleman, who was not an especially good player himself, was satisfied with the shot, for he was kind enough to invite me to play with him, instead of merely carrying his clubs. He let me play with his clubs, too. That was the beginning of my caddying career. Some of the other members for whom I carried clubs occasionally made me a present of some club, so that it was not long before my equipment contained not only the original brassy and mashy, but also a cleik, mid-iron, and putter.

Needless to say, they were not all exactly suited to my size and style of play; yet to me each one of them was precious. I took great pride in polishing them up after every usage. The second time I played with the gentleman who first employed me as caddy, I had my own clubs. I had the pleasure of playing with him two years later, after he came home from abroad, in which round I made an 84, despite a 9 at one hole.

All this time, my enthusiasm for the game increased, rather than diminished, so that, during the summer of 1906, I was on the links every moment that I could be there until school opened in September; after which I caddied or played afternoons and Saturdays until the close of the playing season.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE

SOMEWHERE along about that time I had a most trying experience. My brother Wilfred, who, being older, had become better posted on the technical side of the game, advised me to change my swing. I had been using what was more or less of a base-ball stroke, a half-swing that seemed to be all right so far as accuracy went, but was not especially productive in the matter of distance. Wilfred's advice struck me as sensible—almost any golfer, young or old, thinks well of advice that bids fair to lengthen his game.

At any rate, I altered my swing, taking the club back much farther. For the succeeding two months I discovered that my game, instead of improving, gradually was getting worse. The old-time accuracy was missing. More than that, a good many golf balls also soon became missing, for in playing on my old stamping-grounds—the pasture in back of the house—I seemed to have the unhappy faculty of getting them off the line into the swamp, where to find the ball was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Being quite disgusted, I tried to go back to my old style, only to find that that, too, was impossible. Here was, indeed, a dilemma! On thinking it over, there were only two conclusions to reach: one was that to become at all accurate in either the old style or the new, meant to make up my mind to use one of them permanently, and then simply to keep on practising in the hope that accuracy would come; the other was that even though the new style had impaired my old game, at the same time it was plain to be seen that, in the long run, it probably would be the better style of the two. Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and that was to continue with the longer swing.

Perhaps then I did not realize the full significance of the choice. I do now. Had I kept on with the old swing, the result would have been that I probably would have advanced to a certain proficiency so far as accuracy goes, but my game would have been stilted, and lacking in the variety of shots which not only betters the standard of play, but which gives all the more personal satisfaction to the player. It was possibly two months after I took Brother's advice that

I began to notice a gradual improvement. I began to hit the ball with the same certainty as of old, and, to my delight, found that the ball traveled farther than I ever had been able to hit it before, and also with less expenditure of effort.

than others. They were the ones who felt that it was much easier to leave out five or six holes in the course of the round and "guess" what they would have done at these holes. I can just remember that scores as low as 77 to 80 were



THE FIRST GOLF COURSE. ALL LEAVY COVER WAS IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF CLUB HOME. IN BACKGROUND A STREET WHICH FORMS ONE SIDE OF THE COUNTRY CLUB PROPERTY. (SEE PAGE 37.)

At first the added distance was at the expense of direction, but it was not long before my control over the new swing became nearly as good as of old.

A CADDY TOURNAMENT AND A LESSON

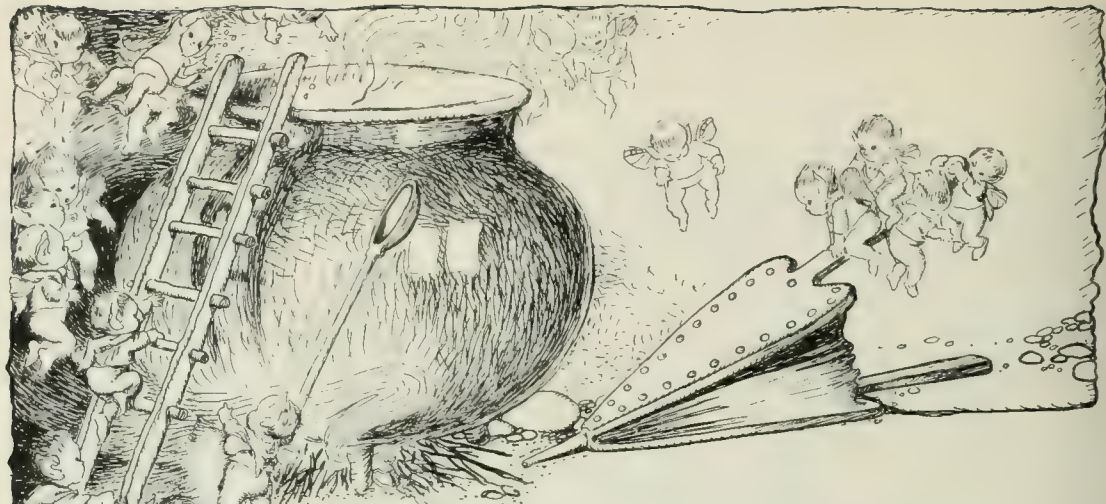
BACK in those early days of my golfing career, I can remember an incident which taught me the lesson of always being honest with myself or with an opponent in the matter of scoring. The Country Club arranged for a caddy tournament, —I think it was the custom then to have these tournaments late in the fall, when they would not interfere with the members. At any rate, this particular tournament happened to come on a day when there was snow on the ground. The boys, however, were so keen for play that this little handicap did not bother them.

Some of them had less reason to be bothered

handed in to the officials in charge, and that soon there was a wrangle over the correctness of some of the figures returned. The upshot of it all was that, after considerable argumentation, it was decided that no prizes should be given at all.

It was a good lesson for all of the boys concerned, though a little hard on those who had tried to do what was right. The sooner a boy, or a man for that matter, learns to live up to the motto "Honesty is the best policy" in golf, as in other things, the better for him. There is no game which gives a competitor a better opportunity to cheat; but for that very reason there is no game in which the cheat, when discovered, as it usually is sooner or later, is looked upon with greater contempt.

Having told, as best I can, something of my earliest experiences in golf, I will in the next article endeavor to relate something about golf in my high-school days.



FAIRY TEA

BY D. K. S.

'T WAS very, very long ago, in days no longer sung,
When giant stood about so high, and pixies all were young;
The Queen of Fairies said one day: "I'm tired of honey-dew,
So hasten now, and mix for me a cup of something new.

"It must lift the drooping spirit, it must heal the wounded heart;
It must bring the smile of happiness, and bid the tear depart;
It must make the young grow younger, and the old no longer old;
It must make the poor contented, and the rich forget their gold."

Now, you can just imagine how the pixies, far and wide,
Came hurrying and scurrying with things to be supplied.
First, they bought a useful caldron which some witches had for sale,
And the nixies brought sweet water from the Falls of Dryadvale.

Then they took some sprays of heartsease as the first thing to infuse,
And they added Johnny-jump-up as an antidote for blues.
For the young they brought the May-bloom, everlasting for the old;
For the rich and poor the joy-weed, which is just as good as gold.



When it boiled, they cooled and poured it, so the ancient story goes;
And to the Queen they brought it in the chalice of a rose.
She sipped, delighted; then she cried: "I issue this decree:
The cup you have so deftly brewed, I christen Fairy Tea!"

So when you see the fairy folk "at home" in Dingle Dell,
All sipping something dainty from their cups of heather-bell,
You will notice they are happy, as good fairies ought to be,
And that 's because they always use their famous Fairy Tea.



THE FAIRY FOLK AT HOME IN DINGLE DELL.



"ON GUARD!"

DRAWN BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES.

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pebbles," and "His Friend Longfellow"

CHAPTER X

THE WAY HOME

RODMAN, still seated at his table in the window of the bakery, watched Harriet while she stood thinking. "Well," he said to himself, "I 've eavesdropped. But I don't see what else I could do. And that selfish—" He saw Harriet's face, a little flushed with feeling, suddenly droop with an expression of dismay. She turned and went out of his sight. Troubled, he rose and asked for his bill.

"You asked about turnovers," reminded the baker.

"I can't eat any more," answered Rodman.

When he was in the street again, Johnson met him. "Say," he began, "I 've got another passenger, that nephew of Mr. Dodd's. Can ye be ready in about ten minutes?"

"I suppose so," answered Rodman.

"I 'll git the team," said Johnson. He was a good-natured, cheerful soul, and was eager, as Rodman saw, to begin a long talk with his two passengers on the chances of the game. But Rodman suddenly felt a distaste for such an experience.

"Coming to think of it," he said, "I can't go with you. My suit won't be ready in time."

Johnson looked his dismay. "I could wait for ye, any other day, but—"

"Don't wait," replied Rodman. "Of course you must be home in time."

"But how 'll you git back?" inquired Johnson.

"That will be all right," answered Rodman, carelessly. He knew that the chances were against his getting a ride home, and that he might have to carry his bundles all the way. "Any one will take me," he said. The two separated.

In the meantime, Harriet was weighing her own difficulties. She had told Brian that she was not afraid to drive Peter home alone. Afraid she certainly was not, but quite as certainly she was uneasy. She knew Peter too well. On the drive to Winton, his first freshness had left him, and he had been quiet and steady among the sights and sounds of the town, none of which happened to be very exciting. But Harriet knew that after two hours of rest the horse would be fresh again, and might take it into his head to make trouble. And even if he were not frightened on the way home, she did not relish the

idea of the long stiff pull against his unyielding mouth. Peter was a hard-bitted horse if ever there was one; further, a curb-bit could not be used with him, since it excited him. So when at last Harriet had got her package at the post-office, and at the livery-stable had ordered her carriage, she was of two minds whether to get one of the stable-men to drive her home. But there was the expense to consider, and the difficulty of getting the man back again. Besides, if she did this, some one would be sure to ask why Brian had not stayed with her. She did not wish to betray him. Finally, she disliked to give in. So, with Peter champing at his bit, she drove out alone into the street that led toward home.

Close by, on the curbstone, stood Rodman, a bundle under each arm. He saw her and bowed. Harriet immediately stopped.

"Rodman," she asked, "may n't I take you home?"

His face lighted up. "It would be a great help."

"Put the bundles in behind, then," she directed, "and get in quickly. Peter does n't like to stand."

So, while Peter started, backed, sidled, and fidgeted, Rodman stowed his bundles under the seat and quickly sprang into the runabout. Harriet smiled at him as she gave rein to the horse.

"Your ankle does n't seem to trouble you."

"It 's entirely well," he informed her. "But I 'm glad to be spared the walk home."

"And the wrist?" she asked.

"The doctor warns me to be careful with it," he answered. "But to me it feels quite well."

An electric car came humming along the street, and Harriet put her attention on her driving. The car, an automobile, and a motor-truck were all safely passed, Peter behaving well in answer to reins and voice. That is, he behaved well for him. But Harriet knew that if once he wished to run, she could not possibly control him. His mouth seemed made of iron, and she felt that he knew how little force she could put upon the reins. It was not with very great ease of mind, then, that she approached the worst spot in all Winton for drivers of mettlesome horses.

Here the road dipped slightly and passed under the railroad. A train thundering overhead, a hot cinder falling, might very well cause a runaway. But the passage was safely made, and no train was in sight. Harriet breathed more

easily as she turned Peter up the hill that ran for a hundred yards parallel with the tracks. Three minutes more, and she would be above their level, and safe in this particular. But she had barely begun to feel at ease before she perceived, just as Peter began to climb the hill, a puffing freight-engine, evidently dragging a heavy train, swing into sight around the curve and come straight at her.

Harriet shortened the reins, took a firm grip, and shifted a little forward in her seat. She took pains not to tighten the reins, lest in that way her apprehension might be conveyed to Peter; but she was ready for what he might do. For half a minute he went steadily uphill; then the snorting engine drew his attention. He quivered, and then swung to the right, where a flimsy fence was all that stood between the carriage and a steep hillside.

Harriet touched him lightly with the whip. "Go on, Peter!"

Peter went on, but with delicate steps, his head turned toward the train. Harriet thought, "Any horse would be afraid of that." Then the monster was upon them, smoking and roaring. Peter tossed his head, and then began to rear, preparing to turn about and run. Again she flicked him. "Peter, behave!"

Peter hesitated, dropped upon his fore feet again, and for a moment pranced. But this chance was gone. With a rush, the engine passed him, and all that there was to face was the swaying, grinding cars. Harriet felt easier.

Yet the horse disliked the situation. To turn about was but to chase the engine; therefore the only thing to do was to hurry by these noisy and overhanging cars. He plunged forward, and Harriet was almost dragged from her seat.

"Peter!" she implored.

But Peter quickened his pace. The more he saw of these cars the less he liked them. His speed increased, and, although Harriet gripped the reins with all her strength, she felt not only that she was less able to brace herself against the foot-rest, but also that the reins were slowly slipping through her fingers. Peter was going faster and faster. If he should really run—

At that moment, she perceived that Rodman's hand was just above the reins, ready to take them. His voice said, "You 'd better let me help."

Harriet was unwilling to give in. She held on for a moment longer, but again the reins slipped. Helplessly she gasped, "Take him!"

She felt Rodman's grip close firmly on the reins, and instantly the strain was removed from her hands, her shoulders, her back, her knees.

She drew a long breath, and with relief saw Peter respond to Rodman's hand and voice. Where the road turned away from the track, the corner was sharp, and if taken at full speed might have been dangerous; but by the time Peter reached it, he was well under control. In another minute, the up-grade began to tell on him. His trot slowed, and at last he dropped into a walk.

Rodman turned to Harriet. "You managed him well."

"Oh," she responded, "I am not strong enough for him. I am so glad you took him. The reins were slipping."

Rodman nodded. "I saw; otherwise I should n't have interfered. You 'd better let me drive him till you 're rested."

"Won't you drive him all the way?" she asked. "Oh, I forgot your wrist."

"I believe it 's quite well," he assured her. "And I 'll drive with pleasure."

Peter behaved himself the rest of the way through the town. He was not a bad horse, Harriet explained. If only he went to Winton oftener, he would get used to town sights. And he was so good in answering to the voice; it was quite as important as the reins. The two discussed horses and roads and driving with much fluency and good spirits; Harriet's relief made her more talkative than usual, and Rodman responded readily. He was very—no, not polite, but courteous. The old-fashioned word represented his old-fashioned way of listening, and bowing, and speaking with a sort of deference which Harriet had not yet met with in a boy, but had seen in older men. Harriet felt sure that he had had little to do with girls. One thing she noted that pleased her: not once did she see in his eyes the hunted look.

By this time, they had left Winton behind. Peter had climbed two long hills, and some of his spirit had gone out of him. Now they entered the woods, and as they drove along under the trees, sometimes speaking and again remaining silent, Harriet began to feel peaceful. Her nerves still tingled from the struggle with Peter, and she was glad not to be driving, yet she felt quite secure. It was at this moment that they were passing the opening of another road which, heavily masked with underbrush, joined the main road on the left side, coming at an angle from behind.

Suddenly, she found herself clutching the arm of her seat. The air was ringing with an inhuman shriek. The shriek ceased, but there was a rattle and a roar almost as loud, and the ground shook. Harriet understood—an automobile! Out



"A FLIMSY FENCE WAS ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THE CARRIAGE AND A STEEP HILLSIDE."

from the side road a great touring-car shot at full speed, shrieked again its warning into their faces, swayed and rattled at their very side, and, as it swung in a wide curve, its rear skidded in a

cloud of dust, and fairly brushed Peter's nose. Rolling for a moment like a ship, yet never slackening speed, the automobile regained the middle of the road, and darted away from them. Had the carriage been but its length farther on, it must have been smashed.

Peter was instantly in the air. Harriet saw him towering over her as if to fall backward. Rodman cut him sharply with the whip, and the horse dropped forward, only to plunge sideways into the bushes. There the carriage, careering on two wheels, crashed along through the splintering brush; then Rodman, pulling hard upon one rein, managed to guide Peter onto the road. He spoke sharply and commandingly; but Peter plunged again, half reared, and now shot almost off the road on the other side. Harriet, shaken and confused, could only cling to the seat, set her teeth, and wait. With senses almost bewildered, she heard the pounding of the hoofs, the creaking of the wagon, and the snorting of the horse.

Then it was all over. With a final plunge, Peter steadied, and, after a single attempt to gallop, took again his trot. He was whirling the carriage rapidly along, but the danger had passed, and he was again under control. Rodman turned his head toward Harriet, and found her with cheeks aflame, her eyes shining, and with her lips almost smiling. He smiled himself. "All right?"

"All right!" she responded. "That was a close shave."

"It was pretty near to manslaughter," he responded. "But we're well out of it."

"I'm glad that I was not driving," she said. She knew that she could not have held Peter. But also she knew, with a little thrill of satisfaction, that she had not for a moment been frightened. Now she saw Rodman guide Peter to the roadside and stop him, with the evident intention of getting out. She asked: "Is anything wrong?"

He answered: "The shaft is broken."

So it was. Peter's plunges had been too much for the right shaft, and it had broken about midway. Rodman leaned forward to examine it. The break was clean and slanting, dangerous, therefore, for the two sharp points might wound the horse. The shaft was needed, also, to control him. The break must be repaired before they could proceed.

"I must splice it," said Rodman. "Lucky I have a bundle of string. I'll have to tie Peter and cut some sticks."

"What for?" she thought; but she kept her question to herself. Rodman hitched Peter to a tree, and, taking out his knife, went into the bushes. Before very long, he returned with four straight sticks, each about the thickness of his

finger, and three feet long. When he laid one of them along the shaft, lapping the break, Harriet saw what he meant to do. She stooped down, and, feeling a lumpy bundle under the seat, drew it out. "This is your string?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Will you give me a ball of it?"

She opened the bundle, and discovered a half-dozen balls of twine. "It's very light," she said doubtfully.

"We'll make it do," he answered. Drawing out about twenty-five feet of the twine and cutting it off, he gave her an end to hold. He himself took the other end. "Now twist," he directed. "We must twist in opposite directions." For some moments they twisted the string; then, when it was ready to kink, he came quickly toward her, gave her his end to hold, and carefully smoothed the string as it twisted upon itself. The result was a strong cord some ten feet long.

"Good!" she cried.

With this cord Rodman now lashed the four rods to the shaft, surrounding the break. With other cords, similarly made, he made the splice strong. By the time he had used up the ball of string, the shaft looked like the property of a shiftless farmer, but it was dependable. Rodman, putting his hand on it and shaking it, smiled with satisfaction at Harriet.

"That will take us home," he said. He untied Peter, headed him into the road, and, getting into the carriage, where Harriet now gave him the driver's seat, took the reins. Then he smiled once more at Harriet. "Don't you think we've had enough excitement for one drive?"

She was about to answer when, looking downward, she could not miss seeing the crimson band that showed on his wrist.

"Rodman," she cried, "you've hurt your arm!"

He looked at the bandage. "Sure enough," he said slowly. "It's bleeding."

"Does n't it hurt?" she demanded.

"I had noticed it," he admitted. "But it does n't amount to much."

She tried to take the reins from him, saying, "You must let me drive." But he held them out of her reach.

"I am good for it," he said. "Harriet, the horse is in no condition for you to manage."

"But your wound!" she cried, distressed. "It must have opened again, and you will do yourself great harm."

"Nothing much," he answered steadily. "I think the bleeding has stopped. Besides, I shall use my left hand."

She was forced to be content. Looking at his face, she saw that he was not pale; therefore try-

ing to believe, with him, that the hurt was trifling, she endeavored to be cheerful. Thanks, she knew, would embarrass him, so she spoke of the woods, the drought, the ball game, anything but himself. They passed over some miles without incident, until it was evident that they were approaching the village. They were near the end of the woods.

Rodman turned to her. "Peter 's tired now, and I don't think he 'll make any more trouble. It might be noticed if I drove home with you instead of—of your cousin. If I get out at the cross-roads ahead, would you mind driving home alone?"

Harriet noticed Rodman's consideration not only for her but for Brian, who so little deserved it. But in answer to his question she shook her head. "I am going," she said, "to drive you to the doctor's."

He smiled in polite opposition. "I must go to Nate's."

With a little feeling of helplessness, she realized that his will was stronger than her own. "Very well," she said. "I will drive home from the cross-roads."

Then, as they approached the joining of the roads, she felt that she could not be satisfied with saying so little. "Rodman," she began, "I must tell you how much—"

Rodman, suddenly drawing Peter into a walk, turned to Harriet. "Don't say it," he interrupted, looking squarely at her. "I know what you want to say, and I 'm glad of it, but let us just agree that I have done a little to repay you. No, don't say any more. Your cousin 's right here by the cross-roads."

"Brian?" exclaimed Harriet. She looked ahead. A figure had indeed stepped out from the bushes, and had advanced into the road to meet them. In silence Brian waited, and in silence the others approached until Rodman stopped the carriage before him.

Brian's face was red and sullen. There was nothing that he could say: he knew that the others would understand that he could not go home and face the family. He had thought it easy to make his peace with Harriet, but it filled him with disgust to find her driving with Rodman. He almost wished that he had risked going on alone. He thought eagerly for some familiar, offhand way in which to claim the driver's seat. But in spite of himself he could find nothing to say, and felt that he made a shamefaced picture, waiting to see what would happen. Would that fellow give up his place?

To his relief, Rodman, handing the reins to Harriet, jumped from the runabout. Then, as

Brian prepared to climb up, Harriet moved into the right-hand seat, and motioned Brian to come around to the other side. He turned to pass in front of the horse, and, so doing, his eye fell on the clumsily repaired shaft.

"Why," he exclaimed, "that 's been broken!"

Harriet did not answer; she was very indignant with him. In silence she waited while Brian took his place beside her. But then Rodman, having taken his bundles from the carriage, came and looked up at Brian.

"We broke the shaft in this way," he explained. "Back there where the road comes in from East Winton, an auto swung out in front of us, and Peter took us into the bushes, where he broke the shaft. But he quieted down; he 's pretty good if only you speak to him. I mended the break with four oak sticks; they 're easy enough to cut if you bend them at the ground and draw your knife across them. The string is twine, doubled and twisted; I used a whole ball. You can see how I made the splice." He turned to Harriet, and took off his cap.

"Good-by," he said. "Thank you for the lift." He bowed and turned away.

Harriet, lost in wonderment at his giving so much information to Brian, was forced to call after him: "Good-by. You are n't half as much obliged as I am." He threw her a smile over his shoulder, but said nothing. In a moment more, he was out of sight among the bushes, and Harriet drove on.

Not a word did she say to Brian. She was so out of patience with him that she scarcely thought of his humiliation and his regret. He stole glances at her face, and found it unforgiving. Then he grew uneasy. Would she tell? When they were close to the house, he ventured to speak.

"Harriet, had n't I better drive?"

"No!" she answered firmly. With her little chin set determinedly, she drove the remaining distance and turned in at the gate. Standing on the piazza were her father and mother, Bob, and Pelham. As she stopped the horse, the coachman came and took the bridle.

Pelham came running down the steps. "You people had the best of it," he cried. "There was no game. We waited an hour, and then the other team telephoned that they 'd broken down on the road." He helped Harriet from the carriage.

She was in no mood to respond, but forced herself to do so. "I 'm sorry, Pelham. I suppose we had all the fun." She had suddenly begun to wonder how the broken shaft was to be explained. Could Brian escape any longer?

"So you lost nothing, Brian," went on Pelham.

Brian answered something, Harriet did not hear what, for she was giving the package to her father. What she did hear was the sudden remark of the coachman:

"You 've been breakin' of the shaft."

"H'm!" said Mr. Dodd. "And spliced it too. How did it all happen?"

Shrinking, Harriet looked up at him. What should she say? With relief, she saw that his eye was fixed on Brian. Indeed, all were looking at him. She stepped to the door, but having reached it, turned with a little feeling of satisfaction. What would he be able to say?

Brian was red to his ears. His voice was not clear as he answered. "Back there in the woods where the road comes in from the side—the East Winton road, I think?—an automobile swung out in front of us so quick it startled Peter. He got into the bushes, and managed to break the shaft."

Pelham, who had been examining the splice, looked up in admiration. "You did well to stop him. And this bit of mending, that 's well done too!"

Brian forced a smile. "Just four oak sticks. They 're quickly cut when you know how—just bend 'em down and cut at the bend. The string was too small, but we made it bigger by doubling and twisting."

Harriet choked with indignation. She saw her mother, impetuous as a girl, run down the steps and kiss Brian. It was on Harriet's lips to say, "Ask what happened at the railroad bridge." But she saw on Brian's face a hangdog look of shame, and, turning quickly, went into the house.

CHAPTER XI

PELHAM TAKES A HAND

PELHAM and Brian occupied the same room. Here, while Brian sat looking moodily out of the window, Pelham was walking up and down. He had just come from Harriet.

"Neither you nor Harriet seems to want to talk," he complained. "Now here am I as mad as I can be about that automobile—why, they might have killed you! A little farther, and you 'd have been side-wiped, I should say."

"Looked like it," answered Brian.

"Probably it was that big machine that passed through town an hour and a half ago. A limousine, was n't it?"

"I guess so," Brian replied.

Pelham stopped in his walk. "Don't you know?"

"My dear fellow," said Brian, "I had my hands full with the horse."

"Of course!" answered Pelham, resuming his tramp. "But here I am, getting angry about that automobile, while you and Harriet are as cool as fishes."

"Very natural, I should say," explained Brian. "We 're glad enough not to have been hurt."

"Well," cried Pelham, stopping again, and going to his cousin's side, "so am I! I 'm just beginning to realize what might have happened—and what it might have meant. You know—" he hesitated, but then went on, "I 'm beginning to wonder what I 'd have done if Harriet had been—hurt. You saw how Mother felt?"

"Yes," mumbled Brian. His aunt's kiss still burned his cheek like fire.

"Father does n't say much," went on Pelham, "but he was really scared." Pelham put his hand on Brian's shoulder. "Harriet never could have managed the horse herself. Brian, we 're all tremendously obliged to you."

Brian rose suddenly. "That 's all right, Pelham. Only—well, just let 's forget it. It 's—I—it 's nothing, you know."

Pelham looked at his cousin, who was not looking at him. He clapped Brian on the back, and laughed. "You need n't be ashamed of it, you know. Well, we 'll drop it."

"No hope of any base-ball?" asked Brian, hurriedly.

"I 'm waiting to do an errand for Father," Pelham said. "But I told the fellows I thought we could have a scrub game about four."

"Good!" cried Brian.

Bob, whose steps had been sounding on the stairs and in the hallway, now looked into the room. "Pelham," he said, tossing a package at his brother, "take that over to the office, will you? Father and I won't be through with that letter for another fifteen minutes, but Brian will mail it, I guess. And then you can have your game." He disappeared.

Pelham, stuffing the package into his pocket, started for the door. "That will just give me enough time to call a couple of fellows who don't know that we 're to play. See you at the field, Brian. By the way, will you lend me your knife? Mine is so dull, and I have n't time to sharpen it."

Brian went to the bureau. "I never carry a knife, you know. Most of us don't." Pelham stared at his cousin's back. He knew that by "us" Brian meant the boys with whom he usually associated. Now he was not surprised that city boys did not carry pocket-knives; what use had they for them? But that Brian's knife was in his bureau—

"It 's pretty dull, anyway," went on Brian, rummaging.

His knife dull? Pelham stared the more. Those oak sticks with which the shaft had been spliced had been cut with a sharp knife.

But Pelham said nothing. He knew that Harriet had no knife, and he wanted time to think. When Brian finally produced the knife, he saw that it was more pen-knife than jack-knife, scarcely capable, unless exceedingly sharp, of cutting the stout saplings. He opened it and thumbed the blade. "A little better than mine," he said. "Thanks!" He hurried away, and as he went he thought.

Brian, left to himself, began to pace up and down. The awkwardness of his position, forced to take the praise that belonged to Rodman, bothered him greatly. It was all very well to escape the blame that he deserved, and he was, when he thought of this, glad that Harriet had escaped from an accident. He believed, also, that he could have done quite as well as Rodman, had he stayed with Harriet. Indeed, he felt a little resentment against the boy who had so neatly taken his place. But he saw the dishonesty of his course, and, to do him justice, was uncomfortable in consequence. Further, he was afraid lest any moment he might betray himself. How was he to know whether that had been a limousine or a touring-car?

Quite unconscious, however, of the joint that Pelham had already found in his armor, Brian presently answered his uncle's call. Mr. Dodd was in the writing-room, with a packet in his hand. It was long and narrow, tied with string, and well plastered with postage-stamps.

"Brian," said Mr. Dodd, weighing the packet in his hand, "you see now why I sent you over to Winton to-day. Here are those papers that you brought, ready to go out again by this afternoon's mail. I want you to take it to the post-office and register it."

Mr. Dodd was in the habit of explaining to his children many of his acts, at least such as they themselves saw or helped him in. His belief was that whether or not the children always understood, in the long run they learned a good deal concerning matters which were valuable to them.

Following his practice, he went on to explain to Brian: "This was a contract that you brought. After talking it all over with Bob, I have signed it. The people that I'm dealing with are new to me, and not knowing just how far I am situated



THE END OF THE LINE FROM HIS LOOK, AN OLLIE
FROM THE FRONT OF THE LINE

from the bank, have required the usual deposit to be by certified check or else by cash. It's too late to have the bank at Winton certify my check, so I am sending two hundred dollars in bank-bills. That is why the package must be registered, and must be insured for that amount."

Brian listened inattentively. He did not see how this could affect him, but he answered respectfully at the end, "Yes, sir."

"The mail does n't close for an hour and a half," said Mr. Dodd. "Still, I think if I were you, I'd go directly and get the matter done. The postage is correct, and you will have nothing to pay." He gave the boy the package.

"Very well, sir," said Brian. He put the packet in the side pocket of his coat, and started to leave the room.

Mr. Dodd looked after him. The long envelop stood well out of the pocket, and he called a warning: "Be careful of it, Brian."

"Yes, sir," answered Brian, and departed.

(To be continued.)

As he afterward explained, all he did was to go straight to the post-office, stopping for a few minutes on the bridge over the mill-stream. It was a very natural place to stop; a hundred people did it daily, for rushing water is always fascinating. But Brian's few minutes were longer than he thought. Frowning down into the swirling eddies, puzzling over the pitfalls that might catch him before the incidents of Harriet's drive were forgotten, he restlessly shifted from foot to foot. In so doing, he rubbed his coat against the railing, until, presently, the envelop slipped from his pocket and fell from the bridge. The noise of the water covered the sound of the fall, and Brian, still frowning, went on his way.

FRACTIONS

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN



THEY've given me a lot of things
The Governess calls "fractions,"
And all because I learned those old
Additions and subtractions!

I think, to take half off a thing
Would leave it all lop-sided—
And "one" I'm sure is small enough,
Why should it be divided?



The Goose Fair at Warsaw

by

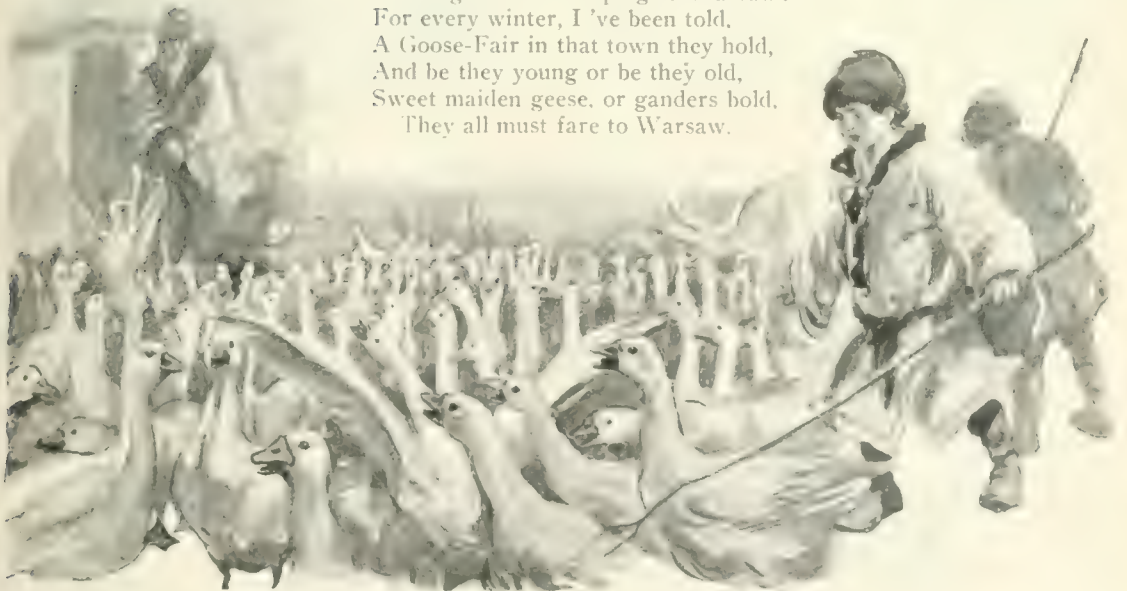
Nora Archibald Smith

Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!

The geese are trooping to Warsaw!
In Warsaw there 's a giant Fair,
And through the chill December air,
O'er hills and uplands brown and bare,
Waddling here and waddling there,
The geese go forth to Warsaw.

Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!

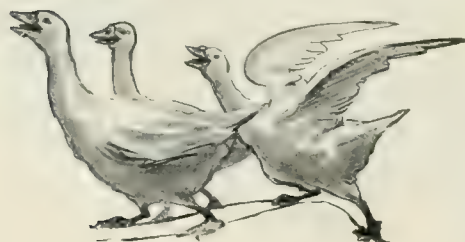
The geese are trooping to Warsaw!
For every winter, I've been told,
A Goose-Fair in that town they hold,
And be they young or be they old,
Sweet maiden geese, or ganders hold,
They all must fare to Warsaw.





Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!
 The geese are trooping to Warsaw!
 A million geese, or so they say,
 In noisy flocks are on the way.
 There 'll be the very deuce to pay
 If such an army goes astray,
 Of geese that tramp to Warsaw.

Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!
 The geese are trooping to Warsaw!



The goose-herds drive them, all a-row,
 And very well indeed they know
 That geese can never barefoot go,
 O'er frozen ground and eke on snow,
 The many miles to Warsaw.

Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!
 The geese are trooping to Warsaw!
 But ere they leave their master's land,
 They walk through tar and then through sand,
 And so on well-shod feet they stand,
 As, in a feathered army grand,
 The geese march on to Warsaw.

Hiss! Hiss! Quack! Quack!
With arching neck and curving back,
The booted geese go cackling down
To meet their fate in Warsaw town.
Hiss! Hiss!

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Little Girl in the Blue Dress," "The Little Girl in the Red Dress," etc.

CHAPTER V

THE ANCIENT GUIDE

You must not fancy that nothing happened between visits to the "Fairy Tryst," as Maggie called the back gate of Mr. Penfold's Park. In Bonnyburn, something pleasant was happening all the time. It seemed to Maggie that she had never been so busy in all her life.

They visited all the children's favorite places: the sugar-house, where Mr. Timmins made maple-sugar in the spring; the corn-field, where lived the lonely scarecrow who went walking abroad every night, as Maggie declared. Then there was the big rock in the pasture where they played ship, sailing on an ocean of sweet-smelling fern; and there was the hollow tree, where Bess kept house for her dolls; and the spring in the meadow, where lived the old trout whom nobody—not even Bob—could catch. The children told Maggie all their secrets, in exchange for hers; and very good secrets they were, too. For the country has a fairy tale all its own, in the wonders of every day.

But it is not with these every-day doings that this story is concerned. This tells of the strange things that happened in the mysterious precincts beyond the Park wall.

Promptly at ten o'clock the next morning, the children, wearing their magic rings, were at the usual place outside the gate. When Maggie gave the signal, they all three rubbed their rings violently with their left hands, and recited the rune told to them by the mysterious old woman. They had been rehearsing it all the morning.

"Open, Gate, I pray,
And let me in to-day!"

Hardly were the words out of their mouths, when the door creaked on its hinges, and swung open just far enough for the children to pass.

"Enter!" cried a voice from behind the gate. The children hesitated, eager but timid.

"Enter!" cried the voice again, more loudly. Bob and Bess pushed Maggie forward. Thus encouraged, she tiptoed in, and they followed. As they stood looking about them, an old man came toward them from behind the gate, which he had just closed. He was a short old man—no taller than the witch of yesterday—clad in a long, brown robe girt with a cord, with long, white

hair curling over his shoulders, and a beard falling to his waist.

"Who are you?" said he, "who know the magic spell that opens this gate? And what do you seek within?"

"We want to see the palace," said Maggie, simply, "and help the princess, if we can."

"The princess!" said the old man, shaking his head. "Ah! you cannot see her. But what token have you that you may see the mysteries of this Park?" The children looked at one another blankly. Suddenly Bob had an idea. "I guess he means the rings," he whispered. The old man seemed to hear.

"Only the kernels of the magic nuts buy entrance here," he said. "Show them to me." The three held out their right hands, on which shone the three gold rings. The old man bowed. "You have the tokens," he said. "Follow me."

Bob sprang forward eagerly. Bess and Maggie squeezed each other's hands. "It is just like your fairy stories!" whispered Bess. Suddenly the old man turned upon them.

"You are to keep close by me and not stray aside," he said solemnly. "For this is enchanted land, and ill may befall whomever disobeys the command." He looked steadily at Bob, whose eyes drooped before the keen eyes of the ancient, and who fell back beside the two girls. With open eyes and mouths, they followed their strange guide down winding paths, through groves of maple and other trees, to a beautiful great garden. In the midst a fountain played, and all kinds of lovely flowers were growing, some of them taller than the children's heads. "Oh!" cried Maggie, stopping short, "I never saw anything so beautiful, not even in the public garden at home on the Fourth of July! I bet the fairies go to bathe in that lovely fountain, and sail their flower boats on the water."

The old man, bending over his staff, watched her with half-shut eyes as she stood looking about her, flushed and happy. Now and then, she stooped and caressed a flower with gentle hands. Bob and Bess were pleased, too, but not so excited as Maggie. Windows full of pale flower "slips" in tin cans were the popular form of garden in Bonnyburn, where land was cheap but time was precious.

At the farther end of the garden, something moved. It was like a bunch of gaudy flowers

come to life, or a rainbow in motion. It was a great bird with a fan for a tail.

"Gee!" cried Bob, "I never saw a turkey-gobbler like that!"

"Oh, what is it?" asked Bess, wondering. "It looks as if it had eyes in its tail!"

"It is a peacock," said their guide. "There is another." And he pointed to the second. "Look, he has dropped three feathers for you. You shall each have one to remember the day." Stooping easily for so old a man, he gathered the beautiful feathers and gave them to the children, who took them gladly.

"Peacocks!" cried Maggie. "Oh, I know about them, but I never saw a real one before. The princess feeds them. Do they draw her ivory chariot?"

The old man shook his head and seemed to smile. "No," said he. "But she whom you call the princess has two white ponies."

"Ponies!" cried Bob, eagerly. "I wish I could see them."

"Perhaps you may sometime, but not to-day," said their guide. "Come, we must be going."

They crossed the garden to the terrace, where the peacocks were strutting proudly up and down before a marble balustrade. Here the children gave a chorus of joyous cries. For down below them, reached by a flight of marble steps, was a lovely little lake which had been concealed from sight till now. Beds of beautiful flowers grew around the lake, tall lilies were reflected in its mirror-like brightness, and there was a little wooded island in the midst of it. Three white swans drifted to and fro, arching their long necks and nibbling quaintly at the water. At the foot of the steps was moored a tiny green boat, the oars waiting in the rowlocks.

"A boat!" cried Bob. "Gee! how I'd like to go in it! I did n't know there was a boat or a pond in Bonnyburn."

"There are many things you don't know," said the guide, solemnly. "Come." He began to de-



"THE OLD MAN TOOK THE OARS AND PUSHED AWAY INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE."

scend the steps, and the children tripped behind him. When they were all seated amid the pretty silk cushions, the old man took the oars and pushed away into the middle of the lake. The swans followed them idly, arching their necks. The old man rowed them several times around the lake, pulling lustily for his age. Bob wanted to take an oar, but he did not dare ask. The little

girls snuggled on the cushions and dabbled their hands blissfully.

At last, the ancient headed the boat straight for the little island, where a big rock made a landing-place. Without saying a word, he helped out the three children. Then, to their surprise, he got back into the boat and pulled away, leaving them staring after him somewhat anxiously.

"I shall come back for you in an hour," he called over the water, seeing their blank faces. "Until then, the island and all that is upon it are yours."

"It is like Robinson Crusoe!" cried Maggie, clapping her hands. "Mr. Graham told us all about him at the Settlement. What fun!"

Already Bob had begun to investigate the place where they were marooned. He disappeared through the bushes, and presently a shout came down from the top of the little wooded hill. Although the island was so tiny, the girls could not see him because of the trees. But they scrambled up the path which led from the rock, and soon found the reason of Bob's joy. There he stood, jumping up and down in front of a tiny log hut, scarcely bigger than some doll-house. It had a real door and real windows, a chimney and a piazza.

Bess and Maggie ran up the steps in great excitement. "Oh, what a lovely house!" cried Maggie. "Who do you suppose lives here?"

"Dinner is ready on the table!" shouted Bob. "Come and see!" The girls peeped into the little doorway. Sure enough. In the cabin was a small table with the chairs drawn up about it and places set for three persons; and on the table was the nicest little luncheon all ready to be eaten. Sandwiches, and cake, and lemonade, fruit, and candy. It looked so good, as the children stood staring at it, that their mouths watered.

"Um, um!" said Bob, "don't I feel hungry, though!"

"Whom do you suppose it is for?" asked Bess, wistfully.

"Why, for us, of course!" cried Maggie, stepping into the cabin and taking a chair. "Did n't the old man say the island and everything on it was ours? He meant this. It is just like the house of the seven wee men in 'Snow White.' I wonder if the dwarfs really *do* live here. The house is just the size for them. How I wish it was mine!"

It did not take them long to finish the goodies. At the bottom of the dish of candy was a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Feed the crumbs to the swans. You will not be sorry."

"Enchanted swans!" gasped Maggie. "I suspected it, because there always are three of them

in the stories, and these are so much bigger and whiter than those in the public garden, and have so much better manners. Probably they are princes cast under a spell. Come, let 's feed them."

She gathered up the crumbs carefully in one of the paper napkins, and ran down the path to the landing. The swans were already gathered there, as if expecting a treat. When Maggie held out her hand, they came quite close, and picked the crumbs daintily.

"What have they around their necks?" cried Bess. Sure enough! each swan bore around his neck a little canvas bag drawn up with a string.

"There is one for each of us," cried Bob, reaching to the nearest swan, who was not at all afraid of his touch.

"So there is!" Bess drew the string over the neck of the second swan, while Maggie took the third bag with some difficulty from the most timid of the flock. The bags jingled when they were lifted. "Oh, there 's money inside!" cried Maggie.

They opened the bags, and found in each ten-cent pieces and nickels, which they counted; and it turned out that each had just a dollar in change. They had never had so much money to spend in all their lives before.

"My, ain't it a wonderful place!" cried Bess, with shining eyes. "And to think that we never knew it was like this, Bob!"

"You bet it 's great!" cried Bob, fervently, jingling his money.

"And the best part of it is that nobody knows what will happen next!" sighed Maggie, rapturously. They went back to the house and had a beautiful time playing in the funny little place. There were cupboards to hold the little dishes, which Bess and Maggie washed and set away nice and clean. There was a shelf of books on the wall, and to Maggie's delight they were all fairy books, dog-eared by much handling. Maggie had only to read the titles to know they were histories of all her old friends and Mr. Graham's.

"It is a fairy library!" said she. "I am sure the enchanted princess comes here to read! I wish she would come here now! If we could only see her, I feel as if we could help to get her back into her own form. I wonder what she is like. She might be one of the swans."

Suddenly, there came a shrill whistle from the water below. The children stopped their play and listened. Again it sounded; then a third time.

"It must be the old man come back for us," said Maggie, starting down the path.

"Oh, is the hour up already?" cried Bess, regretfully. "I wish we could stay longer."

"We must do as he said," whispered Maggie, "or something might happen to us!"

When they reached the landing-place, they saw the old man rowing toward them across the water. He brought the boat alongside, and mo-

"I should n't," said Bob. "I could sleep on the floor. And I'd kill any one who looked in at the door."

"No one but fairies could come in without a boat," declared Maggie. "And you could n't kill a fairy, if you wanted to. Mr. Graham says so. I suppose they come to the island riding on the backs of the enchanted swans. Were they princes once?" She appealed to the guide, who shook his head.

"I do not know," he answered. "Perhaps so."

"And shall we see the princess to-day?" asked Maggie, eagerly. "She has been so kind to us, we want to try to help her. Can you not tell us how to find her?"

Again the guide shook his head. "You cannot see her," he said. "She wishes to remain unknown to you. But come! I have one more thing to show you before you must go home."

When they had disembarked at the foot of the marble steps, they followed the old man along the shore of the lake and down a side path until they came to a grove of birch and hornbeam, where a spring bubbled up out of the ground into a rocky basin. Over it grew a rowan-tree with berries turning crimson. On a mossy ledge beside the fountain was a cup of pearly shell, reflecting as many colors as the peacock's tail.

"This is the wishing-well," said the old man. "I have brought you here so that you may each make your wish. These wishes will not come

true immediately. Indeed, they may never come true, if you wish idly or wickedly. Drink of the pure water and speak your wish aloud as you toss a few drops on the ground for the fairies' sake. You first," he turned to Bob.

Bob dipped a cupful of the water and drank it slowly, while he thought what he wanted most. "I wish for a jack-knife," said he; "a jack-knife with all kinds of tools inside, like Jo Daggett's."



"THE DOG BEHAVED QUIETLY, COWERING TOWARD THE FEET OF THE OLD MAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

tioned them to take their places. At first they were silent, looking wistfully back at the island.

"Well," said their guide, rather impatiently it seemed, "how did you like the Island of Tiny Things?"

"Oh, it was beautiful!" sighed Maggie. "I should like to live there always."

"There was no bed to sleep on," said practical Bess. "And I should be afraid nights."

"Don't forget the fairies!" they had to remind him; so he tossed some drops of water on the ground, grinning as he did it. It was Bess's turn. She had her choice all ready.

"I wish for a new doll," she said; "one with real hair—and teeth," she added as an afterthought, tossing a shower of drops on the moss.

"Now what do you wish?" asked the old man, holding the cup to Maggie. She sipped the water thoughtfully. "I wish," she said slowly at last—"I wish that I may find a way to help the princess." She scattered a generous share of the water for the fairies, and looked up at the old man with a pleased smile. "Oh, if only my wish comes true, how happy I shall be!" she said.

"And so shall I!" said the old man, quickly, in a gentle tone which he had not used before. "You are a good little thing!"

Suddenly the quiet of the place was broken by a loud barking. The old man raised his head and seemed startled. Presently, a great brown dog came bounding down the path toward them, snarling and showing his teeth. He was a terrifying sight. Bess and Maggie shrank instinctively to Bob, who picked up a stone and tried to look very brave. But the old man took a step in front of the three. "Down, Cæsar, down!" he called. And his voice had strangely changed. It was low and thrilling, and full of command. The dog behaved queerly. It came on, growling savagely, but cowering toward the feet of the old man. Suddenly, it gave a howl of pleasure, and, leaping up, tried to kiss his face.

"Down, Cæsar, down!" again cried the guide in the same odd voice; but he stretched out his hand and touched the dog on the head. Instantly it fell on all fours and looked up beseechingly. Maggie whispered to Bess.

"Magic! Did you see him charm that dog?" And Bess nodded. The old man seemed not to hear, but, holding up a warning hand, he spoke to Cæsar, again in the high, cracked voice which was usual with him.

"Do not hurt these children. Be good to them, do you hear?" The dog seemed to understand. He ran up and sniffed at the three in turn, then thrust his cold nose into Maggie's palm and looked up into her face.

"Come," said the guide, holding up his staff solemnly. "It is time to go." And with Cæsar at his side, he led them by a short path back to the gate by which they had entered. "Farewell," said he, opening the gate with the great key which he wore at his girdle. "And may your wishes come true!"

"Can't we come again?" asked Maggie, wistfully. The old man pondered.

"Not to-morrow," said he, "but the day after if you promise to be obedient."

"We promise!" cried the children.

The old man closed the gate behind them. They looked at one another, and then Bess said: "I feel as if I had been dreaming."

"So do I!" exclaimed Maggie. "But it is n't a dream this time. It's all true—a lovely thing as true as the horrid things usually are."

Whereupon they all raced home as fast as they could go.

Amid all the excitements of Bonnyburn, Maggie found time to write to Mr. Graham. Her first letter was very brief, but the second was longer and it cost her many a torn and blotted sheet of paper. This is what Maggie wrote, except that her spelling and punctuation were more original:

Dear Mr. Graham:

Bonnyburn is lovely! The country is lots nicer than I thought. There is flowers and grass and cows and sheep and mountains that always look cool, even when you're hot. And there's mowing-machines and things with teeth that look like Dragons. And oh! Mr. Graham, there are Fairies too! Bess and I think they are real Fairies, but Bob says No. But he don't know about Fairies the way you and I do, so it don't count, does it? Bob and Bess wished for a jack-knife and a doll. But I wished to help the Princess. I hope it will come true. She is magicked, Mr. Graham, and we can't see her. Once she was the happiest lady in the world, but now she is the saddest, so she must be awful sad. I think some wicked person magicked her. Maybe there is a Dragon too in the Park. I will tell you if there is, and then you will come and kill him, won't you? because your name is George. We have griddle-cakes for supper, and lovely eggs, and the hen hides them, poor thing, but I know where to find them now, so I'm sorry for her. I want to see you awfully. I wish you would come up and see the country and your affectionate little friend,

MAGGIE.

P.S. I meant the hen hides the eggs, not the griddle-cakes.

This letter, when it reached Mr. Graham, who was still toiling at midsummer in the hot Settlement, made him sigh and laugh and look puzzled all at the same time.

"Mountains and flowers," he said to himself, mopping his beaded forehead; "that sounds good to me! Griddle-cakes and fresh eggs,—um! um! Fairies and dragons and a princess! If there are any fairies in Bonnyburn, Maggie would be sure to find them, for she's a sort of fairy herself. And I believe in her. I believe she could work a spell. But who is this enchanted princess? Some one who has been mighty nice to those children, I judge. If I were going to take a vacation, I'd like nothing better than to run up into those cool mountains and help my little girl with her fairy tale."

(To be continued)



THE TRACKS IN THE SNOW

BY ENOS B. COMSTOCK

I PASSED by this way,
In my walk yesterday,
And the snow was so spotless and white,
That it seems very queer
All these tracks should be here;
They must have been made in the night.

Now that looks to me
Like the track of a skee,
And there some one had a bad fall;
These marks are the claws
Of some animal's paws.
I don't understand it at all.

If I could be sure
I was safe and secure,
I would steal out at night and I 'd go
To really find out,
Beyond any doubt,
Just who made these tracks in the snow!



"TO REALLY FIND OUT
BEYOND ANY DOUBT
JUST WHO MADE THESE TRACKS IN THE SNOW!"

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER V

RAISING A WRECK WITH AIR

"WELL, for the land's sake! If there is n't my friend Fogarty, the wrecker I was telling you about," exclaimed Mr. Hawkins, as he jumped off the train at Panama.

"Where?" we cried, trailing after him and looking in vain for a man sufficiently large and powerful to fit our notions of the individual who had figured in some of Mr. Hawkins's most exciting stories, and who made it his business to save battered wrecks from the clutches of the ocean; but we fetched up suddenly as Mr. Hawkins stopped before a slight, sandy-haired man who was actually shorter than either of us.

They greeted each other like long-lost brothers, and then Mr. Hawkins turned to us, saying, "Boys, I want you to meet the hero of all those yarns I spun on the boat coming down here."

"So you have been making a hero out of me!" laughed Mr. Fogarty, noting our bewilderment; "and here these young chaps have been looking for a swaggering giant, with long mustachios and all the rest of the dime-novel outfit."

"Well, we were somewhat taken aback," I admitted; but I could tell from the firm grip he gave me, from his alert, keen, blue eyes and tenacity of bearing, that he was a masterful man.

"You must tell us all about yourself," pursued Mr. Hawkins. "Where have you been for the last five years? What are you doing? Where are you stopping, anyway?"

"Easy there, now; easy!" protested Fogarty. "You spring too many questions at once, and all you'll get at present is an answer to the last one. I am stopping at your hotel. Yes, I saw your name on the register this morning. Let's get back there at once. I'm as hungry as a bear. Never could talk on an empty stomach, anyway."

Over the dinner-table that evening, he kept us spellbound with story after story of the most amazing experiences. He was certainly an unusual character, absolutely fearless, whether combating a storm or facing, single-handed, a mutinous crew. Although a contractor, he was, himself, a diver of rare skill, and had had many a stirring adventure under water. He talked for two hours about the events that had happened since he last saw Mr. Hawkins.

"But what are you doing now?" Mr. Hawkins finally asked.

"Oh, I'm salving a steamer off Crooked Island. You remember the *Madeline*, don't you, the steamer that struck on Bird Rock last summer?"

"Bird Rock? You mean in the Bahama Islands?"

"Yes. She is on hard and fast, with a reef sticking through into her center compartment."

"Then I suppose you will have to raise her with pontoons and chains?"

"Oh, no; we could n't do that. It is too rough off Bird Rock for any such work. No, we are going to lift the vessel off with air."

A gasp of astonishment greeted this startling statement.

"Why, there is nothing very strange about that. We are closing the top of each compartment with a stout air-tight deck, and we are using divers to repair any leaks in the bulkheads and make them tight. When that is done, we shall pump air into the compartments, forcing the water out. That ought to float her free, and then we'll tow her around into the shelter of a cove and repair the leaks in the bottom at leisure. Say, why don't you come along and see the work? My son Howard is on the job now, and he'd be tickled to death to have company."

Will looked at me expectantly. "Say, I wonder if we could n't!"

"When do you sail, Mr. Fogarty?" I asked.

"Day after to-morrow the *Caroline* is going to touch at Colon."

"We might cable for permission, Will. What do you say?"

"Sure! It's the only thing to do."

That very night our cable was sent, and the next day the answer came:

Yes. Meet Uncle Edward New Orleans, January twenty, Hotel Imperial.

MCGREGGOR.

"New Orleans!" exclaimed Mr. Fogarty. "Why, that is a thousand miles out of your course. I don't believe he knows where Crooked Island is."

"Well, anyway, he has given us over a month to make it in. Do you think the ship will be off the rocks by that time?"

"Unless something unexpected happens. You never can tell in the wrecking business."

It was in the afternoon, several days later, that we sighted Crooked Island. The sun had set before we reached Bird Rock, but the wreckers were on the watch for Mr. Fogarty, and a motor-driven life-boat put out to take him on. A rope ladder was thrown over the side of the ship, and we had to scramble down it as best we could, by the flickering light of a lantern, and then jump into the bobbing boat beneath us.

It was rather rough, and the night was dark, but the pilot of our little craft threaded his way through the phosphorescent sea, between the coral reefs, as handily as if it were daylight.

Before long we reached the wreck, and then came an upward scramble on another dangling rope ladder.

"Hello, Howard!" cried Mr. Fogarty, as he reached the deck. "I've brought you some company. This is Will, and this Jim, a couple of lads I kidnapped from Panama. It's up to you to give them a good time, answer as many of their questions as you can, and make them feel at home."

"Do you stay here on the wreck both day and night?" was my first query.

"The *Madeline* is a passenger vessel," said Howard, "and there are much better accommodations on board than you could get ashore."

"What if a storm should come up?"

"Oh, we are n't afraid of anything short of a hurricane, and there has n't been one of them around here in ten years. Besides, we don't look for them at this season."

The living and sleeping accommodations on board were very good indeed. The only thing unpleasant about our quarters was that the ship had a decided list to port, and we had to sleep in berths that slanted uncomfortably.

When morning came, we helped Howard with his duties, the principal one being to work one of the hand-pumps that supplied a diver with air. We took turns with him at the pump wheel. In the afternoon, when he had a few hours to himself, Howard proposed that we fish for sharks.

"Sharks!" I exclaimed, incredulously. "There can't be any around here, or the divers would n't dare go down."

"Oh, there are plenty of them. Have n't you seen how all the divers take bayonets with them?"

"Why bayonets?"

"Because they are three-cornered. If they used a knife, they could n't keep it from turning when they moved it through the water quickly. It would slide around just like a fan when you whip it through the air."

Howard had made a telescope out of a wooden bucket with a pane of glass set in the bottom. We got into a small boat, and, leaning over the side with the glazed end of the telescope submerged, we could see plainly to a considerable depth. Half a dozen sharks were in sight. "Little fellows," Howard called them, only five or six feet long. Howard had a bamboo pole with a bayonet lashed to it. He would poise this spear above the water while he peered through his telescope, and when one of the fish came within reach, he would hurl it at him. But quick as he was, they were too quick for him. They did not seem a bit timid, but would come tantalizingly near, only to dart away the instant we struck at them. We spent weeks at this fruitless game, and must have grown more expert, because, at last, we succeeded in hitting them now and then, although we never did much more than scratch them with our crude weapon.

After the novelty of the situation wore off, time went very slowly on board the *Madeline*. Once or twice we went off on an expedition ashore, but there was little to see except for a few native huts. Therefore it was with great joy that we heard Mr. Fogarty say, one day:

"Well, boys, we'll have her off in the morning sure! She is holding fine, and the air-pumps will have her afloat before daylight."

Sometime during the night, I was awakened by a violent rocking of the boat, which was a novel experience after spending a month on a vessel so firmly wedged in the rocks that it was as steady as a house. I tumbled out of bed and lighted a candle. Just then the ship gave such a sudden lurch that it rolled Will out of his berth and sent him sprawling on the floor.

"Wh-what 's happened?" he cried, rubbing a bruise on his head and trying to get up.

"The ship is afloat, I guess."

"You guess!" he exclaimed. "Well, believe me, it *is*, and what 's more, they are going to have no cinch towing it around into the cove!"

Just then a wave lifted the ship high and brought it down on a rock with a crash that made the old vessel tremble from stem to stern. The candle was dashed out of my hand and rolled off somewhere under the berth, leaving us in darkness.

Some one staggered down the passageway and hammered our door open. It was Howard, with a lantern. "Say, fellows! it's blowing great guns. Dad says it's going to be a real hurricane, and we've got to give up the ship and make for shore. And, I can tell you, it's got to be some storm before Dad will give up to it. Get your things on, quick."

"That 's what we 're doing, as fast as we can," I said, groping for my clothes. "Bring your light here; I can't find my shoes!"

"What 's happened to my collar?" cried Will, in desperation.

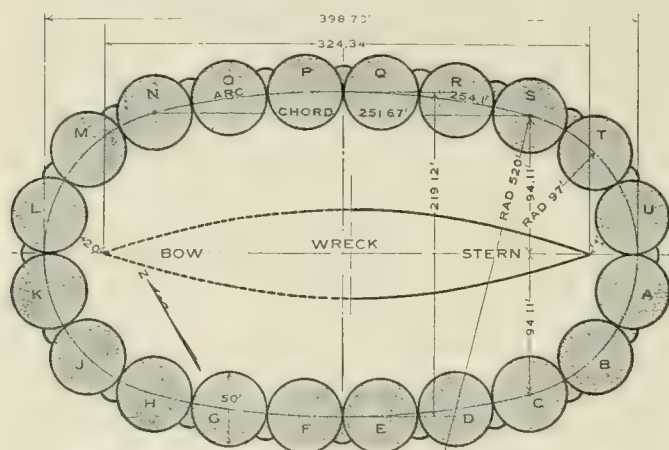
"Oh, you swell! what do you want of a collar—or shoes either, for that matter? I tell you the old ship can't weather this storm; the only way

"Come on in, fellers, I 'll race you!" cried Howard.

"But how about my suitcase?" wailed Will.

"Forget it, and think about your life," was Mr. Fogarty's advice. "Here, wait a minute, Howard. Let me see if your life-preserver is on right. There now. *Git!*"

In a jiffy, Howard was over the rail. A moment later, he bobbed up on the crest of a wave, and then disappeared from view. While Will and I hesitated, a great mountain of green water came over the side of the ship, picked us off our feet, and carried us along, fighting and struggling in a smother of foam. It seemed as if I was being turned over and over for an eternity. When, finally, I came to the surface, there was nothing in sight but billows, with curling crests that threatened to beat the life out of me. I dived through an ugly comber and was nearly suffocated in the foam, which seemed charged with a choking gas like soda-water. Then, as I was carried up again by a wave, I made out the life-boat and struck out for it. In a few minutes, that seemed like ages, I covered the



THE BIG OVAL COFFER-DAM MADE UP OF CYLINDERS WITH SMALL ARCS CLOSING THE JOINTS BETWEEN THEM.

they can save her is to sink her, and we 'll have to swim for it."

"Swim for it!"

"Sure! you can't expect to launch a boat in a hurricane. Besides, every boat we have is smashed except the motor life-boat. That is standing by, waiting to pick us up."

It did n't take us a minute to complete our toilet after that, and we rushed out into the night; at least we thought it was still night. As a matter of fact, it was after sunrise, but the sky was black with the storm. The wind was howling through the rigging, and huge, light green waves topped with steaming foam poured over the lower decks, making a most terrific noise as the iron doors were slammed against the plating. About a hundred yards to the leeward, we could see the motor life-boat battling against the waves as she struggled to stand by us, while the big life-boats on deck were going to splinters.

"Hurry up, boys!" shouted Mr. Fogarty. "Put on these life-preservers and swim for it!"

"But how can a fellow swim in such a sea as this?" I protested.

"It 's up to you," was the only sympathy I got. "You can't stay here. Come, now, dive in, and the wind will carry you over!"

Already a number of the crew had taken the leap. We could see a couple of bobbing heads.

distance, and, thoroughly exhausted, was fished out of the water with a boat-hook.

Howard had already arrived, and, much to my relief, Will was picked up a couple of minutes later. We watched the rest of the crew plunge from the wreck one by one and make the perilous trip. Last of all, Mr. Fogarty made the leap. Then, with every soul accounted for, we headed for the cove.

The storm was growing fiercer by the minute, and our tiny craft had the fight of its life, making its way past the treacherous rocks. My, how it did blow! and the rain swept down in torrents. I thought we were heading for shelter, but even



TOP VIEW OF A SHEET-PILE SHOWING BY DOTTED LINES HOW IT INTERLOCKS WITH PILES AT EACH SIDE.

in the cove there was such a sea that it was all we could do to land.

There we were, a party of wreckers, wrecked. We had come off with nothing but our lives, and we were lucky at that. It was a three-day storm, the wildest hurricane that had struck that coast within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It swept away over three hundred houses.

Mr. Fogarty overheard us bewailing the loss of our clothes. "And is that all you have to worry about!" he exclaimed. "I'm out fifty thousand dollars. That wreck is a total loss!"

He was right. When, after the storm, we visited the wreck, we found that it had been stripped clean. The ship had been pounded on the rocks until the hull was all crushed in, the boilers and engines had fallen through the bottom, and the whole stern had been smashed in.

We had seen all we cared to see of wrecking, and so we booked on the first little native schooner that left the island for Nassau. Thence, after replenishing our wardrobe, we headed for New Orleans, via Havana.

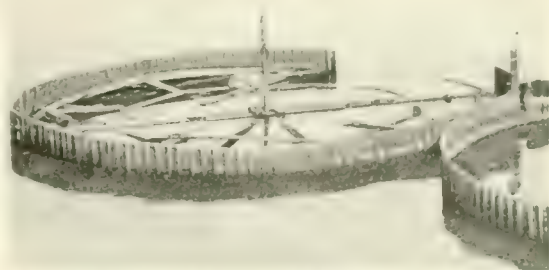
CHAPTER VI

BARING THE MYSTERY OF THE *MAINE*

DARKNESS overtook us before our steamer crept past the grim old Morro Castle and entered the harbor of Havana. We did not warp up to a dock, but anchored out in the middle of the bay while the Cuban health authorities boarded the vessel to see that we brought no disease with us.

"We have come to anchor just over the spot where the *Maine* was sunk," I heard a man say to a companion, as he peered over the rail into

"It was only a small part of the battle-ship that they buried at sea," answered the first speaker. "Most of it was such a tangle of junk that all they could do was to haul out the bigger pieces and cut off those that projected above a



A PARTLY COMPLETED CYLINDER SHOWING THE TURRET ABOUT WHICH THE SHEET PILES HAVE BEEN DRIVEN.

thirty-five-foot depth. The rest they left buried in the mud of the harbor bottom."

"It is too bad they buried the old hull. It should have been towed back to the United States; or, if that was impossible, the Cubans should have found a place for her—to commemorate their independence."

"They have a piece of the *Maine* now. The after turret of the old ship was presented to the Cuban Government, but it is still waiting to be set up in a place of honor."

Will's sharp elbow suddenly dug me in the ribs. "We'll have to hunt up that relic to-morrow and see if we can't get some one to tell us how the ship was raised. The work must have been very interesting."

I might write a whole chapter about our queer experiences in Havana: how, after the officials had satisfied themselves that we were fit persons to enter their country, they gave us each a little ticket of admission; how we were ferried over to the custom-house, where our baggage was thoroughly examined; about the funny hotel with its yard inside, instead of outside, of the building; about the lizard I found in my bed, and the centipede Will found in his shoe, the next morning. But this is not a travel story, and I must stick to engineering facts.

Early the next day we were astir. Our first quest after breakfast was the relic of the *Maine*. We found it at last, lying neglected on a dock, covered with rust and all pitted by the barnacle and oyster shells that had anchored themselves to it during the fourteen years it had lain under tropical waters. As we gazed upon the noble old turret that had once stood so proudly on one of the finest ships of our navy, a couple



LIFTING HALF A TURRET OUT OF A COMPLETED CYLINDER.

the water below. "There must be relics of that disaster directly under us."

"Why, I thought they had carried it all away and sunk it!" the other fellow said.

of men came up whom we recognized at once as the two we had overheard talking about the *Maine* the evening before.

"It is too bad," the taller one was saying, "that you could n't get down here last year, when they had the coffer-dam around her."

"It must have been a pretty big coffer-dam to go around a whole ship," remarked Will to me, having in mind the boxlike coffer-dams that were used for the piers of the sea-going railroad.

"Why don't you ask him about it?" said I.

"Why don't you?" he retorted.



THE DREDGE (IN THE DISTANCE) PUMPING THE CYLINDERS FULL OF CLAY.

"Oh, I don't mind speaking to him." But all the same I hesitated.

"You know," continued the stranger, "some of our sheet-piling was bought by the Cuban Government."

"Excuse me, sir," I ventured, "did you have anything to do with the raising of the *Maine*?"

The man looked surprised at the interruption, but his answer was cordial enough: "Why, bless you, boy, I was here from the very start, to represent the company that furnished the sheet-piling for the coffer-dam!"

"But I thought a coffer-dam was a wooden thing, like a box without any top or bottom," broke in Will. "That is what a man on the Key West Railroad said it was."

"That is true enough, but a coffer-dam is a general name for any kind of a wall used to dam off the water from what is normally submerged. In this case the dam went all the way around the ship. And it was no small job building that wall. Nothing like it was ever done before. You see, the *Maine* was so deep in the mud that we had to get down about forty feet before we could uncover her completely. That

meant enormous pressure on the coffer-dam, and it had to be made very strong, particularly as the bed of the harbor is nothing but deep clay."

"But why did n't they pass chains under the wreck and haul it up without building a coffer-dam?" asked Will, calling to mind the vessel that had been raised that way in New York Bay, during the summer.

"That was suggested, but it was not carried out, for two very good reasons: if chains were passed under the hull—and that would have been an awful job in itself—it was feared that they would crush through the sides of the ship, weakened as it was by years of exposure under water. But the principal reason was that the *Maine* was going to be raised not only for the purpose of giving it an honorable burial, but also to settle, once for all, the mysterious cause of the catastrophe. You know, some people claimed that it was blown up by the spontaneous explosion of its own magazines, while others held that the disaster had been caused by a mine. In order to settle the matter, it was necessary to lay bare the whole wreck before disturbing it."

"How big was the ship?" I queried.

"Three hundred and twenty-four feet long, with a beam of fifty-seven feet; but we made our coffer-dam in the shape of an oval about four hundred feet long, and nearly two hundred and twenty feet wide; like this—" and with his cane he scratched out a plan of the coffer-dam. "These circles are cylinders of sheet-piling."

"But what do you mean by sheet-piling?" I interrupted.

"Why, don't you know? They are long sheets of steel, about a foot wide, with hooked grooves along each edge, like this," showing us a watch charm that was a miniature section of the type of steel pile put out by the company he represented. "You see, when we drive these piles, the hooked edges of each pile interlock with the hooked edges of the piles at each side of it. We set the piles out in big circles fifty feet in diameter." The man pulled out of his pocket a picture showing a number of completed cylinders.

"How in the world did you get such perfect cylinders, Perkins?" exclaimed the man's friend.

"Why, we used a templet, or skeleton framework. First we drove a wooden pile for a center, and then floated a wooden, circular frame over it, pivoting it on this center."

"What did you pack the joints with, between the piles, to keep out the water?" Will inquired.

"We did n't pack them. You see, we filled the cylinders with clay sucked up from the bed of the harbor by a suction dredge, and the weight of the clay made the cylinders swell out, draw-

ing the joints tight. Then there was another thing that helped: no sooner was the piling down than barnacles and other marine growths got busy and incrustated the piles so thickly that no water could get in. Besides, the clay filling itself was an excellent seal. Between the cylinders we placed these arcs (see drawing, page 422), and filled *them* up with clay.

"After the wall had been built all the way around the wreck and the cylinders had all been filled with clay, we started to pump out the coffer-dam. But our troubles were not over yet. We soon had to stop pumping because it was found that the tremendous pressure of the mud and water outside was forcing the cylinders inward. You see, there was nothing but clay to drive them into, and there was nothing but clay to fill them with. It would have been much better to have used stone for the filling, but stone could not be found readily, near by. We found it necessary at length to dump some broken rock inside, against the walls of the coffer-dam; then, later, when the *Maine* had been uncovered, we ran braces across from one side to the other."

"What did the wreck look like?" I asked eagerly.

"The wreck? Oh, it was a horrible sight! The worst conglomeration of tangled and twisted steel I ever saw. You know a commission examined it, and they found a plate that was bent in such a way as to show without a shadow of a doubt that there had been an explosion of a mine against the outside of the ship. That plate came from under one of the magazines which must have been set off by the concussion, or even by the flame from the explosion of that mine. From the way the plate was stretched, they knew that a peculiarly slow explosive must have been used, which puzzled them until they learned of a powder that the natives used to manufacture. Experiments with

this powder proved it to have just the qualities that would account for the condition of the plate. The after part of the ship was in a pretty good state of preservation, but everything was covered with thick, black mud, and what was n't buried in mud was thickly incrustated with barnacles and

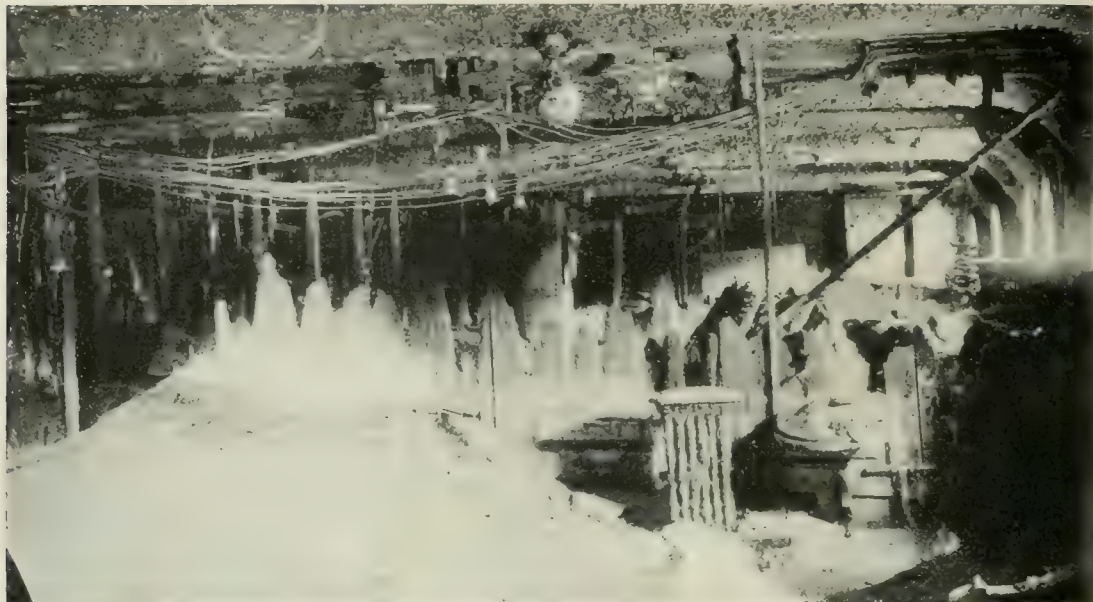


"I MADE OUT THE FLEET BOAT AND SUNK IT FIRST." (PAGE 422)

oyster shells. They had to chop away the wreckage with the oxy-acetylene torch; but I suppose you don't know what that is."

"Indeed we do!" I assured him. "We saw one at work this summer. It's a flame of oxygen and acetylene that is so hot that it cuts right through iron."

"Then I suppose you know that that intensely hot flame, although it cuts iron, does not readily cut through wood?"



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON THE "MAINE," SHOWING THE WOODEN PARTITIONS EATEN AWAY BY WORMS EXCEPT WHERE PROTECTED BY MUD. NOTE THE SHELL-INCORUSTED ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULB AT THE CEILING.

"Does n't it? Why, how is that?"

"It seems the torch is not quite hot enough to melt the iron, but it raises it to a white heat. Then a fine stream of pure oxygen is played on the metal, and it burns instead of melting. You

scraped away before the torch could be used, and yet that jet of flame that would only char wood, would cut through armored steel eight inches thick without any trouble, only we had to be careful to run the cut so that the slag from the burning steel would flow out.

"Well, they cleaned up most of the wreckage, and fastened chains to the larger pieces so that they could be hauled out after the water was let back into the cofferdam again. Then they cleaned up the after end of the ship, cut it loose from the wreckage, and closed up the end with a bulkhead. The men had to be very careful when working in that black mud, because a slight cut or a scratch on the barnacles meant blood-poisoning, sure. It is a wonder that no one was seriously hurt. About the queerest experience was one that I had myself. I was crawling into the hold of the vessel



THE AFTERDECK OF THE "MAINE," UNCOVERED AS THE WATER WAS PUMPED OUT OF THE COFFERDAM

know rust is oxidized iron, and the torch will not burn through rusty metal very well, because the coat of rust has already consumed all the oxygen it can take up. The rust had to be

one night, when my back came in contact with the bare wires of an electric motor that was running at one end of the wreck. The heavy current contracted my muscles so that I could n't

move. And there I was held in the dark, yelling for help. I thought they would never hear me. It seemed hours before any one came to my rescue, but I suppose it was only about ten or fifteen minutes. Anyway, I was n't seriously hurt."

"Did they work there at night?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, part of the time. We had electric light from Havana. When the after part of the vessel had been prepared for floating, it was feared that the suction of the mud would hold it down, so holes were drilled through the bottom of the hull so that water could be forced through to wash away the mud from the bottom. But this proved unnecessary. The braces that were run from the coffer-dam to the ship to keep the coffer-dam from caving in, were slanted upward slightly, and before we knew it, they were actually pushing the ship up out of the mud. When water was let into the coffer-dam, the vessel, or rather piece of a vessel, floated nicely. Of course the holes in the bottom were plugged up, but they were used afterward to help sink the ship at sea.

"To let the ship out of the coffer-dam, we had to remove two of the cylinders. Then we realized what the barnacles had done to the piling. We had to batter the piles with a steam-hammer before they would budge.

"I need not tell you about how the *Maine* was buried at sea with honors. You must have read about that. But a rather interesting job was

done after the *Maine* was buried. At the time of the explosion, the top of one of the turrets was blown so far that it lay outside of the coffer-dam, and it was found to lie just above the



THE AFTER PORTION OF THE "MAINE" FLOATED OUT OF THE COFFER-DAM AND READY TO BE BURIED AT SEA WITH HONORS.

depth to which the harbor was to be cleared. It was a pretty heavy piece to raise, so what did they do but bury it. A trench was dredged around it, undermining it as much as possible, so that it must have looked like an enormous submarine mushroom. Then a charge of dynamite, exploded on the head of that mushroom, drove it down to the prescribed depth.

"Good gracious! look at the time," he said suddenly, looking at his watch. "I would n't mind talking all day, but I have lots to attend to before taking the night train for Santiago."



THE GROWN-UP ME

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I do so wish that I could see
The grown-up girl that will be me—
Such heaps of things I want to know,
And she could tell me if they 're so:

If they let her stay up till late,
And not go off to bed at eight,
And how it feels, way off in then,
To stay down-stairs awake till ten?

And if she ever wants to cry,—
The grown-up me in by-and-by—
(But I don't think she could, do you?
If all the things I want come true?)

But when She 's here, grown-up and tall,
There 'll be no "little me" at all—
So I shall never, never see
The grown-up girl who will be me!



MAULED BY AN ELEPHANT

BY J. ALDEN LORING

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BELL

"BUTIABA, Uganda, Africa, Jan. 5, 1910. On the shore of Albert Nyanza." So begins one of the entries in my journal during the Roosevelt African Expedition, of which I had the good fortune to be a member.

We were due at Butiaba the day before, but were detained a day by waiting at the last camp to secure the tusks and feet of an ugly old rogue elephant that the Colonel had killed at the earnest solicitation of the natives.

The great brute was a sort of outcast among his fellows, and for some time had been wandering about terrorizing the people by visiting the "shambas" (gardens) at night and feeding on the crops. He had wrecked several grass huts and killed one native; and, as our coming was heralded through the country several months in advance, the childish people, who were apparently at the brute's mercy, anxiously awaited our arrival.

We were not in camp fifteen minutes before the chief of the district appeared and asked the Colonel to relieve his people of their tormentor. For several days, the cunning old native had stationed men to watch the rogue, and he said that the two men who accompanied him were guides that had just left the brute taking his midday siesta under a tree less than a mile from camp.

The Colonel heard the story in silence, and then said: "But, Cuninghame, tell him that I have secured all the elephants I want, and that we lack the men to carry the skin and skeleton even though we *did* want it."

"Yes, Colonel, that 's true," said Cuninghame; "but this animal is really a pest to the country, and, if he is not killed, his depredations may compel the people to desert their village and move from the locality. Such an occurrence is not unusual. Besides, it is one of the customs of the country, a thing that these natives expect of a white man—that he should deliver them from a rogue elephant—and if you do not acquiesce, they will look upon it as a lack of courtesy, so to speak."

"Oh, well, if that 's the case, certainly I will try my best."



"THE GRASS PARTED AS THOUGH A SNOW-PLow
WERE PASSING OVER IT, THOUGH IT
GROWED AS THICK AS—"

So saying, he called to Kermit, and in a few minutes the two, accompanied by their gun-bearers, left with the guides, after being warned by the chief that the rogue was dangerous, and would probably charge as soon as it saw or scented them.

As they disappeared, I thought how typical of the Colonel this dialogue was, for, during the eleven months that we were in Africa, he rarely shot an animal that was not used for a specimen or for food,—the only exception being crocodiles, which every year kill hundreds of women and children as they waded out to fill their water-jars.

Seizing a bag of traps, I called to my boys and started out to collect some small mammals. I had set only a few traps when I heard a shot, then

another, and finally several in rapid succession. The roar of the heavy 405 Winchester and the double report of the Colonel's Holland rifle were unmistakable. A few minutes later I heard the exultant shouts of the gun-bearers and the guides, and I knew that the rogue elephant was an animal of the past.

The hunters had come upon the brute in the tall grass, and, true to the chief's warning, it charged the instant that it saw them, and before a shot had been fired.

After seeing the brute, I did not wonder that the natives hesitated about attacking it, for it measured ten feet nine inches from the soles of its front feet to the top of the back, and its tusks weighed one hundred and ten pounds.

As we marched into Butiaba, we were met by Captain Hutchison, then head of the Uganda Marine, which was at the time a fleet of several miniature naphtha launches. He congratulated the Colonel on his recent feat, adding that escape from a charging elephant of any kind, and particularly a "rogue," deserved congratulations, as he could testify from a certain "close call" he once had in elephant-hunting.

"Now, Captain," spoke up the Colonel, "I feel sure that you have an interesting story to relate, so please give it to us at once."

"Well, it was a bit awkward, I must admit," began the captain, "and so upset me that I have never 'taken on' an elephant since.

"It happened just north of the Lado country. I had been out ivory hunting for some time without having much luck, when one of my boys brought in word that he had struck a herd in which, judging from the enormous track, there was an immense tusker. He guided me to the spot, and, sure enough, there was a huge track that was well worth following.

"The trail was made several hours before, and evidently there were about twenty elephants in the bunch. They were traveling at a good rate, and we knew that they probably would not stop before feeding time, late in the afternoon.

"Elephants may look slow and clumsy in captivity, but when they are walking at an ordinary gait, a person must step along at almost a dog-trot in order to overhaul them. It was about ten o'clock when we took the 'spoor' (a sign of any kind), and we knew that it meant a hard twenty-mile journey at least, before we should overtake them. Frequently ivory hunters will follow a herd of elephants for days before catching up with their game. The trail was not hard to keep, for a herd of twenty elephants, following single file through the ten-foot elephant-grass, makes more than a well-worn path.

"As they marched along, they had amused themselves by snatching a bunch of grass and tossing it aside; then, as they had passed through a grove of thorn-trees, they had broken off limbs and dragged them a hundred yards or more before dropping them. Several times one had halted long enough to dig a hole in the ground three or four feet in diameter with his tusks, and then we saw where he had galloped on to overtake his comrades. Once they gave us an advantage by stopping for some time to wallow in a water-hole, and, as they emerged, they rubbed their bodies against the first trees they passed, leaving the mud plastered ten feet high on the bark. These and other signs, growing fresher and fresher all the time, told us that we were slowly overtaking our game.

"About five o'clock, we surmised that, if the elephants were still traveling, we must be within five miles of them; but, as it was feeding time, I thought it practical to send my best tracker ahead to reconnoiter, while we followed more slowly. In an hour he returned, and reported that he had overhauled the herd feeding in a grove of thorn-trees, of which they are particularly fond.

"By the time we had arrived, they had passed out of the grove and were again in the elephant-grass, which, owing to its height and density, made it impossible for us to see them. Even when we mounted an ant-hill, the growth was so tall that we got only an occasional glimpse of a back or of a few snakelike trunks waving about in the air. The wind was scarcely in our favor, so we circled them to a large tree, and I sent one of the boys up to see if he could locate the big tusker.

"Our prize was on the far side of the herd, and in such a position that, should we attempt to stalk him, there would be risk of some of the elephants catching the scent and giving the alarm. Nothing could be done, therefore, but to keep watch until he had worked around to a more favorable position.

"At last, the long-looked-for time arrived, for the tusker was on the outskirts of the herd, and the wind was favorable. We circled to his side, and stealthily drew near—my gun-bearer, tracker, and myself—while the other boys remained in the rear.

"The tall grass prevented us from even catching a glimpse of the beasts, but it was easy to locate them by the noise they made while feeding.

"We held to the elephant trails, as no one could penetrate that jungle of grass and travel silently. Next to silence we had to watch the



"THE GREAT BRUTE HAD WRECKED SEVERAL GRASS HUTS."

wind, for, once the animals caught our scent, they would either dash away or charge.

"So far, our plans had worked out admirably; the elephants, unconscious of our presence, were still tearing up the grass directly in our front, while my boys and myself proceeded inch by inch and strained our eyes to catch sight of the brutes. These boys had been my companions on many an elephant-hunt, and I had the utmost confidence in them, knowing well that, if it were necessary, they would not hesitate to give up their lives to save mine.

were pointed at my chest, and the towering trunk between them gave the head a fiendish look not often found outside of Hades. The other elephants took up the trumpeting, and the uproar was appalling.

"My rifle was at my shoulder from the second the brute began his charge, and the instant that he hove in sight, I fired both barrels point-blank into his face. Without a second's hesitation, I reached back to my gun-bearer for the '450,' and brought it to position. Immense though the brute was, he looked three times his normal size as I



"AS THEY MARCHED ALONG, THEY PASSED THROUGH A GROVE OF THORN-TREES

"I don't care how many elephants a man may have encountered, while he is sneaking upon his game, a feeling of uneasiness steals over him until the critical moment arrives; then things happen so quickly and his brain works so rapidly, that all sense of fear is for the moment lost.

"With both hammers of my rifle raised, I cautiously sneaked nearer and nearer, my faithful boys following at my very heels. At last, we were within fifty feet of the elephant, and, as he moved toward me, I could see the top of the grass swaying violently from side to side. Suddenly, fate turned against us, for a shifting current of air must have warned the brute of danger. I saw a huge trunk rise above the grass, heard a shrill, deafening trumpet, and knew that the fight was on. The grass parted as though a snow-plow were being driven through it, and the next instant there loomed up, not twenty feet away, a monster head with wing-like ears protruding on either side like the sails on a dhow. Two shiny tusks of ivory, fully six feet long,

cast my eyes along the barrels leveled at his head not five feet away. I pressed one trigger, then the other, but there was no report, and, with a sickening feeling of horror, I realized that my gun-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, had failed to raise the hammers.

"Before I could lower the rifle from my shoulder, the brute was upon me! With a scream of rage he twined his trunk about my body, and, lifting me high above his head, brandished me about in the air as though I were a feather. Every instant, I expected to be hurled fifty feet or more through space, which I welcomed as the only possible likelihood of escape. But no, at that moment I struck the ground with a thud. Three times I was lifted high and brought crashing through the grass to earth. The last time the elephant uncoiled his trunk and left me lying there, stunned and dazed, and staring blankly into his wicked little eyes, now hot with rage.

"Then dropping to his knees before me, he knelt there hesitating, as though to give me time

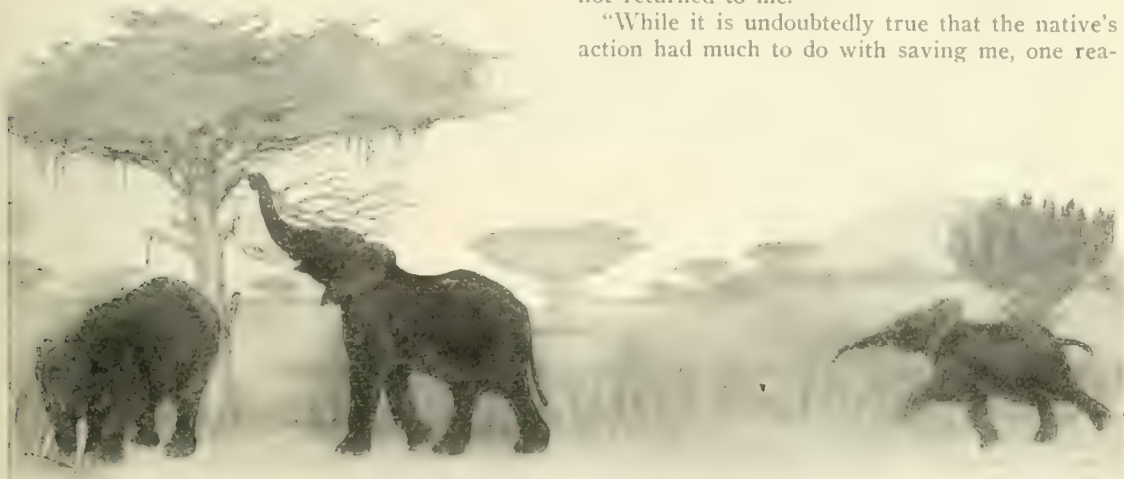
to deliberate before the end should come. But he did not keep me waiting long, for slowly the two great tusks began descending. With all my waning strength I threw my body snug up against his bending knees, and the tusks passed harmlessly over me, just grazing my back, and tore great holes in the earth beyond. Again the ponderous head was raised, and again his tusks bore down upon me and probed deeply into the earth behind me.

"Evidently the animal had been somewhat blinded by my shots, for, assuming that he had

charged. The explosion had no doubt assisted to revive me.

"My men told me that my life was saved by the quick action of my tracker, who appeared on the scene with a spear at about the time that I lost consciousness, and, rushing in, plunged the spear into the elephant's side. Leaving me, the animal took after its new tormentor, and the agile native, twisting and doubling in the thick grass, managed finally to escape. The elephant had devastated the grass, bushes, and small trees in his search for the man, and, fortunately, had not returned to me.

"While it is undoubtedly true that the native's action had much to do with saving me, one rea-



AND HAD BROKEN OFF LIMBS, DEWASTING THEM A FEW HUNDRED YARDS OR MORE

done his work, he started to rise, and as he did so, the sudden thought came over me that he would probably attempt to trample me to death, the usual method that an elephant employs to obliterate an enemy. So, as he slowly rose, in some unaccountable manner I managed to scramble between his fore feet, and grabbed him by the leg, then loosed my grip, and, working back, seized hold of his hind foot.

"Once more I felt the snakelike trunk being wound around me, next I was being waved about over the grass-top—then the ground seemed suddenly to rise and meet me, and I lost consciousness. How many times I was hammered on the ground I do not know.

"Three hours later, I came to myself and found my boys dashing water into my face. When I opened my eyes, I saw the gun-bearer holding a smoking rifle in his hands. He had just returned from the scene of my mauling, and brought in my rifles, one of which he had attempted to unload, and, in some manner, had accidentally dis-

son why I was not dashed to death lies in the fact that an elephant's trunk is the tenderest part of his body, and being twined about me, it received the brunt of the blow each time that I struck the ground, and evidently the pain kept the animal from using the force needed to kill me.

"As a result of this mauling, I was laid up for six weeks before I was well enough to hobble about again.

"That elephant may be alive at this present moment, for all I know. My native attendants were too terror-stricken over the outcome of the hunt to give the brute any further attention after I was mauled, so no one followed him up to discover what damage my shots had done. But, judging from the amount of vigor that was left in his great hulk at the time he put me to sleep, he could not have been seriously wounded.

"Well, as I have said, Colonel," concluded Captain Hutchison, "that hunt used up my stock of courage, and I doubt if I shall ever 'take on' another elephant, unless in self-defense."



CHARACTERS

MELILOTTE, *a very good girl.*

THE TURTLE WOMAN, *mysterious and behind the styles.*

SILVER DOLLAR, *an honest coin.*

THREE SILVER QUARTERS, *small change.*

SILVER DIME, *very small change.*

DOCK

DODDER

SQUILL

THISTLE BLOOM

PANSY BUD

} *financiers of Frogbit Lane.*

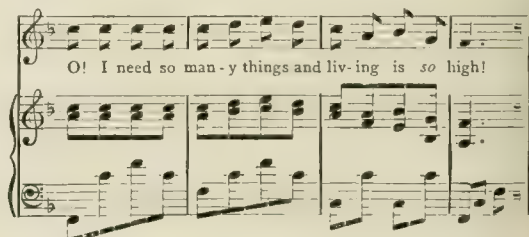
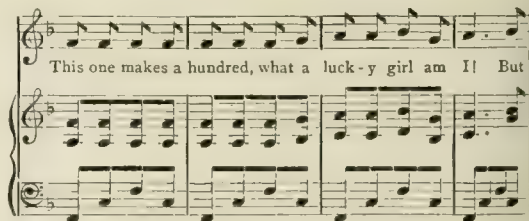
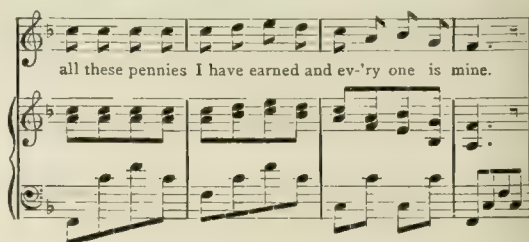
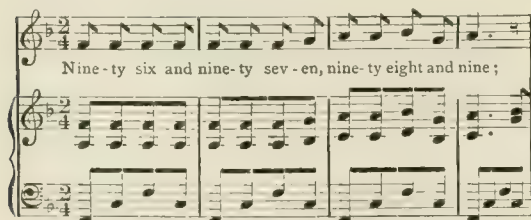
} *fairy spinners.*

SCENE: The interior of a poor hut in the forest. There is a door in the center with a window on each side. Another door, on the right, which probably leads into another room. The furniture of the room consists of a table, two stools, a bench, and a cupboard, the latter standing near one of the windows. On the left is a fireplace with a very low fire, which will go out directly unless it has some wood; but there is n't any. It is a stormy night in the forest.

(When the curtain rises, Melilotte, who ought to be in bed, is seen counting pennies into a child's savings-bank.)

SONG

MELILOTTE.



These are things I ought to have : some faggots for the fire ;

some good far re wou'd but seek and find my lone ly cot, And

Bread and milk and but ter I shall cer tain-ly re-quire : A

bring good fortune to the door of lit-tle Mel-i-lotte!

peck of new po-ta toes and a bit of wa-ter cress, But

(As she ceases, a knock is heard at the door. Melilotte starts to her feet in alarm.)

MELILLOTTE. A knock! Shall I unlatch the door?
None ever came so late before.

(She hastily puts her savings-bank into the cupboard. The knock is repeated.)

Who comes?

A VOICE (outside). I come!

MELILLOTTE. What do you seek?

THE VOICE. With Melilotte I wish to speak.

MELILLOTTE (hesitating). Shall I unlatch? I shake with fright!

THE VOICE (testily). Don't keep me waiting here all night;

Unlatch the door!

MELILLOTTE (going to the door). Don't think me rude,

I'm all alone and have no food;

But shelter I can give and will—

I've that, at least, to offer still.

(Melilotte opens the door, and the Turtle Woman enters. She is very ugly, and wears a turtle-shell on her back out of which her head and arms emerge.)

TURTLE WOMAN (crossly). You took your time to draw the latch!

A night like this one needs a thatch

Above her head, which I had not.

What is your name?

MELILLOTTE. 'T is Melilotte.

TURTLE WOMAN. Ah, Melilotte! I guessed aright;

'T is you I'm looking for to-night.

MELILLOTTE. But who are you, mysterious dame?

TURTLE WOMAN. Pray listen—you shall hear my name.

SONG

THE TURTLE WOMAN.

As the Turtle Woman I am known,
I have no real name of my own;
In Dismal Swamp I live alone,
And that's a pity!

MELILLOTTE.

O! That's a pity!

O' my grate is emp-ty and the cup-board shelf is bare! If

(Turtle Woman)

As the Tur - tle Wo - man I am known I
O! sad my lot! I nev - er smile, I'm

have no real name of my own; In Dismal Swamp I
out of fash - ion all the while, You see your-self I

(Melilotte) (Turtle Woman)

live a - lone, And that's a pi - ty! O! that's a pi - ty! You
have no style, And that's a pi - ty! O! that's a pi - ty! Ob-

cer - tain - ly would nev - er guess That, tho' I'm ve - ry
serve my gown, which does - n't fit, My cap I do not

fond of dress, This one is all that I pos - sess, And
like a bit; I am a sight I do ad - mit, And

THIRD VERSE

(Turtle Woman) But Turtle Women cannot dress
In modes that add to comeliness—
The shell impedes them, more or less—
And that's a pity!

(Melilotte) O! that's a pity!
(Turtle Woman) So I am doomed, as you can see,
Behind the style to always be
Till from this turtle-shell I'm free,
And that's a pity!

(Melilotte) (Turtle Woman and Melilotte)

that's a pi - ty! O! that's a pi - ty! O! that's a pi - ty,
pi - ty, pi - ty, pi - ty, I de - clare!

(At the conclusion of the song, they dance.)

TURTLE WOMAN. I'd thank you for a cup of tea.
I'm just as cross as I can be!

MELILOTTE. Alas! good dame, what shall I do?
I've nothing here to offer you.

TURTLE WOMAN. No food or drink! Unhappy
maid!

That's carelessness I am afraid.
We'll buy them then, if you don't mind;
A Silver Dollar you must find.

MELILOTTE (dismayed). A Silver Dollar you
demand?
I never saw a thing so grand.

(She runs to the cupboard and produces
her savings-bank.)

Here is my bank—and its contents
Amount to just one hundred cents.

(The Turtle Woman takes the bank.)

TURTLE WOMAN. One hundred cents one dollar
make;
So, when I give your bank a shake
And place it in the cupboard here,
The Silver Dollar shall appear.

(She shakes the bank up and down in
time to her sing-song chant.)

One hundred pennies! Fol-de-rol-lar-O!
Turn into a Silver Dollar-O!

(The Turtle Woman hastily replaces the
bank in the cupboard and shuts the door.
A tremendous jingling of pennies is heard
within, which gradually ceases, and three
knocks sound from the inside of the door.)

Now open, little Melilotte,
And we shall see what you have got.

(Melilotte opens the cupboard door and
the Silver Dollar steps out briskly. His
body has the appearance of a silver dollar,
his arms and legs coming out at convenient
places. He begins to sing at once.)



THE DANCE OF MELILOTTE AND THE LITTLE WOMAN

SONG

THE SILVER DOLLAR

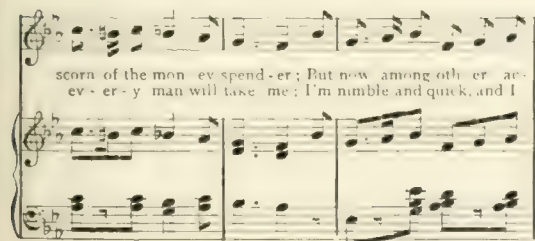
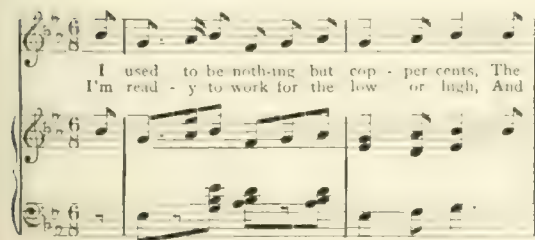
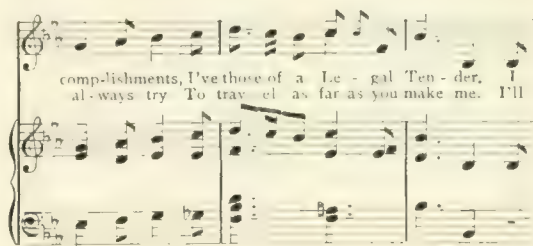
I used to be nothing but copper cents,
The scorn of the money spender;
But now, among other accomplishments,
I've those of a Legal Tender.
I go in the best of society,
For I am a welcome caller;
Whenever I talk, you will all agree,
I'm as bright as a silver dollar!

Refrain.

Hi! O-hi! sing Diddy-o-di!
For king or sage or scholar;
Than all of the three I'd rather be
An honest Silver Dollar!

TRIO.

Hi! O-hi! sing Diddy-o-di!
For king or sage or scholar;
Than all of the three he'd rather be
An honest Silver Dollar!



THE HONEST SILVER DOLLAR

go in the best of so-ci-e-ty, For
be a good friend if em-ployed a-right, A

I am a wel-come cal-ler; When-ev-er I talk, you will
bad one if you a-buse me; Don't struggle to keep me for-

all a-gree, I'm as bright as a Sil-ver
ever in sight, Nor... weep if you hap-pen to

Dol-lose lar! me. Hi! O-hi! Sing Did-dy-o-di! For

(Repeat for refrain)

king or sage or schol-ar; Than all of the three I'd

rath-er be An hon-est Sil-ver Dol-lar!

(They dance.)

TURTLE WOMAN. Now, Master Dollar, go you straight

And fetch us fuel for the grate,
With bread, and milk, and Oolong tea,
For little Melilotte and me.

SILVER DOLLAR. A welcome task, indeed, say I;
And so I bid you both good-by!

(He runs out of the door.)

TURTLE WOMAN. Now spread the board for our repast,
The nimble Dollar travels fast.

DUET

MELILOTTE and TURTLE WOMAN

(As Melilotte sings, she brings from the cupboard the articles she names, and both engage in setting the table.)

(Melilotte) The ta-ble cloth we first must lay; That's
And here we have our but-ter plate; A

(Melilotte) true be-yond a doubt. 'Twill have to go the
ve-ry good one too. The knives and forks, we

(Turtle Woman) oth-er way, 'twas fold-ed wrong-side out! Now
lay them straight, for that's the way to do; The

you take milk and I take tea, As
tea-pot we must not for-get, Then

(Melilotte)

Tur - the Wo - men do, A cup for you a
all will be com - plete; Draw up our chairs the

(A knock is heard, and Melilotte throws open the door. Instead of the Silver Dollar, three Silver Quarters enter. One carries fagots, another a loaf of bread and a jug of milk, while the third has a package marked "Tca." Melilotte is amazed. They step in briskly and stand in a row.)

MELILOTTE. We sent our Silver Dollar hence
To buy us food at his expense;
Now who are you, with faces strange?

They run to the windows

bowl for me, With pew - ter spoons for two
ta - ble's But not a thing to eat!

(Both)

Sil - ver Dol - lar, Sil - ver Dol - lar!

Hast - en, we im - plore,..... With

anx - ious ear we wait to hear Your

knock up - on the door,.....



SILVER QUARTERS (*in unison*). So please you, miss,
we are the change!

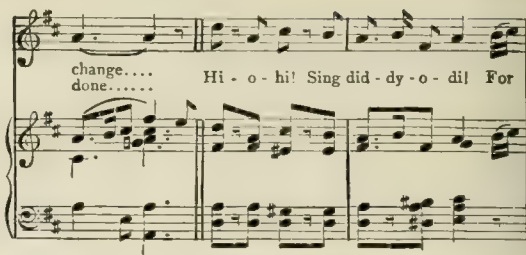
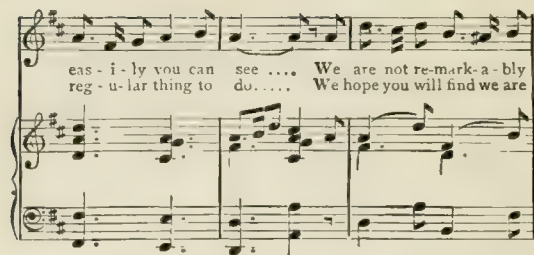
(They put down their packages and sing.)

SONG

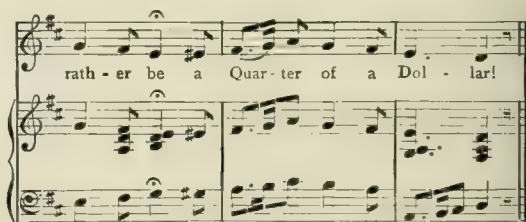
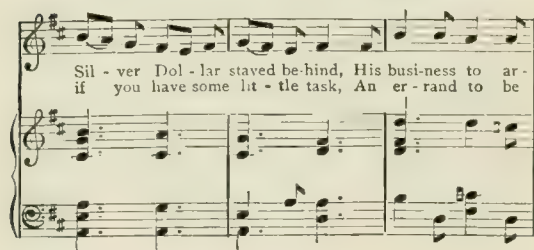
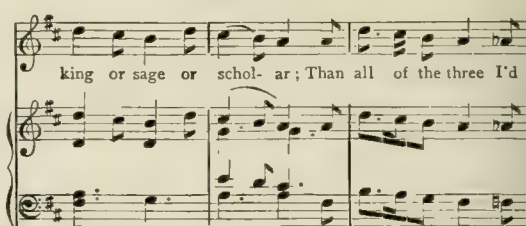
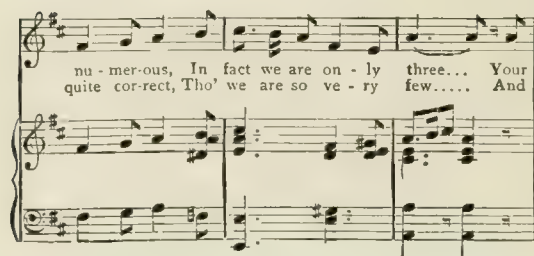
THE SILVER QUARTERS.

We hope you will kindly take care of us,
For easily you can see
We are not remarkably numerous,
In fact we are only three.
Your Silver Dollar stayed behind
His business to arrange,
But sends you word to bear in mind
To always count the change.

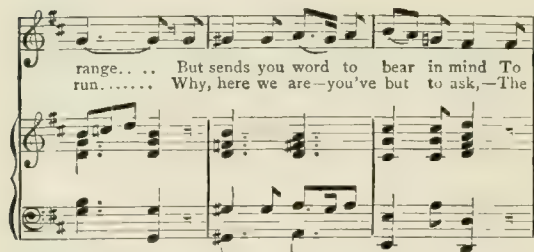
We hope you will kind ly take care of us, For
Of course you will count us, for we sus - pect It's the



(Repeat for refrain)



(The refrain is again repeated, and all join in a dance. At the conclusion of the dance, the Silver Quarters seat themselves on the bench. Melilotte places the fagots in the fireplace and puts the kettle on the hob. Meanwhile, the Turtle Woman has set the food on the table, and they are about to sit down, when Melilotte looks at her ragged frock.)



MELILOTTE. I'm very shabby, I confess;
I wish I had another dress.

TURTLE WOMAN. These lively little urchins here
Will bring one quickly, never fear.

(She addresses the Silver Quarters.)

Go you at once to yonder town
And buy a linsey-woolsey gown.
And mind you get a good one, too!

MELILOTTE. I think I'd like to have it blue.

(The Silver Quarters hop down from the bench and promptly reply, in unison.)

SILVER QUARTERS. Yours received; we note
request;
Always glad to do our best.
Understand the matter clearly.
Kind regards and yours sincerely!

(They bow politely and run out of the door. Melilotte takes the kettle from the hob and makes the tea. They are about to begin their meal, when there is a loud knock at the door.)

MELILOTTE. Come in! come in! the door's ajar;
You're welcome here, whoe'er you are!



(The door opens, and Dock, Dodder, and Squill enter solemnly. They are dignified gentlemen who strangely resemble frogs in appearance, each, in fact, being dressed in a frog-skin from top to toe.)

MELILOTTE (amazed). Your names pray tell us,
if you will

DOCK (gruffly). I'm Dock!

DODDER (in a similar voice). I'm Dodder!

SQUILL (also gruffly). I am Squill!

DOCK, DODDER, and SQUILL. Ger-ump! Regarding
our careers,

We beg to state we're financiers.



THE FINANCIERS, DOCK, DODDER, AND SQUILL

MELILOTTE. Your manners rather make one jump,
They're so abrupt, you know—

DOCK, DODDER, and SQUILL. Ger-ump!

SONG

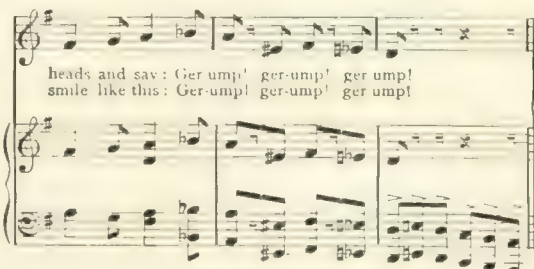
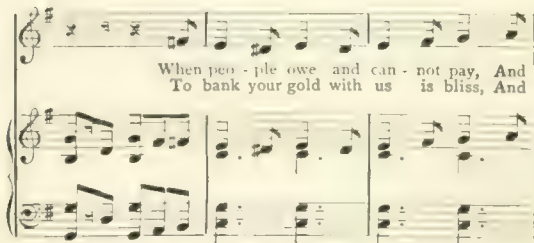
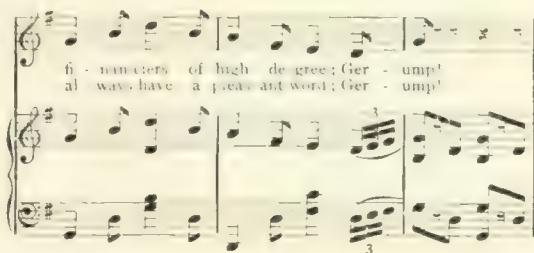
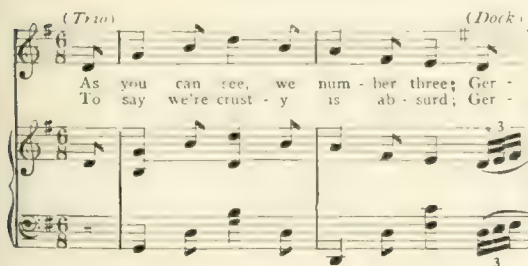
DOCK, DODDER, and SQUILL.

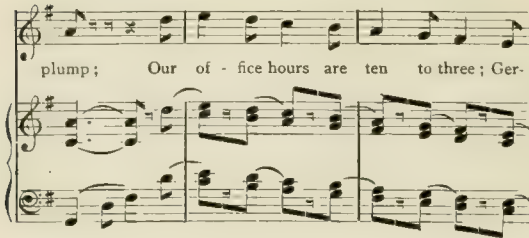
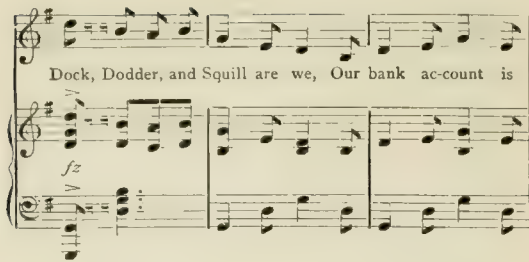
As you can see, we number three.

DOCK. Ger-ump!

DODDER. Ger-ump!

SQUILL. Ger-ump!





(This is followed by a Frog-Financier dance, at the conclusion of which they address Melilotte.)

DOCK. What can we do—

DODDER. For you to-day?

SQUILL. Provided we—

DOCK, DODDER, and SQUILL (*very hoarsely*). Can make it pay!

MELILOTTE. Oh, thank you very much indeed; I've all the money that I need.

(As she speaks, the door opens, and Silver Dime enters. He is very small, and carries a large bundle marked "Linsey-Woolsey.")

Why, bless my stars! and who is this?

SILVER DIME. I'm all that's left, respected miss. But here's your gown—a lovely blue,

And I, they say, belong to you.

MELILOTTE (*sadly*). Of fortune I'm almost bereft If you are all that I have left.

SILVER DIME (*stoutly*). I am not what you'd call a man,

But always do the best I can.

TURTLE WOMAN. (*To Melilotte and Silver Dime.*)

Don't let it worry you, my dears;

This case is one for financiers.

DOCK. As senior member of this co.,

I beg to add: exactly so!

Leave money matters to the skill

Of Dock—

DODDER. And Dodder—

SQUILL. Likewise Squill!

TURTLE WOMAN. Then this is what we'll have to do:

Intrust our Silver Dime to you.

He seems a willing little boy, And ought to thrive in your employ.

DOCK. The plan that you propose is best.

If he will take an interest

In our affairs; no doubt he will

With Dock—

DODDER. And Dodder—

SQUILL. Likewise Squill!

SILVER DIME. That I am very small, I know, But in your care I'm sure to grow.

DOCK. Well, then, our business is complete;

We'll forward you our firm's receipt.

We hope to see you soon again,

Our office stands in Frogbit Lane

Right opposite the Village Pump;

Good-day! ger-ump!

DODDER. Ger-ump!

SQUILL. GER-UMP!

(They go out, leading Silver Dime.)

MELILOTTE. The pangs of hunger now I feel; Suppose we have our evening meal.



"BUT HERE'S YOUR GOWN—A LOVELY BLUE."

TURTLE WOMAN. Well said, my little Melilotte; I wonder if the tea is hot.

(They sit at the table and proceed with the business of eating. After a moment, Melilotte springs suddenly to her feet.)

MELILOTTE. But, Turtle Woman, I declare!

You have n't had an equal share.

My money's gone—what shall I do

To get a stylish gown for you?

TURTLE WOMAN. Alas! the gown for which I sigh Is one that money cannot buy.

The fabric, light as elfin thought,

By fairy spinners must be wrought,



THE FAIRY SPINNERS AT WORK

And fashioned by their cunning skill;
I've waited long—I'm waiting still
For some young heart, from falsehood free,
To ask this fairy gift for me.

(She rises from the table.)

MELILOTTE *(rising also)*. I offer you my
humble aid—

I try to be a truthful maid;
But fairy-folk—I know them not!

TURTLE WOMAN. But they know gentle Melilotte.

(She goes to the door and throws it wide open. The storm has ceased, and the full moon shines.)

Behold! the moon is shining bright!
The fairies will be out to-night.
Come, sit you here and sing your song,
You'll find they won't be very long.
Blow out the candle—mend the fire.

(As she speaks, she extinguishes the candle and stirs the fire, then goes to the door on the right.)

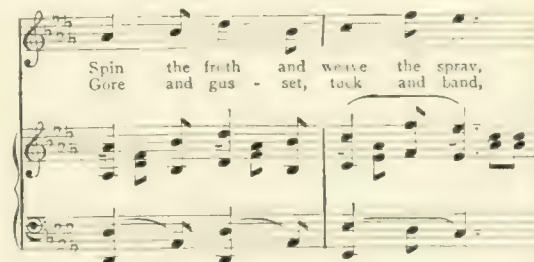
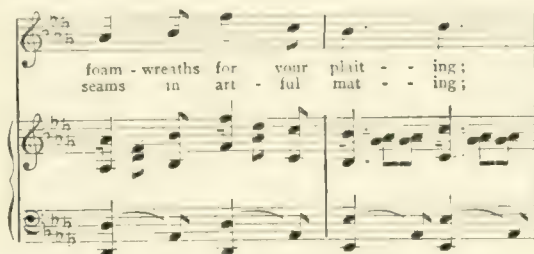
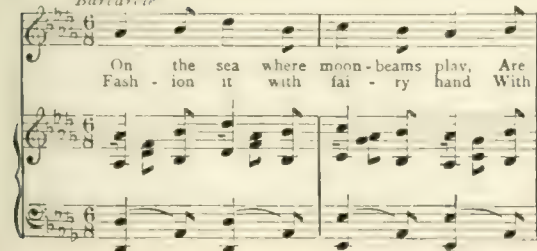
Now, fairies, grant my Heart's Desire!

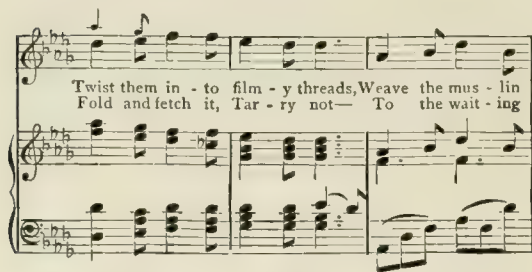
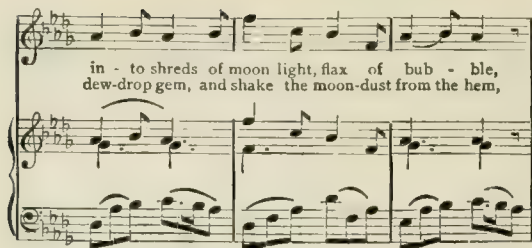
(She disappears through the door on the right. The other door stands open, and the moonlight streams into the room. Melilotte seats herself on a stool near the door and sings.)

SONG

MELILOTTE.

Barcarole





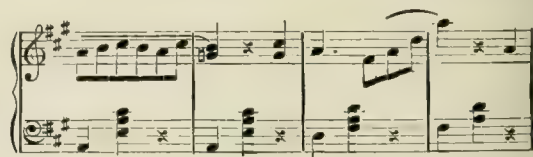
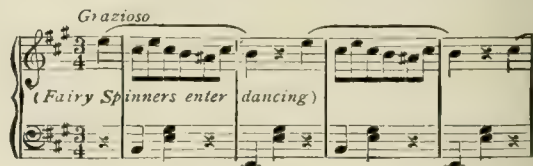
(At the end of the song, the Fairy Spinners appear in the doorway, bearing a basket which holds the fairy robe. Melilotte starts to her feet. The Spinners enter, carrying the basket between them.)

DANCE AND SONG THE FAIRY SPINNERS.

From Fairyland,
At your command,
We bring the heart's desire
Of one whose fate
Disconsolate
To lighten we conspire.

So gently lift
Our fairy gift,
And bid her wear it well;
'T is rare indeed,
And guaranteed
To work a magic spell.

(Melilotte takes the basket with great care and goes out through the door on the right. The Spinners continue their song, and Melilotte reënters almost immediately.)



THISTLE BLOOM AND FANNY BUD BRINGING THE FAIRY ROBE.



From 'Tis

L. H.

Fai - ry - land, At your com-mand, We
ev - i - dent Her pun - ish-ment Has

bring the heart's de - sire..... Of
made our sis - ter wise..... Here-

one whose fate Dis - con - so - late To
af - ter she Will nev - er be So

light - en we con - spire..... So
quick to crit - i - cize..... With

gent - ly lift Our fai - ry gift, And
ten - der - ness From her dis - tress We

bid her wear it well..... 'Tis
glad - ly set her free..... And

rare in - deed, And guar - an - teed To
take her back With ne'er a lack Of

work a mag - ic spell.....
love and sym - pa - thy.....

MELILOTTE. (*Having lighted a candle.*) I'm all impatience now to view
The Turtle Woman's toilet new!

(*The door on the right opens.*)

FAIRY SPINNERS. Behold! she comes—in sprite's attire!

(*The Turtle Woman enters, a beautiful vision. She wears a wonderful fairy gown, and, in fact, has magically changed into a regular fairy like the Spinners.*)

* TURTLE WOMAN (*now Fairy*). At last I have my heart's desire!

MELILOTTE (*astonished but delighted*). Well, you are changed, without a doubt!
Pray tell me how it came about.

TURTLE WOMAN (*no longer*). I was a naughty fairy once,
In fact I was a fairy dunce.

Because I would not acquiesce
In fairy styles and fairy dress.
I wanted mortal fashions new,
And very rashly tried a few.
Forthwith I was, by stern decree,
A Turtle Woman doomed to be,
Till I should see my error vain,
And seek my fairy gown again.

MELILOTTE. Then everything is quite complete—
I think your gown is perfectly sweet!

(A boisterous voice is heard singing out-
side.)

THE VOICE.

Hi-o-hi! sing Diddy-o-di!
For king or sage or scholar;
Than all of the three
I'd rather be
An honest Silver Dollar!

(Silver Dollar dances in the door, fol-
lowed by Dock, Dodder, and Squill.)

FINALE

(Silver Dollar)

Tho' I was re-duced to a sil-ver dime, So

small that you did-n't know me, I grew to a Dol-lar in

double-quick time, With the fi-nan-ciers to show me. So

keep me safe on the cup-board shelf, I

prom-ise you'll nev-er rue it; I'll make all the mon-ey you

need, my-self, For now I know how to

(Omnes)
do it! Hi-o-hi! Sing Did-dy-o-di! For

(Silver Dollar)
king or sage or schol-ar; O, nev-er say die! You

see that I Re-turned an Hon-est Dol-lar!

(Dock, Dodder and Squill step forward and sing:)



"THAT'S A BARGAIN, BARGAIN, BARGAIN, WE DECLARE"

Dock, Dodder, and Squill, you see, Kept time up on the

jump; We worked him hard from ten to three, Ger-

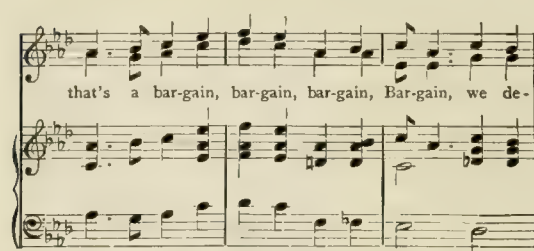
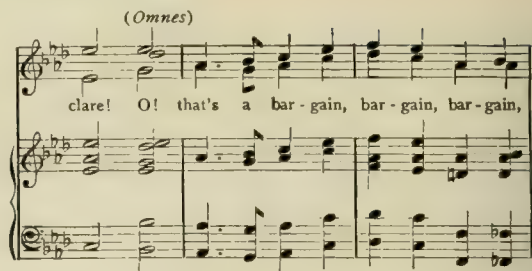
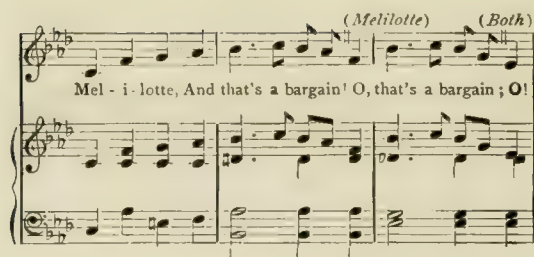
ump! ger - ump! ger - ump!

Turtle Woman
(The Turtle Woman-Fairy advances) Tho'

Tur - tle Wo - man I am not, I'll

oft - en seek this hum ble cot, To see my gen - tle





(All join hands and dance, everybody being perfectly satisfied.)

(CURTAIN)

THE STORY OF THE SILHOUETTE



Who has not had his silhouette taken or attended a silhouette party? But who knows the real origin of the silhouette? There is quite a history attached to the name.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the French minister in charge of the national treasury was a man named Silhouette. At that time, the finances of France were at a low ebb, and the minister was very anxious to better the conditions. Therefore, he attempted to enforce economy wherever possible, and he tried to persuade the king and his court to do the same. Poor Monsieur Silhouette was only ridiculed! Indeed, he became very unpopular and the subject of all sorts and kinds of derision.

The people, when they saw that the king, Louis XV, had no intention of reforming, turned about and began to practise a kind of economy that would have done credit to a fool's idea of the word. Snuff-taking was a very popular fad, and every gentleman and lady of the court possessed exquisite snuff-boxes made out of gold and silver set with all manner of precious stones. Immediately when Silhouette preached economy, the ladies sighed, the gentlemen pretended to become very sober, and every one laid by his beautiful

snuff-box and bought one of the plainest wood. The gentlemen wore ridiculously short coats without sleeves, and the ladies sacrificed all the fancy trimmings from their dresses. Even shoes were made of as little leather as possible, on the plea of this ridiculous economy. Then it was that the "silhouettes" as we know them came into use. These same fun-makers thought it would be a good scheme to economize along the line of art and picture-making, so they gravely laid aside the magnificent portraits in their beautiful gilt frames, and in their places they had made what they considered very comical little outline pictures, cut with their scissors from cloth or paper, exactly as we cut out the silhouettes at silhouette parties. In fact, it was considered quite "the thing" to hold "*parties a la Silhouette*."

The luckless minister was treated so abominably that he was forced to resign his office. After he retired the fashion changed, and these ridiculous fads and fancies passed away. But the style and name still clung to this form of picture-taking, which to-day is practically the same as it was when it was first introduced in ridicule of the idea of economizing, by those misguided French aristocrats.

Walter K. Putney.





WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST TO EAT IN ALL THE WORLD?

THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Sunday Morning," etc.

JACK'S SCHOOL LUNCHEONS

"MOTHER," said Jack, one evening, "I 'd like to take my lunch to school for the next few weeks; all the fellows are going to, so we can have more time for class elections and so on. Do you suppose Norah could put up one for me every morning?"

"Why not let Mildred put it up? Her school is so near that she does not have to start till long after you do; and then, Jack, you could easily pay her for her trouble by helping her with her Latin; you know she is bothered with that just now."

Mildred was overjoyed at the suggestion of the bargain. "Oh, Jack! I 'll do you up the most beautiful luncheons in the world if you will only help me with that horrid Cæsar! I 'm just as stupid as I can be about it. What do you like best to eat in all the world?"

Jack said he was n't very particular as long as

he had plenty of pie and cake and pickles and pudding and ice-cream; Mildred laughed, and said she guessed she could manage to think up a few other things beside.

So the very next morning she put up the first luncheon. But, alas, Norah had no nice cold meat to slice—only bits of beefsteak left from dinner; and not a single piece of cake. All she could find for lunch was some plain bread and butter, which she cut rather thick, a hard-boiled egg, and an apple. "Pretty poor," she sighed, as she saw him trudge off with the box under his arm.

That afternoon, when she came home from school, she went to Mother Blair for help. "I must give him *nice* luncheons," she explained. "Now what can I have for to-morrow? I can't think of anything at all, except bread and cake, and stupid things like those."

"Oh, there are lots and lots of things," said her mother. "Putting up lunches is just fun! I

only wish you would do up some for me, too! And first, dear, you had better see that there is plenty of bread, because it takes a good deal for sandwiches, and it must not be too fresh to slice nicely, nor too stale; day-old bread is best. And if you can find some brown bread as well as white, that will be ever so nice. You will want cake, too, and fruit; you might ask Norah what she has on hand."

In a moment, Mildred came back with the news that, as there was to be fish for dinner, there would be no left-over meat at all in the morning; the bits of steak were still there. "But imagine beefsteak sandwiches!" said she, scornfully. And though there was no cake now, Norah was going to make some.

"I think we had better learn first how to make all kinds of sandwiches, because that will help you more than anything else in putting up lunches," her mother said, getting out her cook-book. "You will need some paraffin paper for them, too, and paper napkins; suppose you look on the top shelf of the kitchen closet and see if we had any left over from summer picnics."

By the time Mildred had found these, as well as a box to pack the lunch in, these recipes were all ready for her to copy in her own book:

SANDWICHES

Use bread that is at least a day old. Spread the butter smoothly on the loaf; if it is too cold to spread well, warm it a little; slice thin, with a sharp knife; spread one slice with the filling, lay on another, press together, and trim off the heavy part of the crust; cut in two pieces, or, if the slices are very large, in three. Put two or three sandwiches of the same kind together, and wrap in paraffin paper.

MEAT SANDWICHES

Take any cold meat, cut off the gristle and fat, and put it through the meat chopper. Add a pinch of salt, a pinch of dry mustard, a shake of pepper, and, last, a teaspoonful of melted butter; press into a cup, and put away to grow firm.

"Now you see the nice thing about this rule is, that any sort of cold meat will do to use, and if you have bits of two or more kinds, you can use them together. There are those beefsteak ends; all you have to do is to follow your rule, and they will make as nice sandwiches as anything else."

"But, Mother, if you had nice roast-beef slices, you would not chop those up, would you?"

"No, indeed! I would make sandwiches of plain bread and butter and put the slices of meat in by themselves. But chopped meat makes bet-

ter sandwiches than slices of meat between bread."

"But what do you make sandwiches out of if you don't use meat? I think plain bread and butter is horrid for lunches."

"Oh, there are plenty of other things to use; see, here are your next rules:

EGG SANDWICHES

- 1 hard-boiled egg, chopped fine.
- 1 teaspoonful of oil.
- 3 drops of vinegar.
- 1 pinch of salt.
- 1 shake of pepper.

Mix well and spread on buttered bread.

"And then sometimes you can have

CHEESE SANDWICHES

Spread thin buttered brown bread with cream-cheese; sprinkle with a very little salt and pepper. Sometimes add chopped nuts for a change.

"Or, here are these:

LETTUCE SANDWICHES

Spread some very thin white bread; lay on a leaf of lettuce; sprinkle with a very little oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, as in the egg sandwiches.

SARDINE SANDWICHES

Drain off all the oil from a little tin of sardines; skin each fish, take out the bones, and mash smoothly, adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice; spread on white buttered bread.

"And then, when you have no cake or cookies for lunch, you can have two or three sandwiches with meat and two more like these:

SWEET SANDWICHES

Spread buttered bread with a very little jam or jelly; or with chopped dates or figs; or with scraped maple-sugar; or with chopped raisins and nuts; or with a thick layer of brown sugar.

"Those are just as good as cake, and better, I think," said Mother Blair, as Mildred finished copying them all down. "And now, what comes next in a lunch, after sandwiches?"

"Cake," said Mildred, promptly.

"Yes, sometimes, but not always. What else can you think of that would be nice?"



FIGURE 1. MILDRED MAKING PEANUT WAFERS.

Mildred said she thought gingerbread might be good, or perhaps doughnuts; but she could not think of anything else.

"Oh, I can think of ever so many things," said her mother. "But we will put down the gingerbread first; and, by the way, what do you think Betty calls it? This:

"Things don't sound as good as they taste, do they?" said Mildred, as she read the recipe over. "I just love gingerbread, but butter and lard and soda don't sound appetizing."

"Well, then, try this," laughed Mother Blair; "every bit of this sounds good:

'PERFECTLY LOVELY' GINGER-BREAD

- 1 cup of molasses. 1 cup of sugar.
- 1 cup of shortening (butter and lard mixed). 2 eggs.
- 3 cups of flour. 1 cup of milk.
- 1 teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, and soda.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten without separating, then the molasses mixed with the spices and soda, then the flour, then the milk. Stir and beat well. Put in a shallow tin and bake slowly."

PEANUT WAFERS

- 1 cup of sugar. ½ cup of butter.
- ½ cup of milk. 2 cups of flour.
- ½ teaspoonful of soda.
- 1 cup of chopped peanuts.

Cream the butter and sugar; put the soda in the milk, stir thoroughly, and put in next; then the flour. Beat well. Grease a shallow pan and spread the mixture evenly over the bottom, and scatter the nuts on top. Bake till light brown, and cut in squares while warm."

"Oh, those *do* sound good!" Mildred exclaimed, as she wrote the last words down.

"What sounds good?" asked Miss Betty's voice, as her pretty head popped in the door. So they told her all about the luncheons, and she said she knew some good things, too, and the first one was

CHOCOLATE CRACKERS

2 squares of chocolate.

1 teaspoonful of sugar.

Butter, the size of the tip of your thumb.

3 drops of vanilla.

Cut the chocolate up into bits and put it in a saucer over the tea-kettle; when it melts, add the sugar and butter and vanilla; stir, and drop in some small crackers, only one at a time, and lay them on a greased paper to dry.

"Oh, Mother, I've just got to stop writing and make some of those this very minute!" Mildred exclaimed. Miss Betty said she had lots of things she wanted to talk over with Mother Blair while Mildred was busy. Brownie came running in just then, and the two girls worked so fast they had a whole plateful of crackers done in no time; and after everybody had had one apiece to eat, Mildred said: "Now I will learn to make some more things."

"Let me see," said her mother, slowly. "Sandwiches and cake—what else can you think of for luncheons, Betty?"

"Deviled eggs," said Miss Betty, as quick as a flash. "Please let me tell how!

DEVILED EGGS

Boil three eggs for ten minutes; peel them, cut them in halves, and put the yolks in a bowl; add

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of dry mustard.

1 pinch of pepper.

1 teaspoonful of oil.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vinegar.

Mix well, fill the whites, press smooth with a knife, and put two halves together."

"But three eggs are too many for Jack," complained Brownie. "He won't need three; can't I have one for my lunch here?"

Miss Betty laughed, and said it would be easy for Mildred to make enough for everybody instead of making three, as the rule said.

"If I just made one, I suppose I'd take pinches instead of teaspoonfuls," said Mildred, thoughtfully. "I mean, I'd take just a little of everything, enough to make the egg taste good?"

"Exactly!" said Miss Betty; "that is just the way a real grown-up cook does. And, Mildred,

when I had to take my lunch to school, I used to have the best thing—salad. I had it when there were no real sandwiches, only bread and butter; it was put in a little round china jar with a tin top that screwed on, so it never spilled. But perhaps Jack does n't like salad."



"I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME THIS VERY MINUTE."

"He just loves it," said Brownie; "he loves every single thing to eat that there is!"

"Then he will surely 'just love' these things! Write them down, Mildred."

LUNCHEON CHICKEN SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING

2 teaspoonfuls of oil.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of vinegar.

1 pinch of salt.

2 shakes of pepper (paprika is best).

First mix the salt and pepper with the oil, then slowly stir in the vinegar. Now pick cold chicken into bits; add an equal amount of chopped, hard-boiled egg or celery, or both; mix with the dressing. Or use the hard-boiled egg, or the celery, without the chicken.

LUNCHEON FRUIT SALAD

Cut a seedless orange in halves; take out the pulp with a spoon; use alone, or mix with bits of banana or other fruit; or use chopped celery and apple together. Add the dressing.

"There!" said Miss Betty, triumphantly, as Mildred read the recipes aloud when she had

copied them. "If Jack does n't like those, he is n't the boy I take him for. And you see, Mildred, when you have no salad for him, you can sometimes put in a nice stalk of celery; and when you have had the same fruit over and over, you can just give him a fruit salad. I do believe I'll start on a long journey and take a whole week's supply of lunches along. All these recipes make me feel just like it!"

"Oh, do let me go too," begged Mildred.

"So you shall," laughed Miss Betty. "But before we start, I must tell you one thing more: if you want an ab-so-lute-ly perfect lunch, you must always have a surprise for the very last thing of all."

"How do you make one?" asked Brownie, curiously.

"Oh, you don't make them at all, or at least not usually; a surprise is something which has to be eaten last of all, after all the sandwiches and other things are gone, for a sort of dessert; sometimes I had a piece of maple-sugar, or a bit of sweet chocolate, or a couple of marshmallows; sometimes it was a fig or two, or a few dates. But it was always hidden down in the very bottom of the box, and everything *had* to be finished up before I opened the little paper it was in. Honestly, I don't think boys need surprises at all, because they will eat everything up anyway, but often girls will skip a sandwich or two, unless they know about the surprise."

"When I take my lunch, I shall have one every time," said Brownie.

"So shall I," laughed Mother Blair.

"I shall certainly give Jack one every day, because of Caesar," said Mildred.

The next morning bright and early, Mildred hurried to get Jack's luncheon all ready before breakfast, and her mother said she would help her, just for once. First they made three beautiful thin sandwiches out of bread and butter

spread with the nice beefsteak filling, and wrapped these up by themselves and put them in one corner of the box; then in the opposite corner went the surprise, this time four little chocolate crackers, all wrapped up carefully; on top of them, to hide them, went three more sandwiches, made of brown bread and butter and cheese; then the deviled egg filled the corner on top of the other pile, and one of Norah's cakes was put opposite.

"Now for the fruit," said Mother Blair. "What is there?"

Mildred said there was an orange, but it would not go in the box.

"Oh, you don't give anybody an orange whole for luncheon! Peel it first, then break it carefully in halves, wrap each half up in paper by itself, and you will see how nicely it fits in and how easy it will be to eat when you have no fruit-knife or orange-spoon to use with it. Now that is all, and it's what I call a perfectly delicious luncheon, don't you?"

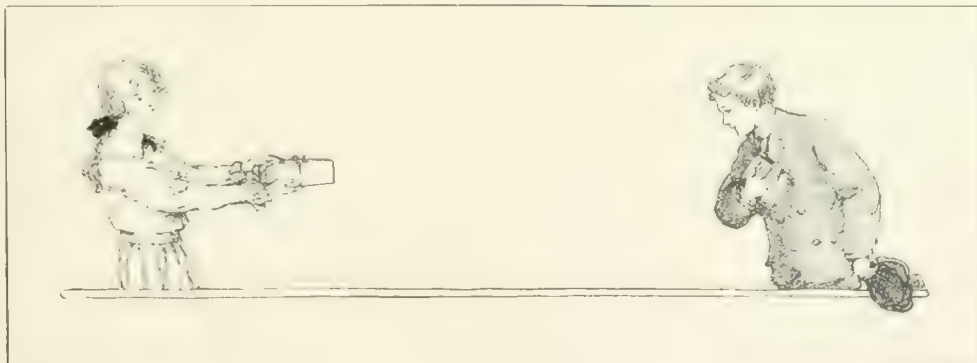
"*Perfectly!*" said Mildred, rapturously, as she tied up the box. "I guess the other boys will wish they had lunches just exactly like it; and I think it's very interesting to do them up, too."

That afternoon, when Jack came home from school, he shouted up the stairs:

"Say, Mildred, what will you take to do up lunches for the crowd? They told me to ask you. They said they had never seen anything so good. Where is that Caesar? I'll do about ten pages for you if you want me to."

When the lesson was over, Mildred hugged Jack gratefully. "I can do it alone in no time now, because you're such a good teacher," she said, as Jack squirmed away. "And, when summer comes, just think of all the picnic lunches I can do up for everybody!"

"We won't wait till summer for a picnic," said Mother Blair. "I've got *such* a bright idea!"



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

ONE GEORGE AFTER ANOTHER

LONDON, during the reigns of the first and second and even the third Georges, was more like a huge family than a city. Everybody knew everybody else, every one went to the same parties, and the stories told over night at club or rout were all over town next morning.

Letters and diaries of the day are the delightfulest reading, because they are filled with so much amusing and personal gossip, tell such romantic love-stories, chat about plays and dinner-parties, praise the same beauties, repeat the jokes and bons mots of the same brilliant speakers and wits: all in the coziest way imaginable, just as though we were all seated at the same tea-table, watching Dr. Johnson drinking his fourteenth cup with immense satisfaction, and listening while Fanny Burney told tales of the court, or Walpole found fault with things in general, or some one, just returned from Bath, had a toast to propose to the "lovely Gunnings."

It was all great fun. To be sure, those who were n't on top, where all these jolly doings were in full swing, did not find life so easy as one could wish; and some rebelled, as you will have seen in the stories about highwaymen and such wild disturbers of the peace, recommended last month. But there was, after all, far more freedom in England than there had been for centuries. And then there was America, to which the disaffected could go—and where many of them went!

A book that tells a good deal about the end of George II's times, away from social London, is J. Bloundell Burton's "Fortune's My Foe" (Appleton, 50 cents). It is a bustling tale of love, adventure, and revenge, much of it taking place on shipboard, and Hawke's famous victory at Quiberon is spiritedly related. A book set in about the same years, but a tale of the north shore, is G. Manville Fenn's "The Devon Boys."

But it is time to turn to George III, that long-lived monarch under whom England underwent so many changes. Thackeray, in his book on "The Four Georges," sums up this lengthy reign in these words, too good not to quote:

England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napo-

leon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendors, has to pass away. Generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us with Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise. Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theater. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored. Napoleon is to be but an episode, and George III is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

Why, it's breathless, is n't it? One man to have seen so much. Though George perhaps, who was a trifle dull, did not see all he might.

This king, while still a prince, had a love-affair with a Quaker maiden, and Walter Besant has written a very charming story of this time, called "A Fountain Sealed." He has also a later book, "The Orange Girl," which is a London story, full of the life of the streets, and coffee-houses, and mansions, and theaters, even of Newgate, the great prison. It is a romantic story, with a heroine who resembles Nell Gwyn, the famous actress.

One of Stanley Weyman's tales is set in the early days of George III, toward the end of Chatham's life. It is called "The Castle Inn," and it is full of the incidents of travel in those days, with its perils and adventures. You will find it entertaining reading, and you will probably be glad we manage our journeyings differently nowadays.

G. J. Whyte-Melville has written a most animated romance, placed in Exmoor, that you should not miss right here. It is named "Katerfelto," and is full of Gipsies, sport, and stirring incident, with a simple and pleasing love-story running through it.

And don't overlook Goldsmith's enchanting "Vicar of Wakefield," full of pictures of the country life of that day, and exquisite in its characters and its humor and tenderness. Goldsmith wrote of the life around him, so that his story is more faithful than others which have been written since.

Goldsmith himself appears in F. Frankfort Moore's excellent book, "The Jessamy Bride." This story is founded on an actual occurrence,



TRAVELING IN THE TIME OF THE GEORGES

and besides Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and other famous personages of the day come into the novel. Another charming book by the same author is "A Nest of Linnets" (Appleton, \$1.50), which relates an adventure of the playwright Sheridan and the Linleys of Bath, besides giving very picturesque glimpses of the life there.

If you can find a juvenile called "Captain Nat's Treasure," by Robert Leighton, you will find it worth your while to read it. It is set chiefly in Liverpool in the year 1776, when matters were growing decidedly strained over in the colonies.

Thackeray's last book, "Denis Duval," which was never finished, since he died while at work

upon it, is a magnificent fragment, and has an account of the famous fight in which John Paul Jones of the *Bonhomme Richard* captured the *Serapis*. This story was coming out in the "Cornhill Magazine" as a serial, and ends with this sentence:

Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle.

Those were the last words written by the great author, and England, and America, too, mourned the untimely ending of a novel that promised to be one of Thackeray's finest, as well as the beloved author's death, when he was still hardly more than middle-aged—but fifty-two. So sud-

den a death! For only a day or two before, he had been among his friends, the kind, gentle, wise man-of-the-world and man of genius.

Another of his books belongs here, "The Virginians," with its sympathetic portrait of Washington and its pictures of the War of the Revolution. You are in fine manly company when you read Thackeray, for, as there was nothing small nor mean in the man, so in his books you breathe a clean, bright air, and feel the glow of a love of honor and simple devotion to a high standard warming the pages, even where wrongdoers are pictured or wicked acts recorded. For in any book that tells truly about life, such things must enter.

One of the picturesque occurrences in George III's time was the holding of Gibraltar for the English, and in Molly Elliot Seawell's splendid tale, "The Rock of the Lion," the story of the amazing siege is told in a way that makes it very vivid and real (Harper's, \$1.50). Miss Seawell is a great favorite with young people, and very likely this thrilling book of hers is known to you already. Henty, too, has written of this episode in his "Held Fast for England" (Scribner's, \$1.50).

Anne Thackeray wrote a delicate, thoughtful, pretty story with Angelica Kauffmann and Sir Joshua Reynolds as its chief characters, called "Miss Angel." It is a juvenile, and one you are all sure to like. Most libraries have it on their shelves. It tells a great deal of the art side of London life. Thackeray himself said of Sir Joshua: "I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman," and after reading this little story, you will be tempted to add "of any age."

An enormous amount of smuggling went on in England under the Georges, and a book that takes you right in among the smugglers is R. D. Blackmore's "Mary Anerley." It relates the history of an old Yorkshire family between the years 1777 and 1805, and is full of the real flavor of the place and time.

One of the famous feats of the end of the eighteenth century was that of the English captain who deliberately stranded his frigate on a lee shore in order to wreck the pursuing French line-of-battle ship. This incident, with much else that is exciting and adventurous, will make you hang over Captain Marryatt's "The King's Own" until you have reached the last page. You can get this book in Everyman's Library.

One of George Eliot's most beautiful stories is laid during this period of England's career—"Silas Marner," a village tale, very moving, very characteristic, unforgetably living, so that, once

read, you seem yourself to be a part of it. This book can also be found in the Everyman Library.

Cyrus Townsend Brady has a bright and windy story on Napoleon and Nelson and the great battle of the Nile, "The Two Captains," and another book on the same subject, written for young readers, is Edgar Pickering's "In Press-Gang Days" (Scribner's, \$1.25). Henty is not without his word on the matter, and "At Aboukir and Acre" will tell you a lot of history in a good rollicking story (Scribner's, \$1.25).

One of Conan Doyle's entertaining books comes in here—"Rodney Stone." The subject is full of drama, and nothing is lost in the telling, as you will imagine.

Blackmore's great story "Springhaven" (Everyman's Library, 35 cents) belongs here. It is crowded with both homely and simple, and wild and historical, adventures. Nelson is splendidly drawn for us, Admiral Darling, Napoleon, and many more world-renowned men, and some equally famous women, are introduced. And with these, quiet village people, wise and good to know, and sea-faring folk and others.

George III was a rather poor figure of a man on the whole, yet he was well-meaning and affectionate. He was devoted to Queen Charlotte, his wife, with whom he fell in love through reading a letter which she had written about the horrors of war. It does n't seem much of a letter to us, perhaps, but it struck the young monarch with so much force that he wrote and asked the little princess to marry him. The story runs that the princess and some of her ladies were enjoying themselves in a girlish way in the gardens of Strelitz, the princess's home, and that they were talking of sweethearts. And Princess Charlotte sighed, saying that no one would want to take such a poor little princess as she. At that moment a courier arrived, and Ida von Bülow, the best friend of young Charlotte, laughed and said, "What if that were news of a sweetheart!" And so it proved, for it was the letter of the young English king. And Charlotte came forthwith to England, her heart full of joy. It is good to be able to say that, at least until he fell ill, the two lived happily ever after, like people in a fairy story, even if it were a somewhat dull, plump sort of a fairy story.

The last years of the king's life were sad enough, for he lost his sight and his reason, and his beloved little daughter died in his arms, while his sons became estranged from him. His queen, loving and faithful to the end, took care of him after he became helpless and his son became regent. These last years and the new reign we will take up in the next article.

THE BABY BEARS' FIFTH ADVENTURE

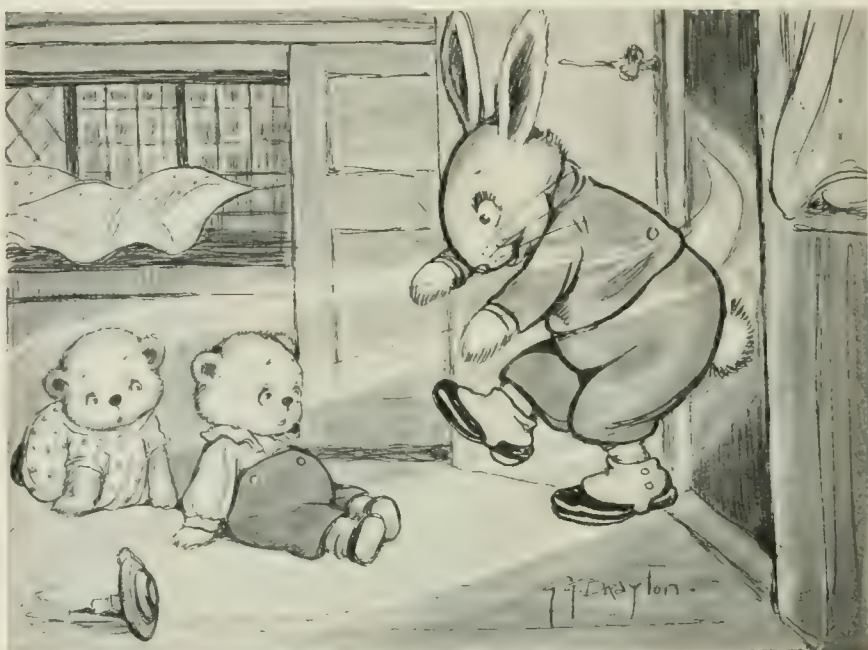
BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



"What is that noise?" says Susie Bear;
"It sounds like some one knocking there."



The candle dropped down with a smash;
The door flew open with a crash.



Oh, goodness! *who* was standing there?
The scaring, tearing, mad March Hare.



He grabbed them by their paws, then skipped,
And wildly o'er the moor he tripped.



"I wish he'd left us home," they cry.
When they were way up in the sky.



They rubbed their rings—and bumped down hard
But safe—in Mama Bear's back yard!

Nature and Science For Young Folks

Edited By Edward F. Bigelow

SEEKING A TREASURE SHIP'S GOLD WITH MAGNETS

SOMEBODY has calculated that the value of the entire ocean-carried commerce of the world at any one time is swept to the bottom of the sea every twenty-five years. Let us not try to estimate how vast is the wealth which lies upon the ocean's floor, but let us be glad that ingenious



AN ELECTRO-MAGNET LIFTING SCRAP-IRON FROM THE
BOTTOM OF THE RIVER THAMES.

man is finding new ways, year by year, to withdraw some of these riches from Davy Jones's locker. One of the latest of these has taken the form of a magnet. Here is where electricity promises to do a new and valuable service.

You know what a horseshoe magnet is, and you also know that it always attracts to it a bit of iron or steel. Because it remains constant in its power to draw either of these metals to it, we call it a permanent magnet. Now the electrician has shown us how we can make a magnet of immeasurably greater strength by surrounding a bar of soft iron with a winding of copper wire through which a current can be sent at will.

When the electricity flows through this insulated wire, the iron bar becomes intensely magnetic; when the current is shut off, the bar loses its power to attract. In short, this is what is known as an electro-magnet.

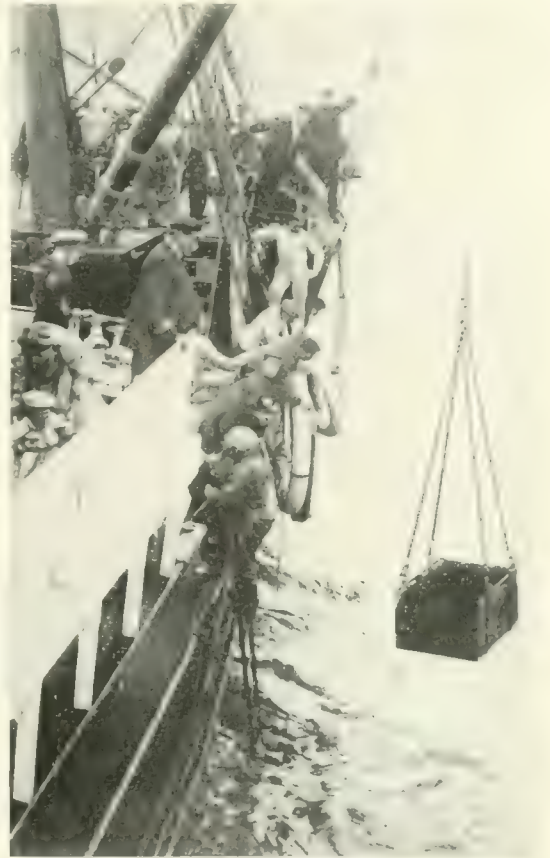
Electro-magnets are now doing daily service in gripping bodies or masses of iron and steel so that these may be raised from one place and shifted to another without further attachments. They simply fall away from the magnets when the current ceases to flow. In this way, the practical man of business does away with the services of many laborers, and these magnets do faster and better the work of scores of hands. In steel plants where food for the furnaces consists largely of iron and steel in the form of scrap material of endless shapes, the electric magnet has proved to be of great value, and has probably saved the lives of many men who might have been cut by these jagged pieces of metal coated with poisonous rust. These uses have been limited in the past to work on land, but now comes still another way of putting these magnets to profitable work.

Some months ago, a great deal of scrap-iron fell into the Regents Canal Basin in London, and the owners of that metal were very much puzzled as to how they could get the stuff from the bottom of the River Thames. There were no dredges available that could reclaim the iron, and part of the difficulty lay in exactly locating the scrap under water. In Birmingham, there is a firm that makes lifting magnets, and they were asked to see what they could do. Of course, a magnet to work at the bottom of a river had to be water-tight, and great care was necessary to prevent the electricity leaking away from the connecting wires. The manufacturers, however, were not discouraged, and, after making some tests, fashioned a submarine lifting magnet that was about three feet across, and looked not unlike a very large, fluted biscuit. When that magnet was excited by an electric current, it had a lifting power of quite three thousand pounds. Lowered into the water, it was able to send out from it magnetic rays which found the pieces of scrap-iron and drew them to it, so that, in

about five working days, it was possible to recover sixty tons of the odds and ends of iron lying at the bottom of the river. Two of the accompanying illustrations are photographs of the electro-magnet at work, and you can see how the iron scraps clung to the surface of the magnet, lying along the lines of the electric current.

Perhaps you think that this does n't seem to be getting anything really worth while from Davy Jones's locker; but even scrap-iron can be sold for a goodly number of dollars a ton. However, it is now proposed to reclaim gold and silver from the ocean bed by using an apparatus of this sort. One hundred and fourteen years ago, an English frigate, the *Lutine*, left England for Hamburg, carrying, so it is said, quite \$6,000,000 worth of coin and bars of gold and silver. She went ashore the night of that stormy day, and

wreck, which lay buried beneath forty feet of sand and twelve feet of water at low tide. They did not find any bars of gold or silver, but they



THE SALVAGE STEAMER, "THE LUTINE," RECOVERING THE
WRECK OF THE "LUTINE."
THE IRON-RUST WAS FOUND IN THE WRECK OF THE "LUTINE."

did bring up through the suction dredge a good-sized piece of iron-rust in which were found some tiny specks of gold. These bits of precious metal were on the surface of an impression made in the iron-rust. In other words, the iron-rust had formed about an object with straight sides and sharp corners. Later, one of the agents of the famous Lloyd's Association of London—an insurance body having to do principally with ships—discovered that the imprint in the rust agreed, as far as it went, with the shape and the size of a bar of gold in the museum at Amsterdam which had certainly been recovered from the wreck of the *Lutine*, many years before. The piece of rust came from the edge of a big pile of cannon-balls lying beside the wreck which had become bound together by the rusting action of the waters of the North Sea. The treasure



AN ELECTRO-MAGNET, USED WITH SUCCESSION,
FROM A MACHINERY SHIP.

was wrecked near one of the entrances to the Zuyder Zee, Holland.

Last year, an English expedition uncovered the

hunters thought they were within easy reach of the much-desired gold, but the covering of rusted shot resisted all of their efforts, much to their disappointment.

It may be, and then again it may not be, that some of the treasure lies beneath that solid mass; but if you were one of those wreckers, you would probably be just as keen to try to break into that rude safe which has thus been molded about the supposed riches.

They were still at work when operations were brought to a sudden halt by the early arrival of the fall gales, but the workers determined to renew their efforts with better tools. They will break up the mound of iron by using dynamite, just so that the body of united shot can be jarred into good-sized pieces without throwing them broadcast into the near-by sands. Perhaps the precious bars may be mixed up with the cannon-balls and the rust. Anyway, the wreckers will have to work quickly when the weather permits, and magnets are the latest and best instruments

they can use to lift the shattered covering to the deck of the salvage steamer *Lyons*, and disclose whether or not the bullion lies upon the hard clay beneath. Of course, you know that gold and silver are not attracted by a magnet. The object in this case is to deal with the broken lumps of iron and rust, which must first be removed.

The Englishmen interested in this enterprise have stuck at their task with dogged persistence and perseverance, and all of us are in sympathy with their show of pluck, and wish them good luck. The *Lutine* has attracted many kindred undertakings in the past, but none of them have been as well equipped as the present organization. Most of these earlier efforts have resulted in losses, but during the summer of 1858, bars of gold and silver were pulled out through the broken side of the ship to a total value of more than \$150,000. So you see that there has been plenty of excuse for the treasure hunter.

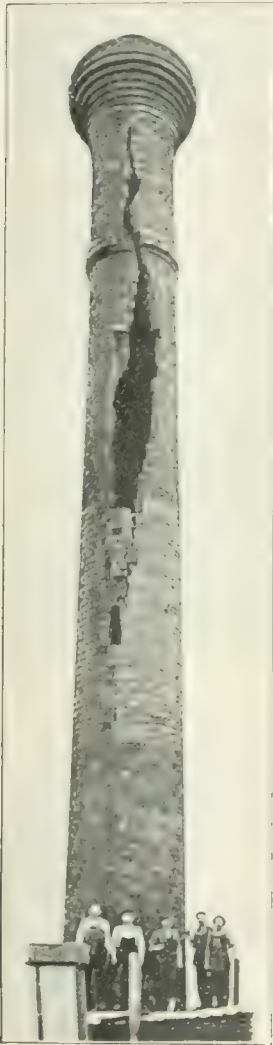
M. WRESCHNER.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE "LYONS," AND THE OLD DUTCH DIVER WHO, IN 1858, IN ONE DAY RECOVERED GOLD BARS WORTH \$125,000.

CHIMNEY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

THE huge brick chimney stack, measuring one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, used by the heating plant of two factories at Cleveland, Ohio,



was struck by lightning one night last summer, during a very heavy thunderstorm that was passing over the city. The bolt struck the chimney just below the top, and cut an irregular gash down the side sixty feet long, and varying in width from a few inches to three feet. In the photograph of this structure, which we reproduce, a loose piece of brickwork is seen hanging in the fissure just above the small opening.

The largest portion of the wreckage fell through the roof and sky-light of the factory, but some pieces were thrown by the shock over seventy feet, and then fell in front of the building. It was fortunate that the accident occurred at night when the building was practically unoccupied. No one was injured, but the damage to property was estimated at about five thousand dollars. The injury

was so serious that it was necessary to tear down the upper part of the stack, a scaffold being erected for the purpose. The chimney was not protected by a lightning-rod.

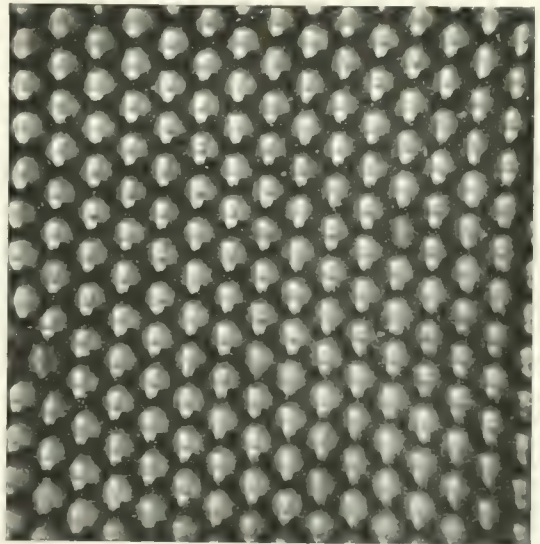
A. B. WILLIAMS.

A PORTRAIT TAKEN THROUGH THE EYE OF A BEE

Most young people are aware that insects have compound eyes—that is, each complete eye is formed of numerous facets (in some cases over twenty thousand), each of which is a single eye,

all being placed close together to form the one great compound organ. Each facet, or single eye, is usually six-sided, giving the whole compound eye, when viewed through the microscope, the appearance of network, like honeycomb, the meshes of which are six-sided. Each of these single eyes receives the image of the object in view, but it is probable that these various images are united into one, as is the case with things seen by our two eyes. If we look at a tree with both our eyes, we do not see two trees, though the image of that tree goes to our brain through two different eyes, because these two images are combined into one before reaching the brain. It seems probable that in the insect, also, all the images are united in the same way, though there must be, according to the number of facets in the eye, several thousand such images.

Mr. Watson, a skilled photographer in England, has succeeded in taking a photograph through the facets of part of a honey-bee's eye. His friend Mr. James Bancroft, an amateur beekeeper and lecturer on "Beekeeping as a Hobby," made the remark that he would like to



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN EACH FACET OF A BEE'S EYE

see himself as a honey-bee sees him. This remark suggested to Mr. Watson that he try to take a photograph of Mr. Bancroft's portrait through the facets of the bee's eye. Accordingly he arranged the picture so that the light from it would pass through the many facets of the bee's eye, and then through a magnifying-lens to the camera plate. The result, known as a photomicrograph, is shown herewith.

A WINTER BOARDER

ON the gulf coast of Texas, where the weather is mild, there are two months every winter when northern winds, sleet, and ice make the season seem almost arctic. Most of the birds have gone to Mexico and to Central America, but a few remain through the bitterest weather. Among the latter, the mocking-birds are perhaps the most conspicuous, although these hardy little fellows are never very plentiful.

One day when the world seemed to be covered with ice, several sparrows flew into a chinaberry-tree, just outside my window. The poor little things looked so cold that I opened the window and scattered crumbs on the sill. The birds immediately came over and began to eat. Two days later, a splendid mocking-bird flew into the tree and eyed the crumbs.

As he was not molested, his appetite soon overcame his fear, and he flew hurriedly to the ledge, picked up a crumb, went back to the tree, and there devoured his meal. Before the week had passed, he was squabbling with the sparrows in a rather bad-tempered way.

One morning, he sat on a small limb about two feet from the window, while around him perched a flock of indignant sparrows. He cared not a

passed a certain dead-line, quicker than a flash a gray whirlwind was upon him. Such treatment soon taught them to sit on the safer woodpile and chirp their disapproval.

Feeling sorry for the little things, I placed more crumbs in a window on the opposite side of the house. The sparrows were driven from that window in precisely the same manner, and the mocking-bird divided his periods of watching between the two windows. He soon became very gentle, and was not alarmed when I sat at the window, but ate his crumbs and smoothed his feathers with gentlemanly fastidiousness.

We one day took his picture while he was eating, and, although the click of the camera surprised him, he was not frightened, for he finished his meal, and returned to his favorite perch.

But how well he paid me for his crumbs when the spring came round! With songs that brought tears to my eyes and made the breath catch in my throat. On the moonlight nights he sat on the corner of a chimney and sang for hours, flying up into the air and dropping back as he reached the climax of his song.

HORTENSE WINTON.

KEEPING WATER COOL AT 110° IN THE SHADE



THE MOCKING-BIRD ENJOYING A FEAST OF CRUMBS.

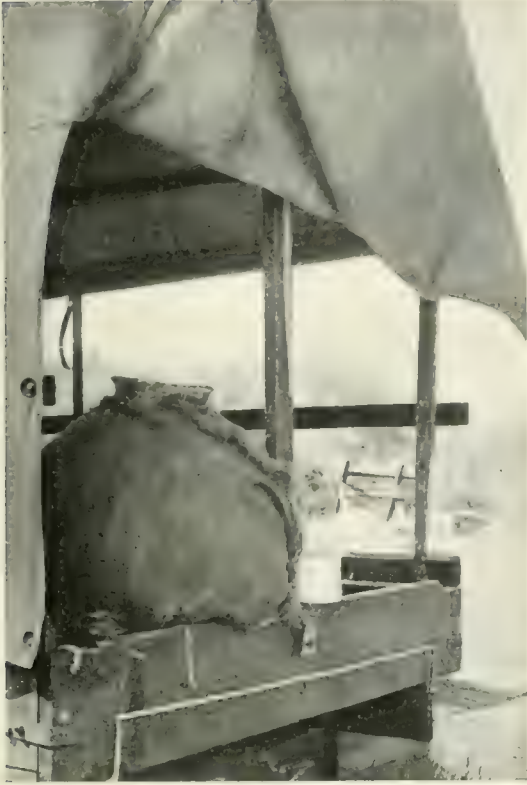
THE accompanying illustration represents the simple device employed for keeping drinking-water cool in the high temperatures of our southwestern deserts where ice is unprocurable. The receptacle used is an unglazed earthenware jar, universally known in the southwest by its Spanish name *olla*. Around this is wrapped a layer or two of burlap. The jar, filled with water, is then set in the shade where a current of air will strike it (in this case in a tent with the end flaps partly raised). The water "sweats" through the porous walls of the jar, dampening the enveloping burlap, which retards the evaporation. The result is the cooling of the jar's surface and the water contents, just as perspiration cools off the human body on a hot day.

There is some question as to the use of the word "sweats" in this article. I should say that the water from the interior of the vessel finds its way slowly through the porous walls of the jar.

Many experiments illustrating this principle can be made. If the bulb of a thermometer is covered with cloth, and the cloth be dampened with water and fanned, the mercury will fall. The process of fanning hastens evaporation by driving away the air which has been in contact with the wet cloth, thus bringing dry air against

feather for their wrath, but hopped to the ledge and ate a leisurely breakfast. A young and silly sparrow flew down to share the meal. With a shrill and angry squawk that one could hardly believe came from a mocking-bird's throat, the larger bird seized the sparrow by the back of the head and flew away with him. Feathers were scattered in all directions, and that particular sparrow carried a bald head for several weeks.

The mocking-bird actually kept watch over those crumbs. For hours, he would sit patiently guarding his treasure, and when a sparrow



THE TAR OF WATER WRAPPED WITH BURLAP

the wet surface. If liquids which evaporate more rapidly are used instead of water, the cool-

ing of the thermometer is more marked. Alcohol and gasoline work well, but ether is much better; indeed, ether can be made to evaporate so rapidly as to cause the mercury to indicate several degrees below the freezing-point.

Dealers in sporting goods, and mail-order houses offer canteen-like vessels for carrying water which are made of porous fabric of some kind through which the water can slowly work its way. The evaporation at the surface suffices to cool the water which remains in the vessel.

The old method of pouring hot beverages into a saucer to cool them illustrates the same principle. The enlarged surface exposed to the air hastens evaporation to such an extent that the liquid falls in temperature very rapidly.

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

SALMON LEAPING UP THE FALLS

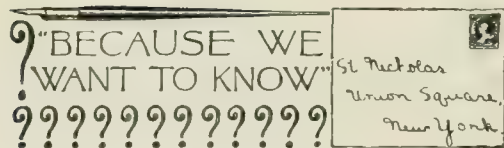
THROUGH the courtesy of "Outdoor World and Recreation," we are permitted to show our readers a most remarkable photograph of salmon leaping up the falls at Ketchikan, Alaska.

This photograph was submitted to the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington, and Dr. H. M. Smith, the Commissioner of Fisheries, wrote to ST. NICHOLAS: "The falls at Ketchikan is a favorite place for the photographing of jumping salmon, but I have never seen so many fish represented in a single photograph."

Salmon swim many hundreds of miles upstream, and show remarkable strength and skill in leaping up the falls.



A MOST REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF SALMON LEAPING UP THE FALLS.



BIRDS THAT KEEP THEIR HEADS IN THE WATER WHEN DRINKING

SUFFERN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the reason why, when a chicken drinks, it lifts its head at every gulp, while a pigeon never lifts its head until it is through? I have often noticed it, and would like to know the reason why.

From your interested reader,

RUTH HOOPER.

All of the family of *Columbidae* (pigeons and doves) drink by immersing the entire beak, thus drawing in the water instead of allowing it to run down the throat. No reason is known.—C. W. B.

HOW FAR CAN ONE SEE OUT OVER THE OCEAN?

TONG, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Could you please answer these two questions? When fifty feet above the ocean, how many miles straight out can I see? When down on the beach, how many miles out can I see then? I would like very much to know the answers, to settle an argument.

Your devoted reader,

MADEIRA BROOKS.

When fifty feet above the ocean, a child can see an object on the surface of the water about fifteen miles away. When down on the beach, if the eye were at the level of the water, the child could see practically no distance at all; but, assuming the eye to be elevated five feet above the level of the water, an object on the surface could be seen about two and a half miles away.—GILBERT H. GROSVENOR.

HORSES PULLING AGAINST AN AUTOMOBILE

BUCKINGHAM, QUEBEC, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If twenty-five horses are hitched to one end of a rope and an automobile having a twenty-five horse-power engine is fastened to the other end, when the horses pull in one direction and the automobile in the opposite direction, which will win the tug of war? And why? Every person I have asked says the horses will, but none can give a clear reason.

Yours respectfully,

FLORENCE R. MACLAREN.

If it be admitted that the pulling power of the twenty-five horses is exactly the same as the pulling power of the twenty-five horse-power engine, then the horses would pull the automobile backward, on account of the firmer application of the horses' power, because the horses' one hundred hoofs would get a firmer hold on the ground than the four rubber tires of the one automobile. It is evident that where two opposing powers are equal, and the applications of those powers

are likewise equal, there can be no motion in either direction, and the effect will be a state of rest. I suppose that you ask the question from the theoretical rather than the practical point of view, and realize that the power of any horse is not necessarily the same as the standard, invariable measure of power known as one horse-power. You assume, I suppose, that the pulling strength of the twenty-five horses is exactly the same as the pulling strength of the twenty-five horse-power automobile.

THE BEST WOOD FOR BOW AND ARROW

FLORIDA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Which is the best wood growing in the State of New York to make a bow for a crossbow?

Your true friend,

KENNETH C. WADDELL.

For the bow the best wood is red cedar, sassafras, elm, or hickory, in the order named; for the arrow, pine or ash.—ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

FACING OF HEADS ON COINS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that the head of Liberty on the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, and ten-cent-piece faces toward the right, while on the five-cent-pieces and pennies it faces toward the left.

I am curious to know whether there is any special reason for this, and if there is, would be very much obliged to you for explaining it.

Very truly yours,

PRISCILLA FULLER.

There is no special reason why the Liberty head faces differently in the coins described.—ACTING SUPERINTENDENT, Mint of the United States at Philadelphia.

WAVES FORWARD AND BACKWARD WITH THE WIND

WANAKENA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If the wind blows directly across the lake, why are the waves on both sides?

Your interested reader,

MAVE COMSTOCK, JR.

The waves on the leeward side of the lake run higher up on the beach than do those on the windward side, but waves are all over the lake, because of the fact that the lake acts as an elastic body; each wave continues for a considerable distance regardless of whether the wind is blowing or not. The mass of the water in a wave does not travel forward as the wave-form itself does, but merely up and down, in approximate circles, actually. This surging up and down of the water in the body of the lake leads to disturbances all over the surface. The essential point is to remember that the water of the wave does not move forward, as it seems to do, a bit more than growing grain in a field moves for-

ward when the wind is blowing on it. The grain gets into waves and appears to move forward, but of course only bobs up and down. The same is true of water.—W. J. HUMPHREYS, Professor of Meteorological Physics, Central Office of the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

WHY DOES IRON RUST?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why does iron rust?
Your interested reader,
LEONE A. KNIGHT

Iron rusts from the action of the oxygen of the air in the presence of moisture. It appears, too, that the carbonic acid of the air also acts, at least in starting the rusting. Rusting is similar to burning, except that it goes on very slowly, and hence does not produce any appreciable heat. Some heat is really produced by rusting, but usually it passes away before it can be felt. Iron-rust is an oxid of iron containing water, and is like certain ores from which iron is made.—H. L. W.

CATCHING THE BALL AT THE EDGE OF THE PIAZZA

WEST NEWBURY, MASS.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what it is that when I roll my baseball down the slope of the piazza floor, it will fall into my hand when I hold my hand just at the edge of the piazza, while if I hold my hand two inches from the edge, the ball will come into my hand just the same?

DONALD R. GILGIE

If the ball is rolling slowly, it will fall almost straight downward from the edge. If it is rolling rapidly, it will go almost straight onward, and fall at a distance from the edge. After the ball leaves the edge, it is subject to its onward motion (momentum) and to the force of gravitation that pulls it toward the ground. The more rapid the onward motion the longer it takes for the force of gravitation to get complete control of the ball, and to arrest its motion by bringing it in contact with the ground.

EFFECT ON COLOR BY WETTING

EDMUNTSVILLE, VA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what causes objects to turn darker than their original color when they get wet; and then, when they are dry, they become their original color again?

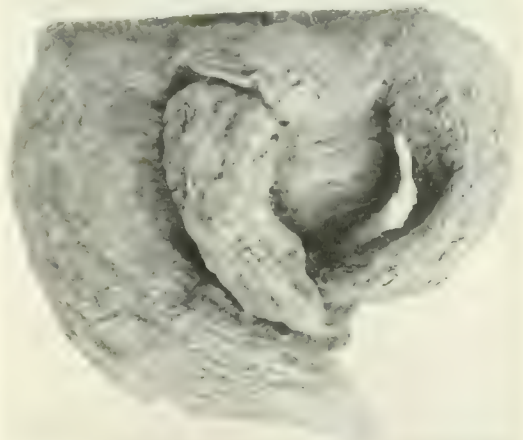
Yours respectfully,
ESTHER VANCE.

All objects do not so change when wet. It is only those that are rather spongy or porous, like cloth, or paper, or even some kinds of stone. They drink the water into their pores, or the spaces between their particles, and the surface becomes dull because the wet parts lose some of their

power to reflect the light that falls on them. We see nearly all objects by light thrown back from the surface, and their brightness depends upon the amount that they can return to our eyes. A surface that is very smooth and highly polished is not affected by being made wet, although the way in which the object is held may have some effect by changing the direction of the light that comes from it to our eyes. In some positions it will seem brighter than in others.—THE BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY.

A CARROT OF PECULIAR SHAPE

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a carrot which I think is very curious. It was grown in the garden of our next-door neighbor. The boy who grew it had



A CARROT OF PECULIAR SHAPE

many other carrots similar to this one. He also had two pumpkins which each weighed eleven pounds, and a Hubbard squash which weighed seven and a half pounds when just beginning to turn yellow.

Your loving reader,
GRACE E. LUSTIG.

BASKET-BALL OR TENNIS?

HARTSDALE, N. Y.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I ask you the question, which is the most helpful exercise, basket-ball or tennis?
Yours truly,
HAROLD WALLIAN.

For purposes of occasional exercise, both games are of about equal value. They bring into play all of the muscles of the body, and at the same time cultivate mental alertness.

For purposes of systematic training, basket-ball would seem to have an advantage, because it avoids over-development of any particular group of muscles. Tennis develops the muscles of the right shoulder girdle disproportionately.

DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH" BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

THE prose-writers forged to the front this month with a fine array of contributions, every one of which was a credit to its young author and to the League. Evidently "The Story of an Old Attic" was a subject with a strong appeal. In almost every home the great room or space just beneath the rafters has a special fascination for the young folk of the household, and its attractions were set forth, in all their fullness and variety, by our young Leaguers' manuscripts in the present competition.

There were dozens of charming little essays, describing the attic's appearance and furnishing (or lack of furnishing), and the joy of many an eager rummage through its time-worn chests or trunks. But of *stories* there were scores and hundreds—some imaginative, others wholly realistic; some historical, others of the "family-tradition" order; some dealing with the haunted, eerie, ghostlike features of the attic, and others frankly humorous or funny. Not a few combined two or more of these elements in a single brief narrative; but, however varied in point of view, all were interesting and all well-written. If only there were space enough in the League pages to publish all that we should like to print! But, at least, the Roll of Honor will accord to the senders of the clever stories that were crowded out some measure of appreciation.

The young photographers also maintained the high standard which they set last month, and sent in a great number of picturesque and beautiful views which, as a whole, formed one of the best collections the League has ever received. In many of these, as well as with the drawings, much ingenuity was shown in fitting the picture to the subject, which added a touch of fancy or humor that all ST. NICHOLAS readers will be sure to enjoy.

The average of the drawings, too, is unusually high; and if the young poets are resting on their laurels this month, it is only, no doubt, that they may return to the contest with renewed zest and inspiration. There is no lack of either in some of the verse here printed, but the number of rhymed contributions received was not as great as with the opening issues of the year. We shall await the next competition with interest, for spring is supposed to be the time when poets are at their best!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 169

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, Kathryn Hulbert (age 15), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Dorothy Levy (age 15), New York; Carolyn Rogers (age 10), New York; Ruth E. Prager (age 14), Switzerland; Elmaza Fletcher (age 12), Illinois.

VERSE. Silver badges, Sarah M. Bradley (age 15), Massachusetts; Lucile H. Quarry (age 16), Michigan.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, Gretchen Hercz (age 14), Illinois; Mavis Carter (age 17), England.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, Daniel B. Benscoter (age 14), Tennessee.

Silver badges, Elizabeth Loe Corsa (age 12), Illinois; Charlotte Baylies (age 17), Massachusetts; Hiram Brown (age 15), Minnesota; Madelaine R. Brown (age 15), Rhode Island; Corina Ely (age 16), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Wyllys P. Ames (age 15), New Jersey; Margaret Spaulding (age 12), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Alvin E. Blomquist (age 16), New York; Vernita C. Haynes (age 13), Connecticut.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, Katharine K. Spencer (age 13), New York; Isabel Shaw (age 16), New York.

AUTUMN WOODS

BY SARAH M. BRADLEY, AGE 15

(Silver Badge)

The autumn woods are calling, I must wander far
away
They are calling, I must follow; O dear heart, I cannot stay
For the hills are red with maple, and the sky above is blue
It is autumn, and, O Autumn! when you call, I follow you.

Oh, I thrill to see the sumac that 's like banners in the breeze,
There 's a challenge in the forest 'twixt the red and yellow trees;
There 's a myst'ry in the asters that grow beside the way—
Hark! the autumn woods are calling; when they call, I cannot stay.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY KATHLEEN HUBBARD, AGE 15

(Gold Badge Silver Badge (won July 1912))

A BLUSTERING November wind swept around the old attic, and moaned down the massive chimney. The stout beams, which stretched from one dingy window to the other, were wreathed in pendants of dusty cobwebs. The battered shutters shrieked on their rusty



"DOWNING" BY ETHEL HUBBARD, AGE 11
(Silver Badge)

hinges, and banged against the old place until the attic trembled.

The chimney seemed to be the mysterious monitor of the lonely scene. It eyed the ancient trunks that stood beneath the eaves with disgust, for—it knew the secret that nothing else in that small domain knew. It was on just such a night as this that little Cynthia had cautiously ascended the garret stairs, with a mysterious bundle under her arm. How well the chimney remembered it! She had crept up to it on tiptoe, had picked out the two bricks that concealed the family hiding-place for valuables, had slipped in her small hand, and, having found the shelf, had hidden her treasure. She had tremblingly replaced the bricks, and then (the chimney recalled it tenderly) she had thrown her young arms around its brick roughness.

"Ah, dear chimney! Please keep my secret well! Don't—don't let the soldiers get Grandmother's silver. Dear, dear chimney!" And with a sob, she had kissed it, and then had crept down the stairs again.

Ah, the chimney had kept Cynthia's secret well, all these eighty years! The fierce soldiers had come with vows, had searched the garret, and had gone with mutterings and dark looks.

Ugh! the chimney moaned at the thought of it all.

The furious wind howled fiercely; the shutters banged and shrieked; the night grew darker. The attic held its secret still.



"AUNTIE" BY DOROTHY LAY, AGE 17
(Gold Badge Silver Badge)

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY DOROTHY LAY, AGE 15

(Silver Badge)

My days are numbered, they say. The house is old, neglected, falling to pieces. And yet, years ago, I looked proudly through my shining windows upon the neighboring houses. Then mine was a respected house, as proud as any on Beacon Street. Years ago, it was alive with people. Patriots assembled here as a natural gathering-place, and the echoes of soul-stirring, fiery speeches reached me from below.

Then, late one night, footsteps resounded on the wooden stairs. Man after man entered stealthily, holding a candle above his head. What were those shining things they held in their hands, that glittered when they caught the light of the candles? Tomahawks, knives, and guns were everywhere in evidence. Silently each man opened his bundles and arrayed himself in the blanket and warlike feathers they had contained. Suddenly the stern, peaceful Bostonians had become hostile Redskins. Not a word did the silent Indians utter. A suspicious sound, and they were betrayed.

Like the ghosts of fierce warriors they crept down



"DOWNING" BY ETHEL HUBBARD, AGE 11
(Silver Badge)

the stairs. What they did that night is known everywhere. Songs were written of the valor of those warriors. The splash made by the chests of tea that were thrown overboard by these determined Bostonians roused the world.

Yet now I am alone. No stirring speeches awake the echoes now. I am viewed with disdain by the towering



"DOWNHILL" BY CHARLOTTE L. ALLEN, AGE 17 (SILVER BADGE)

apartment-houses that now rear their heads far above me on either side. People pass me with hurried steps, with never a thought of the great deeds that were planned in this house; they do not know what an important part I have played in the history of this country.

Well, my work is over. I live in memories of my golden days, and shall cherish them forever.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY CAROLYN ROGERS (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

Oh, that old attic, the children's favorite play-house! The attic on the rainy day, when toys are no more fun. There is the children's haven. There are all the relics stored in that large hair trunk in the corner.

Let us look in the trunk while we are up here. See this queer hat. Why, it is perfectly flat. Why, certainly, that is the pan-cake hat. I would not like to have had to wear it.

What is this? Why, it is a doll! What a queer-looking doll. Its head is china, with black hair painted on. It looks awfully grown up. Why not? It is fifty years old. See its kid hands, all worn to pieces. Here is one little green shoe on. Great Grandmother made that. And see this old dress.

It is a flowered challie, with braid on it. Why, there is hardly a whole place in it! Everything this queer doll has on is yellow with age. I can imagine the child playing with it. A little curly-headed thing, ignorant of the beautiful dollies to come, with eyes that open and shut, and with real hair.

And here is a box. What is in it? Let's open it and see. They are all old coins. There are so many that we can hardly count them, big and little. And look at this! It is an old red cape that Great Grandmother used to wear. We put it on, and it falls way down around us. We wish that we had one like it.

But come, now, we must go to dinner, for there is the gong. Some day we will come back and examine that old sea-chest in this ever-amusing attic.

THE AUTUMN WOODS

BY HAZEL K. SAWYER (AGE 15)

UNDER the autumn moon,
While the clear streamlets croon,
Blending their mystic tune,
Fairy folk dance.
Round them the oak-trees grim,
Deep-sighing willows dim,
Old elms, and birches stern,
Sway in a trance.

Down from the northern hills,
Weirdly foreboding ills,
Comes, with a breath that chills,
Autumn's own blast.
Through all the wood it moans;
O'er the charmed circle groans;
Droning, in dismal tones,
Tales of the past.

Then, from the moon, a ray,
Lighting the woodland way,
Tinging the leaflets gay,
Gleams, and is lost.
Quickly the fairies light,
Leaving their circle white,
Vanish into the night,
Elves of the frost.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY FRANCIS SQUIRE (AGE 14)

ALMOST seventy years ago, my grandmother, who was then a bride of twenty, went to live in a large rambling house near Lynn, Massachusetts. It had a nice attic, where there was an old leathern trunk to which no key could be found. Of course, Grandmother wished to know why it was there and what was in it, and Grandfather twisted and tugged at the lock; but in vain.

One day, my father, when he was about nine years old, was playing in the attic, and he found, in a dusty corner, an old rusty key. He was about to throw it away, when Grandmother came up the stairs. He showed it to her, and she exclaimed:

"It must be the key to the mysterious trunk!"

Sure enough it was; and when the lid was lifted, disclosing a pile of dresses of an old-time style, Grandmother lifted



"A HINTING FOR MARCH" BY WELTHEA B. THODAY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

them out, and, at the bottom, found a little red book, on the first page of which was seen: "The Diary of Faith Turner." Its date was 1775.

That night, when Grandmother read it all through, it told how Faith, a little English girl, had come to live



"UPHILL" BY MISS ELLA REA, AGE 8.



"UPHILL" BY HELEN L. JONES, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)



"UPHILL" BY MISS ELLA REA, AGE 8.



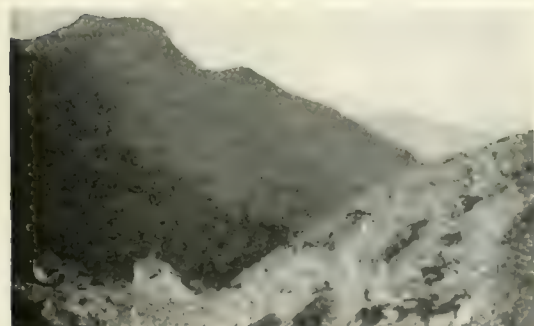
"DOWNHILL" BY MAIV PENNMAN, AGE 14.



"DOWNHILL" BY ANASTAS STERRY, AGE 11.



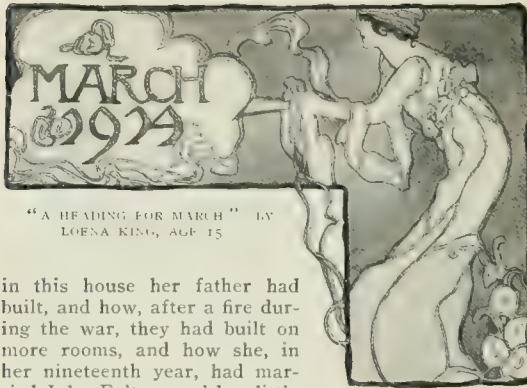
"DOWNHILL" BY ELLA REA, AGE 8.



"DOWNHILL" BY GILBERT ROSE LINDSON, AGE 14.



"DOWNHILL" BY MADEIRA L. JONES, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH" BY
LOENA KING, AGE 15

in this house her father had built, and how, after a fire during the war, they had built on more rooms, and how she, in her nineteenth year, had married John Fulton, and her little son David and daughter Sylvia had been brought up in it.

Now Grandmother had bought the house of an old, white-haired man named David Fulton, and the next day she wrote to him telling him about this book, and he came out to the house and, after he had told her of his searching for it, she gave it to him, which he was overjoyed at recovering.

THE STORY OF THE ATTIC

BY CONSTANCE GUYOT CAMERON (AGE 13)

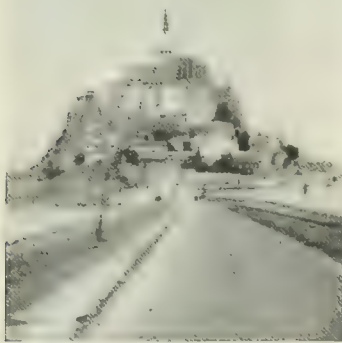
(Honor Member)

My brother John, spending the summer in an old Virginia town, heard from the landlord of his inn that the attic of a handsome old house in the neighborhood was haunted. Every one who had encountered the ghosts came out more dead than alive.

John did not believe in ghosts. He made a wager with the landlord that he could safely spend one night in the attic, and he determined to do so at once.

With books, a light, and a substantial lunch, he went to the house that night. After examining the low, long attic, he seated himself in a high-backed arm-chair beside a handsomely carved mahogany table, preparing to enjoy his books.

The night wore on. John heard nothing except occasional swishes, which encouraged him in his hopes of seeing the ghosts. At dawn, he began to eat his lunch. Suddenly,



"UPHILL." BY CORINA ELY, AGE 10
(SILVER BADGE.)

he heard the swishing sound. It was very startling, for it seemed to be just behind him. He turned. There on the back of his chair was—a big gray owl. It was rather uncanny to see yellow eyes staring out of darkness, but John was not frightened. He had always been attracted by owls.

He fed the owl, and soon another one came with six baby owls. Before the impromptu feast had ended, the landlord and his friends appeared, and, to their astonishment, John was seated in the midst of the "ghosts," who were calmly blinking their eyes as if to say, "What is the matter?"

AUTUMN WOODS

BY LUCILE H. QUARRY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

I WELL remember how, last spring, when all the world was fresh and green,
When first the meadow-larks did sing, and early violets were seen,

How sweet we found the sunshine clear, and reveled in its warmth and light,
Rejoiced that winter stayed not here; spring seemed like morning after night.

We watched with bated breath the hedge when leaves to bud had first begun;
Then willows by the river's edge sprang into life beneath the sun;



"DOWNHILL." BY MARY L. INGLES, AGE 12.

And then the forest's naked trees softened their outline 'gainst the sky,
Their leafy boughs soon caught the breeze that used to whistle shrilly by.

All through the heat of summer days, we watched the woods beside the lane;
Their leaves drank in the welcome rays, that they might give them forth again.

And now that autumn skies are chill, that birds are flown, and flowers are dead,
And dreary winds shriek o'er the hill, we long for summer that has fled.

'T is, then, the forest that recalls the radiant light that once it knew,

The sunlight of its leafy halls, the sunshine of the summer's blue.

Since in its leaves are stored the light that once they drank while in their prime,

When threatened by the frosty night, they yield the gifts of summer-time.

So, though the north wind shrieks and sighs, and winter in the valley broods,
We find the glow of sunset skies reflected in the autumn woods.

IN THE WOODS IN LATE AUTUMN

BY RAUL NOUR-SHERIDAN (AGE 17)
(Honor Member)

WHERE are the maple leaves, red and gold,
That flamed but yesterday high on the hill?
They are gone, swift fleeting as summer's hours;
Gone, like the fragrance of faded flowers;
Gone! The world is weary and old,
And the wind blows frosty and chill.

Where shall I find my girlhood days,
Left behind in the shadowy past?
How sweet was youth, and how soon it fled,
E'en as the maple leaves, gold and red!
And the future seems, as I tread its ways,
So infinite, so vast.

But the maple-trees will be gay once more,
With glowing foliage in other years;
Childhood and girlhood are left behind;
What sorrow or joy will the future find?
And I hesitate, as I gaze before,
Through a mist of rising tears.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY RUTH E. FRAGER (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

In the year 1789, all France was in an uproar for liberty. Royalists were being executed by the hundreds, suspected spies thrown into prison without being judged, and, in Paris, people never ventured out without some anxiety.

It was nearing midnight. Paris was now silent but for a few personages sitting around a dimly lighted lamp, in a little back-streeted house. A tall, handsome lad sat among them. He was a Royalist. His father had been guillotined the day before, and he was seeking refuge. He had come to an old friend of his father for help, knowing him honest.

"We have an old attic, if that can help," said a pretty girl, leaning forward; "can we not put him there?"



"JA KÖNSTLERN 1880" BY G. C. HENRIE, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE)

Her father, an old man, hastily broke in, "Ah! that is so, Jannat, and a secret wall, if I mistake not, is behind the old chest of drawers. Come quickly, my children, while we yet have time," for the tramp of

soldiers was coming nearer; they had found traces of the young Royalist.

The old man was right; up in the attic, where all was dusty and worn, a panel slid back, permitting the young boy to pass into a tiny cupboard. His heart beat quickly as he heard knocking down-stairs and "Au nom de la République, ouvrez!" called out.

The house was searched, every room turned upside down, but no sign of the boy was to be found.

The soldiers went away, wrathfully vowing that they would yet find him.

He escaped the next day, thanks to the old attic's secret, which rendered good service also to many more fugitives.

Live Right to Learn, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Learning to Live!



"A BEADING 1880" BY MAE LARSEN, AGE 17
(GOLD BADGE)

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY EMMA V. LEITCHER (AGE 12)
(Silver Badge)

In the old attic, a little mouse sat in a hole in the wall, watching and listening to what was happening outside, by the chimney.

It was Christmas eve. The children were all in bed, and Santa Claus was now on his rounds.

There was a trap-door in the chimney, which now opened, and into the attic stepped Santa. He was in his usual red fur coat, trimmed with white fur, and the cap was the same.

He carried a heavy pack on his shoulders, and he looked very worn and tired. He sat down on an old trunk and gave a great sigh of relief.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed. "I'm tired and worn out! I wish this Christmas business was over for another year. When it is, I think I'll stop it altogether. The children don't care for my presents anyway!"

Just then there was a noise outside the door, and Santa crept back into his chimney, closing the trap-door after him.

Then in came two little girls in their nightgowns, with bare feet. "Mercy, it's cold!" exclaimed one of them. "Santa is n't here after all, Flossie. I was sure that I heard him though. I hope he'll bring us some presents. I'm sure we've tried hard to be good children."

Then the children ran away, the old attic went to sleep again, and the mouse crept back into its hole.

The attic told me this story the other day, when I visited it. It also told me that, after the children had gone, a voice said from the chimney, "Well, I never! I know these little girls have been good. I believe I'll keep up my old habits for a few more years."

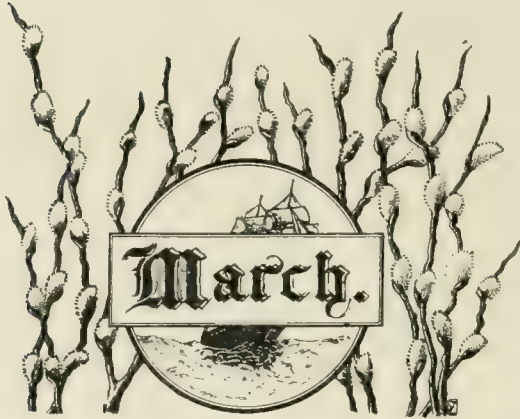
So, you see, this is why you still have Santa Claus to bring you presents at Christmas time.

A GREETING

BY ELIZABETH MORRISON DUFFIELD (AGE 15)
(Honor Member)

O SPRING! I give you greeting,
With your most bewitching ways,
Your nights so full of sweetness,
Your ever-lengthening days.

Your violet-scented skirts I hear
A-rustling in the breeze;
Your joyful, happy voice I know
Is whispering to the trees.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY SHIRLEY EDWARDS, AGE 15.

You make the tiny crocuses
To sparkle on the grass;
The primroses and tulips
Spring upward as you pass.

The birds come fluttering in your wake,
To sing their gayest song;
The butterflies and bees all try
The music to prolong.

We cannot stay within closed doors,
The whole world seems to call;
From robin in the thicket,
To ivy on the wall.

There 's something new and lovely
In all we see and hear,
To show that nature 's greeting
The springtime of the year.

THE STORY OF AN OLD ATTIC

BY MARGARET LAUGHLIN (AGE 15)

LATE one rainy November afternoon, Fred Dillon lay heels in the air, in the musty attic of the old farmhouse, munching apples and absorbed in the story of a haunted house, found in one of the faded yellow magazines stacked there. Finishing the story, he closed his eyes to rest a minute.

When he awoke, it was pitch-dark, and the rain was still falling with a steady patter patter on the roof. The attic was a pleasant place in daytime, but after dark, and after one has been reading a ghost story, it was decidedly otherwise.

He thought he heard a stealthy movement behind him, and, forcing himself to look over his shoulder, beheld a pair of fiery eyes staring out of the blackness. His blood ran cold, and he felt his red hair rising on end. Ghosts had eyes just like that. He was alone in a haunted attic! The eyes slowly approached him, and Fred was fascinated, frozen with fear. He tried to cry out, but no sound came from his throat.

"Meow," said Dusty, the family cat, whose throat was in perfectly good order, and whose eyes were as bright as cat's eyes should be; and, snatching her in his arms, Fred hurried down-stairs.

IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

BY DORIS ROSALIND WILDER (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

WINDS that whisper all day long,
Birds that sing their farewell song,
Leaves of yellow, red, and green,
Add to autumn sound and scene.

Squirrels frisking to and fro
Gather nuts before the snow.
Fairy-feathered goldenrod
In the autumn breezes nod.

Fallen leaves among the grass
Rustle, whisper, as I pass,
While the brooklet, gurgling, gay,
Ripples swiftly on its way.

Cottontails go loping by,
Watchful, wary, silent, shy;
By the voice of nature told,
They are ready for the cold.

Stately oak-trees, somber, sere,
'Gainst the autumn sky appear;
Blue, with banners white unfurled,
It arches o'er a lovely world.

THE OLD ATTIC

BY DOROTHY H. DE WITT (AGE 14)

It was the afternoon of Election Day, a holiday at our school, and Barbara and I exclaimed: "Let 's explore the old trunks up in the attic."

No sooner said than done. We found an old green trunk well hidden under the eaves, and pulled it out near a window. After much jerking, we succeeded in lifting the lid, and found that the trunk contained some old pictures and boxes marked "Novelties." In the first box, we found a small bottle filled with shot from the battle of Gettysburg. Next to these relics of the Civil War lay a basket carved from a peach pit from Washington's garden at Mount Vernon. We examined with great curiosity a piece of Jewish unleavened bread which looked like a piece of very stale cracker and not very appetizing. Some cowries, or beautiful shells used as coins in Africa, lay near a box of pressed flowers from Shakspeare's garden. The other boxes were filled with Indian arrow-heads, rosewood and satinwood from Jamaica, ebony from Florence, beautiful collections of shells, lace from the Jamaica lace-tree, bread-fruit, and a bone nose-ring which reminded us of the stories of savages that we had read.

Even when the attic began to grow cold, we left the attic only because of the fast-coming darkness. For we certainly had enjoyed ourselves.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been considered had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work contributed to our arrangement.

PROSE, 1

Dorothy H. De Witt
Walter D. S. Gile
Alice E. Harney
Mildred George
Betty McLean
Claire H. Roesch
Frances D. Davis
Dorothy Dwyer
Kath. S. Smith
Frances E.
Lipscomb
Helen G. Davis
Martha D. Bullitt
Alice L. Chinn
Alverdy Corby
Berence G. Hill
Jean Palmer
Maudie K. K. K.
Alice M. L. K. K.
Margaret Ward
Elizabeth Zengerfeldt
Helen C. L. K. K.
Ruth H. Brown
Ruth M. Bennis
Ruth Wing
Cecily A. M. Carter
Anna S. Gifford
Marjorie Dunn
Catherine Allen
Alfred V. Gifford
Irene Chastock
Catherine W. White
Martha C. Tucker
Hermas Stephenson
Dora F. Graves
Pauline Coburn
Mary A. Porter
Kathryn French
Bessie E. R. K. K.
Frances Eliot
Margaret L. L. L.
Theron C. Hoyt
Laura Morris
Dorothy Reynolds
Josephine Hoyt
Virginia Cassidy
Roslyn Brauer
Evelyn French
Marie Stewart
Martha Ackerman
H. Knapp
John L. Orie
Eugene J. V. V.
Suzette Herter
Dimple Moore
Marion Shedd
Tillie Rosen
Henry W. Hardy
Claire Harney
Frances M. Sweet
Vesta Tompkins
Madeline Buzzell
E. Barrett Brady
Gladys Wooheer
Louise S. May
Lila L. Chew
Janet L. L. L.
Barbara Kerley
Elizabeth Cope
Lavinia Jones
Marion L. Rogers
Elizabeth Talley
Margaret Burkett
Alma R. K. K.
Dorothy Toney
Elsie Daubert
Ruth M. Cole
Eunice Cole
Nell Hiscob
Edith L. Gilbert
Frances Kestenberg
Elizabeth G. Merriken

PROSE, 2

Eliza A. Peterson
Bessie Rosenman
Douglas Young

Mary Fraim
Helen A. Morgan
Janet L. H. G. G.
Nell Upshaw
Katherine L. B. Dray
Joseph P. L. L.
Carolyn Nethercot
Helen Bennett
Dorothy H. H.
Horace B. Davis
Maudie K. K.
Anna McAnear
Charles Stiles
Ruth Rosenthal
Nelma McClay
Mary Wagner
Virginia Gould

VERSE, 1

Lucy Mackay
George A. Chromey
Kath. L. H. H.
Marian Shaler
Helen Huntington
Katharine B. Scott
Edith Daseking
Marjorie Dodge
Laura Hadley
Marian Thanhouser
Margaret L. Shields
Vernie Peacock
Joseph S. H. H.
Leonore C. Rothschild
Margie E. Jennison
Ralph Humphreys
Priscilla Fraker
Jessie E. Allison
Eleanor Johnson
Maudie K. K.
Grace C. Freese
Helen W. Battle
Elsie L. Lustig
Margaret A. Blair
Marjorie Ward
Eleanor Linton
Helen B. Weiser
Constance Mering
Helen D. Hill
Lucile C. Fitch
Gladys M. S. S.

VERSE, 2

Ruth E. Cairns
Hannah Ratisher
Beatrice M. Fischer
Irene G. L. L.
Helen G. Stoll
Ruth E. Smalley
Sarah T. Borock
Helen Johnson
Frances L. L. L.
Mildred G. Wheeler
Mary C. Hopkins
Nathan Wolpert
Evalyn Cook
Martha L. H. H.
Leah Eichenberg
Marguerite A. Wing
Mary S. Benson
A. B. L. L.
Katharine Van Bibber
Marie Baumer

DRAWINGS, 1

Kenneth Davis
Margaret A. Hamilton
Josephine Whitehouse
Edwin Gill
Esther Hill
Mildred Newton
Carroll Alexander
Stephanie Danianakes
Lucie C. Holt
Mildred Fisher
Roy King
Jennie E. Evenden

PUZZLES, 2

Estelle Smith
Ruth P. McAneny
Edith Hodgman
Engle M. Howden
Ruth Whipple
Marguerite T. Arnold
Walter G. King, Jr.

Edith P. Stickney
Phyllis Young
John Focht
Clara Halpern
P. R. Nichols
Ethel T. Boas
Katherine Clark
Ruth Wineland
Armand D. K. K.

Virginia M. Thompson
Lila D. Allen
Elizabeth Carpenter
Lucy Lewis Thom
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Emma Faellmann
Mildred Rightmire
Dora Nelsen

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 173

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best — one — poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 173 will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Pinnacle."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Surprise Party."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Near Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready!" or a Heading for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a letter stating the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE wish to call the special attention of all ST. NICHOLAS readers to the delightful and clever play of "Melilotte," published in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is the work of Mr. David Stevens, already well known to ST. NICHOLAS young folk by his "Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes," printed last year. Mr. Stevens is also the author of the popular operetta "The Madcap Duchess," which enjoyed a successful run at the Globe Theater, New York, and in other cities, during the past season.

We commend "Melilotte," also, to all schools and Sunday-schools that are seeking a clever little play for performance on some special occasion.

There is a wide and growing demand for playlets and operettas of this sort, as is evident from the following letter, to which, by request, we give a place on this page:

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Do you know that the Drama League of America has a department for boys and girls? This department is called the Junior Department. It has charge of publishing a list of plays and entertainments suitable for the use of children in school, in clubs, or at home.

Now the committee wants this list to be as complete as possible, and so it asks those readers of ST. NICHOLAS who are sufficiently interested in this announcement to kindly send us an account of any successful entertainment—play, operetta, drill, pageant—which they take part in. We would like to have a copy of the program and, if possible, pictures of the characters just as they looked when the performance was given.

Cordially yours,
COMMITTEE OF JUNIOR DEPARTMENT
DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

Please address all letters to

L. F. SNOW,
No. 6521 Dalzell Place,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

By an oversight, which is much regretted, ST. NICHOLAS failed to give proper credit to the photographer, when printing some of the illustrations in the biographical sketch entitled "The Magic Touch," in our January number. The small portrait of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the bas-relief portrait of a child, the Farragut monument, and the "Children of Jacob H. Schiff," were from copyrighted photographs taken by DeWitt C. Ward.

THE LETTER-BOX

MACHIAS, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you quite a year yet, but I like you very much.

I have one brother, eleven years old. We have a Shetland pony. His name is Dandy. He is dark bay, with black mane and tail. He is very cute. If you say, "Dandy, do you want some clover?" he will paw with his front foot. We have a basket cart, and we also have a saddle. We can both ride ponyback. One of my playmates has a pony during the winter, and we have great fun riding and driving.

Last summer, my playmate and I had playhouses up in the woods, and we had lots of fun.

Your faithful reader,

KATHARINE SWITZER (age 13).

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, and enjoy you immensely. As I live on a sheep station in Australia, I never can go in for the competitions, because I don't get the January number until about the middle of February, and so on.

I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about shearing over here.

First the sheep from all parts of the station are collected into paddocks near the shearing-shed. Then they are put into drafting yards—not all of them, of course, but enough to keep the shearers going for a day. Then they are put into a big shed at the end of the shearing-shed. From here, they go into smaller pens which run down the center of the shed in a double line. Each shearer takes a sheep from the pen and presses a lever which turns on the machinery, and then commences to

shear. As soon as he has finished, he puts the shorn sheep out through another door, opposite to the pen door, into a small yard outside the shed. When this pen is full, the sheep are counted and let into the big yard. Each shearer is paid by the number of sheep he shears. The fleece comes off in one piece, and then one of the "roustabouts" picks it up and carries it to the table, where it is rolled, picked over, and sent to be classed and pressed and put into different divisions of the shed, and then put into bales and taken by teams to the nearest railway to be sent to the town to the market. Shearing generally begins in the end of July or beginning of August. Sometimes it lasts longer than at others because of the rain, as, of course, you can't shear wet sheep.

Your interested reader,

NINA SMITH (age 15).

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Rock Island is one of three cities called the Tri-cities. Davenport, the old capital of Iowa, across the Mississippi, is the largest, and Moline, east of Rock Island, is the smallest of the three.

The large island between Davenport and Rock Island belongs to the Government. It is the largest United States arsenal that makes light-arms, and is the second largest arsenal in our country. On the island is Fort Armstrong, which was used as a prison at the time of the Civil War. There is also a cave where the Indians thought the "Great White Spirit" lived. Extending along the north side is a splendid golf course which is said to be the best in the world. The island contains nine hundred and ninety-nine acres, and is over three

the barracks and homes of the commanders are made principally of stone, also the great shops. A large bridge connects the arsenal at Davenport and a smaller one to Rock Island.

The land around here was the scene of the Black Hawk War. The great chief Black Hawk hid his watch-tower in a large tree on a high hill, where he saw plainly the movements of his enemies. An inn now stands where the tree used to, and a large part of the land around there is now a pleasure park called "Black Hawk's Watch-Tower."

Your new League member,
MARION McCABE.

OKLAHOMA, OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nine years, but have never written to you before. Mother took you when she was my age, and she once had six bound volumes of you. They were all lost in the Galveston flood.

We were living in Galveston when the flood came. My father had to tie me to his back with the window-curtains and swim.

I have just recovered from a severe illness, and I have not been able to walk for nearly three months, so you are my only entertainment. You can imagine with what eagerness I await your coming.

Thanking you for the great pleasure you give me every month, I remain

Your loving reader and well-wisher,
ELIZABETH D. GARDNER.

PORTUGUESE SOUTHEAST AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always pleased to receive you, and I only regret that living out in these parts prevents me from sending you sketches for your com-



WASHING DAY

petitions, as I am unable to post such in time. But as I am living away in Portuguese Southeast Africa, and being, I believe, the only one of your readers in these parts, I am sure you will be pleased to hear from me, and accept the small drawing I am sending you.

I remain
Your devoted reader,
ERNESTINE E. L. BONN (age 11).

NORMANDY, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you for five years, but I have never written before. I owe you to a very kind aunt who lives in England and who gives you to me every year as a Christmas present.

I am a little French girl, but my mother is English, and I understand and talk that language quite well. Though I never miss reading any letters in the Letter-box, I have not yet seen one written by a really truly French reader.

I am the eldest of five brothers and sisters. We live in a very pretty part of "la belle Normandie," at the mouth of the river Seine. Our house is quite close to the river, and from the windows we can see the big ships going up and down, to and from Rouen.

Now I must tell you how much I enjoy all your lovely stories. Among my favorites are: "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Lass of the Silver Sword," and its sequel. At the end of each year, I have you bound, and I simply love reading the old stories over and over again.

Every month I await your arrival with great impatience, and I think you are the best magazine any boy or girl could wish to have.

Your faithful and loving reader,
LOUISE LUTHER CASE, 100.

BENZONIA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of the "clever flamingos." My father made them out of milk-



weed pods, one day at a picnic. I think they look real natural, don't you?

I like to read the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially "The Land of Mystery" and "Beatrice of Denewood."

Yours truly,
LOUIS CASE.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second year I have taken you, and I certainly enjoy you. I never rest until I have read you through. I want to tell you how much I liked the serial story "Beatrice of Denewood." I love Beatrice, the heroine in it. I also like the short stories.

I live a good many miles from where you do, and so it takes a long time for a letter to reach you.

North Dakota is the State I was born in and have lived in all my eleven years. I always wish to live here, too.

Your devoted friend and reader,
JESSIE L. FORD

POMONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although not a subscriber, I am a constant reader. The public library has back numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS bound in volumes, and I like to look at them, but I think ST. NICHOLAS is getting better all the time.

Pomona is a beautiful little town of 15,000 people. It is thirty miles east of Los Angeles, and fifty miles from the ocean. Pomona is called "The Inland City Beautiful."

There are many orange- and lemon-groves here, and for the last few years much land is being devoted to

the raising of sugar-beets. There are nearly a dozen sugar-beet factories in southern California; one is five or six miles from Pomona, and many tons of beet-sugar are turned out each year from this one factory.

My home is near Portland, Oregon, but this is my third trip to California. I have also been in Washington many times, and once to Victoria, British Columbia.

Wishing you continued success, I am,

Your devoted reader,

RUTH M. SMITH (age 14).

SKANEATELES, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all very glad that you published the play "The Sleeping Beauty." We gave it on our lawn for the benefit of the library, which had



just given a bazaar. We charged five cents admission, and made thirteen dollars.

We fastened a rope along the house, which, covered with flowers, made a pretty arch for the fairies to enter from, besides a background for the other scenes.

We closed with two folk-dances, after which *Summer* announced how much money we had made.

Had we known what a success the play was to be, we would have charged more, and believe we would have sold just as many tickets.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUISA R. SHOTWELL.

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you since 1908, and we like your stories very much.

We have many ducks, and one day we had a gopher, and we let it run around the yard. The ducks could not imagine what it was, and they cornered it up; but every now and then they got scared, and would run a little. In a little while, some of them laid down to watch it. They were a funny sight to see.

Lovingly your reader,

FRANCES SHEPPARD (age 12).

ELKHORN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, and like you better than any other magazine I ever read. My mother took you when she was little, and we have some numbers bound that were published in 1885.

We live on a farm, and I have a dog, eight cats, and a calf. There is a river near here that is called Youghiogheny. It is said that, a long time ago, a white man was standing on its bank, when an Indian appeared on the opposite side of the bank. When the Indian saw

the man, he shot at him, but failed to kill him. The white man, seeing this, laughed and laughed; the red man then became very angry, and fired again, this time killing the white man. He then turned away, and said, "Youghiogheny," which means "Laugh again." That is how the river got its name.

I am a Camp-Fire girl. There are about thirty-five girls in our organization. We go on picnics and have lots of good times. But that is only in the winter-time, as I spend the summer in Pennsylvania.

Your interested reader,

JEAN WAGNER (age 12).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and have taken you for a long time. I am crazy about you. Each month, I read every word of you.

I go to boarding-school, and every girl in my class is always anxious for the fifteenth of the month to come and bring with it St. NICHOLAS.

Your loving reader,

JOSEPHINE SNYDER.

TAYLORS BRIDGE, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years and almost three. I have every copy that has been sent to me, and I enjoy reading them very much.

I live near where the Delaware River and bay meet. There is a marble shaft to mark the place.

I sometimes get lonesome, because I have no brothers or sisters. But then I get out my old St. NICHOLASES and read them again. They are just as good as when I received them.

Your loving reader,

EDNA H. WOODKEEPER (age 12).

LIRHANDA, B. E. AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your stories very much. I like "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Dene-wood" the best of all.

I am the daughter of missionaries in Africa. We live near Victoria Nyanza, the largest lake in Africa. We are thirty miles from the terminus of the Uganda Railway, and near the equator.

One day, we had a picnic on what we call "Equator Hill." There is a little notch where the equator passes over it. Father says that perhaps (?) the equator has made the notch when the wind shakes it.

Your sincere reader,

LEONA MAY HOLE (age 11).

LAPEER, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you about one year. I think you are the most interesting magazine I ever read. The League is especially interesting. I am working hard to get a badge.

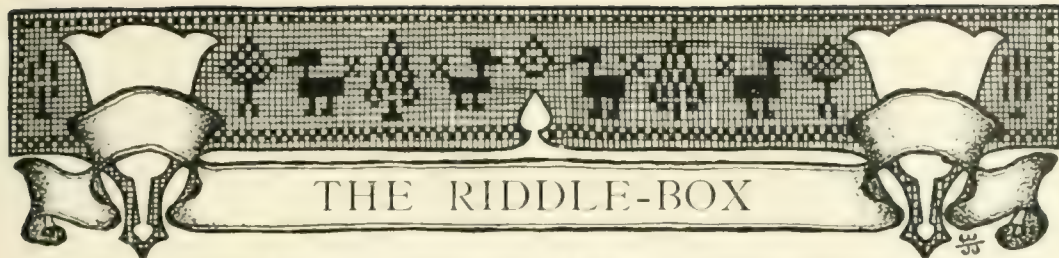
I have never seen a letter from Lapeer in your Letter-box.

My mother took you when she was a little girl. I can amuse myself looking at her old ones.

I thought the letter in the May number from Aoyama, Tokio, Japan, was very interesting. I am sick, but I can sit up in bed and write. You amuse me such a lot that I don't have to have my mother at all.

Your interested reader,

CHESTER VAIL (age 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Louisa Alcott. Cross-words: 1. Pilot. 2. Gloom. 3. Abuse. 4. Naiad. 5. Inset. 6. Prank. 7. Lease. 8. Molly. 9. Incog. 10. Crowd. 11. Butte. 12. Inter.

DIAGONAL. Washington. Cross-words: 1. Wilderness. 2. Marsupials. 3. Despondent. 4. Nightshade. 5. Fictitious. 6. Brigantine. 7. Congregate. 8. Incidental. 9. Recreation. 10. Habitation.

CONUNDRUM. Hatch-et.—Cross-word ENIGMA. Herring.

NOVEL DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Primal zigzag, primrose; final zigzag, amethyst; 1 to 8, February; 9 to 17, valentine. Cross-words: 1. Petal. 2. Priam. 3. Infer. 4. Ambit. 5. Ruche. 6. Coily. 7. Sense. 8. Verst.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!"

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Jack was twelve and his father sixty.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Katharine Kingsland Spencer—Katharine Chapman—Lothrop Bartlett—The dore H Ames—Isabel Shaw—Evelyn Hillman—Clare A Hepner—R Kenneth Iverson—Alldi—Adi—"Midwood."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Horace B. Davis, 7—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 7—Helen Saxton, 7—Victor E. W. Bird, 7—Malcolm D. Warner, 7—Helen T. Scudder, 7—Mary L. Ingles, 7—"Chums," 7—A. H. Nethercot, 7—Isabelle M. Craig, 7—Sophie Rosenheim, 1—Janet Fine, 6—Frances Eaton, 6—Richard Sears, 6—Dorothy Gardham, 1—Frances K. Markatt, 4—Lucy O. Lewton, 4—G. B. Murray, 2—H. L. F. Bucknall, 2—G. P. Howell, Jr., 2—I. Redmond, 2—E. Dickson, 2—"The Webbs," 2—R. E. Shevitz, 2—C. F. Chandler, 2—H. Case, 2—F. Floyd, Jr., 2—J. W. Vandercook, 2—M. Arrowsmith, 2—C. G. Hawkins, 2—R. Champion, 2—C. M. Rich, 2—J. H. Kramer, 2—E. Osius, 2—C. A. Hobbs, 2—R. L. Wiel, 2—T. Faucett, 1—B. R. Simcox, 1—E. M. Sutcliffe, 1—W. Marting, 1—N. Knight, 1—A. Bell, 1—W. Wilson, 1—T. M. Bancroft, 1—D. M. Pickett, 1—C. Smith, 1—C. Rapp, 1—F. C. D. Mackay, 1—M. Bliss, 1—R. Hall, 1—H. Schniewind, 1—E. Crowell, 1—V. Eddy, 1—J. H. Bresler, 1—F. E. Hall, 1—R. Read, 1—M. A. Crews, 1—H. A. Salinger, 1—S. Burrage, 1—F. Mitchell, 1—J. Gruener, 1—R. V. Hyde, 1—E. Ropes, 1—G. Cook, 1—D. I. Scheenbaelder, 1

CONNECTING PYRAMIDS



In this puzzle the words read both ways, as in a word-square, but form triangles. Example:

E
N N
T O T
E A A E
R H R H R

in which the words Enter, Noah, Tar, Eh, and R read in two ways.

I. 1. Pipes. 2. Employed. 3. An insect. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. In restoring.

II. 1. Something lean and rough. 2. A tribe. 3. A fragment of cloth. 4. An article. 5. In restoring.

III. 1. A drawing up of the shoulders. 2. Garden implements. 3. A color. 4. A personal pronoun. 5. In restoring.

IV. 1. Raised. 2. Went on horseback. 3. An exalted lyric poem. 4. A personal pronoun. 5. In restoring.

V. 1. A kernel. 2. To shower. 3. The atmosphere. 4. Surrounded by. 5. In restoring.

VI. 1. To moan. 2. A quantity of paper. 3. The kernel of a cereal grass. 4. A part of the verb to be. 5. In restoring.

VII. 1. A relative. 2. A thought. 3. A kind of fish. 4. An abbreviation for "chartered accountant." 5. In restoring.

VIII. 1. A recess. 2. Within. 3. The abbreviation for certain small coins. 4. An exclamation. 5. In restoring.

IX. 1. Loud sound. 2. An obsolete word for anoint. 3. A colored fluid. 4. The abbreviation of the title of a canonized person. 5. In restoring.

X. 1. Grand. 2. A medley. 3. Huge. 4. An exclamation. 5. In restoring.

PHILIP FRANKLIN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of South Carolina. 2. A country of Europe. 3. A river of Africa. 4. A county of England. 5. A river of Hungary. 6. One of the principal rivers of Germany, navigable as far as Munden.

JULIET THOMPSON (age 12), *League Member*.



SOME SHIPS OF 1812

EACH of the eleven little pictures shown represents a ship that took part in the War of 1812. What are the names of the eleven ships?

NOVEL NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1911)

5	24	3	34	50	FOLLOWING the numbers from 1
63	14	28	52	62	through 74, twelve things asso-
8	37	73	71	18	ciated with war may be spelled
54	21	13	48	50	out.
60	33	31	17	61	CROSS-WORDS: 1. To wander.
38	58	2	25	45	2. Rigid. 3. Physical exertion.
44	11	46	6	36	4. Curiously. 5. A theater for
53	30	26	23	69	musical performances. 6. Show-
1	20	39	9	55	ery. 7. A familiar bird. 8. To
72	67	16		66	flinch. 9. Rhythm. 10. Com-
32	22	12	4	68	plete. 11. To let down. 12.
	15		40	51	The edible production of certain
56	27	35	57	74	vegetable growths. 13. To dis-
49		70	41	43	trust. 14. A large spoon. 15.
64	42	47	29	7	Nap. 16. Supports.
19		65	10		WYLLYS P. AMES (age 15).

CONNECTING WORDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Use the last two letters of the first word for the first two of the second word, and so on.

1. To burn to a cinder.
2. Parched.
3. Averse to labor.
4. A famous king.
5. To curve.
6. To crack.
7. Quadrumanous animals.
8. To discern.
9. A pile to be burned.
10. To depend on.

ALVIN E. BLUMQUIST (age 16).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in moon, but not in earth;
My second in death, but not in birth;
My third is in tack, but not in nail;
My fourth is in robin, but not in quail;
My fifth is in cent, but not in dollar;
My sixth is in shirt, but not in collar;
My seventh's in night, but not in day;
My whole is the name of a famous play.

MARIAN HAYNES (age 12), League Member.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

WHEN the following nineteen words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a quotation. Whose words they are, is told by the final letters of the last nine words; and the final letters of the first ten words will spell the name given to a sen-

tence which reads the same backward or forward. The quotation spelled by the initials is a fine example of such a sentence.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A famous writer of very short stories. 2. A preparation from cocoa-seeds. 3. To mark with a name. 4. Listlessness. 5. To arouse. 6. To improve. 7. Flavor. 8. One of the United States. 9. A name associated with an annual race in England. 10. A river of Europe. 11. A feminine name. 12. A great country of Asia. 13. A long, narrow piece of leather. 14. A name borne by two of the Bahama Islands. 15. Part of a wagon. 16. Our national bird. 17. A place of restraint. 18. The area drained by a river. 19. A collection of maps.

VERNITA C. HAYNES (age 13).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-five letters, and form a quotation from Plato.

My 50-17 is not out. My 35-28-8 is a pronoun. My 38-30-20-11 is to exhibit. My 4-26-23-48 is a small bird. My 21-9-41-49 is an order of knighthood. My 24-32-53-15 is to survey. My 55-47-33-43 is celebrity. My 27-2-12-19-7 is destitute of color. My 45-31-36-42-46 is an Egyptian divinity. My 13-5-29-1-54-40 is diminutive. My 34-37-10-18-3-44 is a season. My 16-52-6-22-51-39-14-25 is to gather together.

MATILDA VAN SICLEN (age 15), League Member.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1911)

EXAMPLE: Quintuply behead and quadruply curtail modest, and leave a number. Answer, unpre-tend-ing.

In the same way behead and curtail:

1. Essentials, and leave "children of a larger growth."
2. Bountifully, and leave a cold substance.
3. Disputes, and leave a domestic animal.
4. Explainable, and leave a pronoun.
5. Excessively, and leave epoch.
6. Relating to mythology, and leave an unhewed piece of wood.
7. Uncontrollable, and leave to grow old.
8. The office of governor, and leave a conjunction.
9. Incomprehensible, and leave a machine invented by Eli Whitney.
10. Freedom from control, and leave finish.
11. Inundations, and leave abject.
12. The act of foreboding, and leave a dignified poem.

When all the words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the twelve three-letter words will spell the name of a very famous artist who was born in March.

MARGARET SPAULDING (age 12).



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ST. NICHOLAS

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IN SHAKSPERE'S ROOM

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT

'T WAS in the April of the year,
A Stratford child was born,
And earth has held an added cheer
Since that far April morn.

Now while the voice of April calls,
'Mid song and whirl of wing,
We muse within these royal walls—
The birth-room of a king!

A humble room, in sooth, it seems,
Low ceiling—dingy wall;
Yet here began the wondrous dreams
That hold the world in thrall.

The hearth fire flickered faint and low,
Without a hint of flame;
The embers kept a hidden glow
The April day he came.

His youth was such as others knew;
His childhood not o'erwrought;
He mused and dreamed the young years thro',
And learned as Nature taught.

His mind was quick to understand
The voices of the air,
And Nature led him by the hand,
And showed him treasures rare.

He roamed along the Avon-stream,
Or leaned above its brim;
And evermore its quiet dream
Was sweetest charm to him.

He came to earth so long ago!—
Three hundred years, they say;
Long since he went, as all must go,
But still he lives to-day;

The years can never make him old;
The echoes of his strains,
The songs he sang, the tales he told,
They live while love remains.

Had he not come to Stratford-town
Beside the Avon-stream,—
Had he not worn the poet's crown
And dreamed the poet's dream,

How poor the world of song had been!
How void the realm of art!
What voice had made the whole world kin?
Or read the human heart?

He found in everything some good,
In homely ill some grace;
He oped the gates of Arden-wood
To all the weary race;



"A HUMBLE ROOM, IN SOOTH, IT SEEMS

The tongues that whisper in the trees,
In leafy shadows dim,
The murmurs of the laden bees,
Were full of song to him.

Sermons in stones his spirit heard
Whose wisdom he could tell,
And Nature's every sound and word
His being pondered well.

Books in the running brooks he found,
And read their limpid lore;
To music of the runnel's sound
He conned their lessons o'er.

Such grace was in his word and deed.
Such wisdom in his plan,
That all the world in him may read
The love of fellow-man.

What matchless beings wise and good,
Stepped forth at his command!
What royal types of womanhood
He led through all the land!

Here by his humble ingleside,
We muse and dream anew,
While maid and matron hither glide,
And pass in dim review:





Blythe *Beatrice*, the unbeguiled,
 Grave *Portia*, fair and wise;
Miranda, Nature's charming child,
 And *Celia* in disguise.

Sweet *Perdita*, the shepherdess,
Hermione, the tried;
Cordelia, scorned for loving less,
 And young *Lorenzo's* *Bertrando*.

And one goes by with sad regrets—
 Her father's joy and pride:
 With rosemary, rue, and violets,
 That withered when he died!

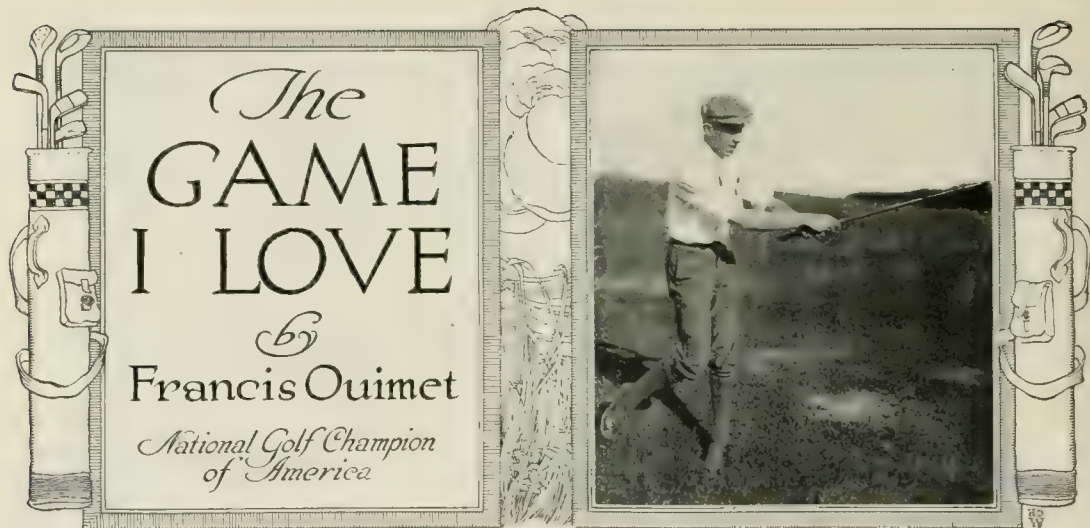


Helena, robed in patience meet,
 That baseness could not fret;
 And *Desdemona*, chaste and sweet,
 And *Roméo's* *Juliet*.

Viola, *Hero*, *Imogen*,
 With *Isabella* good;
 And *Rosalind* of *Arden* green—
 Sweet rose of womanhood!

—They pass:—the wains go up and down
 And call us from our dream,
 At twilight in old Stratford-town,
 Beside the Avon-stream.





LEADING GOLFERS WHO BEGAN AS SCHOOL-BOYS

A SURPRISING number of golfers who have won high honors on the links the last few years, first came into prominence during their school-boy days, and had their early experiences in golfing competition while participating in interscholastic tournaments or championships. I think I am correct in classing among such the national amateur champion of the present, Mr. Jerome D. Travers; the runner-up for the 1913 championship, Mr. John G. Anderson; a former national titleholder, Mr. Eben M. Byers; Mr. Frederick Herreshoff, runner-up to Mr. H. H. Hilton for the national title in 1911; Mr. Charles E. Evans, Jr., that remarkable young golfer of the Chicago district, not to mention many others. For myself, I can look back upon my golfing days while a pupil in the high school at Brookline, Massachusetts, not only with a feeling of the pleasure then derived from the game, but also with the conviction that a great many points which I learned then have since stood me in good stead.

It was as a school-boy golfer that I first had that feeling of satisfaction which comes in winning a tournament, and it was as a school-boy golfer that I learned a few things which perhaps may be useful to some boys who are pupils in school now and who are interested in golf. It was only six years ago, in 1908, that I took part for the first time in an interscholastic tournament, at the Wollaston Golf Club, and I may as well say, right here, that I did not win the title; the fact is that I barely qualified, my 85 being only one stroke better than the worst score in the championship qualifying division. The best

score was 74, which I must say was extraordinarily good for such a course as that on which the event was played. It is a fine score there to-day for any golfer, even in the ranks of the men. In my first round of match play, fortune favored me, only to make me the victim of its caprices in the second round, when I was defeated 2 up and 1 to play by the eventual winner of the championship title, Carl Anderson. It was inability to run down putts of about three feet in length which cost me that match, and, to my sorrow, I have passed through that same experience more than once since leaving school. But what I recollect distinctly about that match, aside from my troubles of the putting-greens, was that I felt nervous from the start, for it was my first "big" match. I mention this because it has its own little lesson, which is that the chances of winning are less when the thought of winning is so much on the mind as to affect the nerves.

PLAY YOUR OWN GAME

In the following year, 1909, I won the championship of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association, the tournament being played at the Commonwealth Country Club, Newton, Massachusetts. Only one match was at all close, that one going to the sixteenth green. The final, at thirty-six holes, I won by 10 up and 9 to play. In that tournament I learned a lesson invaluable, which was to avoid trying to play every shot equally well with my opponent. In other words, there were boys in that tournament who were vastly my superiors in long hitting. Frequently they were reaching the green in two shots where I

required three, or else they were getting there with a drive and a mashy shot where I required two long shots. But, fortunately, I was of a temperament at that time which enabled me to go along my own way, never trying to hit the ball beyond my natural strength in order to go as far as my opponent, and making up for lack of distance by accuracy of direction and better putting. My advice to any boy is to play his own game, irrespective of what his opponent does. This does not mean, of course, that a boy should lose his ambition to improve his game, or that he should be content with moderate distance when he might be able to do better. But the time for striving to do better than in the past is not when



MR. THOMAS J. FLYNN'S NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

ambition is aroused merely through the desire to win some one match or to outthit some opponent. The average boy or man who strives in some one match to hit the ball harder than he does normally, generally finds that, instead of getting greater distance, he is only spoiling his natural game. Then, the harder he tries, the worse he gets. Greater distance on the drive, as well as accuracy in all departments of the game, comes through practice and natural development, rather than through the extra efforts of some one round.

In that tournament at the Commonwealth Country Club, which gave me the first champion-

ship title which I ever held in golf, there were a number of players who subsequently have achieved successes in athletic lines, several of them having become prominent for their skill in



MR. CHARLES F. EVANS, JR.

golf. Among these was Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Massachusetts, the young player who, in the spring of 1913, made such a great showing in the British amateur championship. Even at that time, "Heinie," as we called him, was a more than ordinarily good golfer, and he was looked upon as one of the possible winners of the championship. It was one of his Worcester team-mates, Arthur Knight, who put him out of the running, in a match that went two extra holes. "Heinie's" twin brother, Karl, who looked so much like him that it was difficult to tell the two apart, also was in the tournament, and among others were Dana Wingate, present captain of the Harvard varsity base-ball nine; Forrester Ainsworth, the sterling half-back on the Yale foot-ball eleven last fall, and Fletcher Gill, who since has played on the Williams College golf team.

THE PLEASURE OF BEING DEFEATED BECAUSE YOUR OPPONENT HAS PLAYED BETTER GOLF

THE following year, 1910, I was honored with election to the presidency of the Greater Boston

Interscholastic Golf Association, which did not, however, help me to retain the championship title, for that year the winner was Arthur Knight, of Worcester.

The interesting tournament was played on the links of the Woodland Golf Club at Auburn-

final by 2 up and 1 to play from R. W. Gleason, later a member of the Williams College team.

From my own experiences in school-boy golf, I should be an enthusiastic supporter of any movement tending to make the game a greater factor in the athletic life of school-boys, or, for that matter, in the colleges. I do think, however, that it should come under more direct supervision of older heads, and that boys should be taught not only how to play the game, but that they should have impressed upon them the fact that it is a game that demands absolute honesty.

A GREAT GAME FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER

I HAVE known instances where, in school-boy tournaments, scores have been returned which were surprisingly low, and there have been occasions when such scores, appearing in print, have brought a tinge of suspicion upon the boys returning them. Such instances would be rare if proper methods were taken to explain to the boys that golf is a game which puts them strictly on their honor. They should be taught to realize that winning is not everything in the game; that a prize won through trickery, either in turning in a wrong score or moving the ball to give it a more desirable position, gives no lasting pleasure. Any boy winning a prize by such methods would in later life want to have it out of his sight. Every time he looked at it, he would have a feeling of contempt for himself for having adopted dishonest methods. Under proper supervision, golf can be made a great agency in the schools for the development of character; a game which will teach the boy to be honest with himself and with others.

SUGGESTIONS FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC TOURNAMENTS

As president of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association for one year, I naturally had an opportunity to get a thorough insight into the manner of conducting a school-boy tournament, and I have one or two ideas which may be worth setting forth. One is that, in the qualifying round of a school-boy tournament, every effort should be made to pair boys from different schools, instead of having the pairings haphazard or allowing the boys to pair up according to their own desires. One of the greatest advantages of a school-boy tournament, aside from its development of a boy's competitive skill, is that it brings boys from different schools and districts into closer relationship; new individual friendships are formed, and a possible spirit of an-



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MR. JOHN G. ANDERSON

dale, Massachusetts, and in the qualifying round I was medalist, with a score of 77. Singularly enough, I had that same score in winning my match of the first round, and also had a 77 in the second round; but on that occasion it was not good enough to win; for Francis Mahan, one of my team-mates from Brookline High School, was around with a brilliant 73, whereby he won by 3 up and 2 to play. It was beautiful golf for a boy (for a man either, as far as that goes), and the loss of the title, under such circumstances, left nothing for me to regret. It always has struck me that for any one who truly loves the game of golf, there is even a pleasure in being defeated when you have played first-class golf yourself, and have been beaten only because your opponent has played even better. It certainly was so in that case, and I was sorry that Mahan could not keep up the gait in his other matches. He was beaten by the eventual winner of the tournament, Arthur Knight, in the semi-final round, Knight winning the thirty-six-hole

tagonism gives way to a wholesome rivalry. Golf being a game where there is no direct physical contact between the two boys, provides a happy medium for the intermingling of many boys of all ages and sizes, to form new acquaintances, expand old ones, exchange ideas, and engage in a game which has much more vigor to it than the average school-boy realizes.

Probably more than one first-class golfer has been lost to the world of golf through a defeat

"THE MENTAL ATTITUDE" MY FIRST MATCH
WITH MR. ANDERSON

IN the second place, the boy who is down-hearted has little chance to regain lost ground, whereas by plodding along and doing his best, there is no knowing what may happen to turn the tide. To illustrate this point, with the hope that the reader will not think I am trying to exploit my own success, I shall not soon forget a



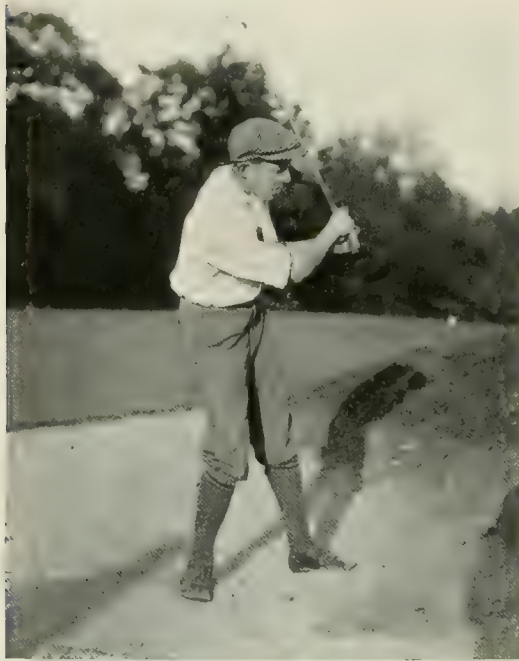
"THE BOY WHO IS DOWN-HEARTED HAS LITTLE CHANCE TO REGAIN LOST GROUND."

administered to some promising player in a school-boy tournament. It is a singular fact (perhaps doubly so to one who has been so enthusiastic over the game from childhood as I have been) that many boys become apathetic over the game after losing a match which they hoped, perhaps expected, to win; whereas if their team lost in base-ball or foot-ball, they would be just as eager to go in to win the next game on the schedule. But in golf, the individual alone bears the brunt of his defeat; he cannot deceive himself into the idea that it was his neighbor, rather than himself, who was responsible for losing. He should bear in mind that in golf no one is immune from defeat, and that when an opponent is winning a match, it is far better to study the methods by which he is gaining the mastery than to bemoan the fickleness of fate.

match which I had as a school-boy against Mr. John G. Anderson, a master in the Fessenden School at West Newton, Massachusetts, and last year's well-known runner-up for the national championship.

This match was an occasion when the Brookline High team played a team representing Fessenden School. The boys of Brookline were older and larger than those of Fessenden, so Mr. Anderson was allowed to play for the latter in order to help equalize matters. It fell to my lot to oppose him. Of course I had not the slightest expectation of winning, but resolved to do the best I could, at any rate, and make the margin of my defeat as small as possible. With such a state of mind, my play was better than I could have dreamed possible. Twice during the round I holed chip shots from off the green, and, al-

most to my own consternation as I recall it, I defeated Mr. Anderson, putting in two rounds of 36 over the nine-hole Albemarle course. I hope Mr. Anderson will forgive my telling this, if he happens to see the account; my reason being to assure every boy that in golf there is always a



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"JUST BEG THE BUNKER'S PARDON FOR
HAVING DISTURBED IT!"

chance to win, no matter how stiff the odds may seem in advance.

Sometimes I think that there is no better mental attitude, going into a match, than the one I had when I played that match with Mr. Anderson. It has seemed to me that the average school-boy golfer is a bit prone to getting himself worked into a state of high nervous tension thinking about his match to come and wondering what his chances are of winning. He begins to worry over the outcome hours before the match, and perhaps has a more or less sleepless night from the knowledge that in to-morrow's match he faces one of the favorites for the school-boy title. Consequently, he neither has his full mental nor physical equipment with him when it comes to the actual playing of the match, and the least bit of hard luck is apt to throw him off his stride.

Now every school-boy golfer should bear in mind that one match does not constitute a golfing career. It is not possible for two to win in the

same match, and the other boy's hopes of winning are just as strong as yours. Even if he wins to-day's match, there are many to-morrows coming, when it may be your turn to come out on top. Then there also is this to be borne in mind: the boy who defeats you in one match may be your opponent in a subsequent tournament, and, in the second instance, the result is reversed. Therein is double satisfaction, for if he is playing as well as he did in the first instance, you must be playing considerably better, and there is pleasure, also encouragement, in that thought.

DON'T "GET MAD," BUT APOLOGIZE TO
THE BUNKER!

A BOY should learn, as one of his first lessons in golf, that it does not pay to get "mad," to use that common expression. Bunkers are put on a golf course not to provoke any player's wrath, but to compel him to play a scientific game. If the player gets into one of these bunkers, it is not the bunker's fault, but his own. If he could only teach himself to take that point of view, he might almost bring himself around to the point where, instead of uttering some angry word over the situation, he would beg the bunker's pardon for having disturbed it. That, perhaps, may be using a millennium viewpoint, but, after all, is n't that the proper view to take of the matter?

Nothing is gained by getting angered over the outcome of any particular shot. During my school-boy days, I remember playing a match once with a boy who might have become a good player only for his temper. He could not, apparently, bring himself to see that the more worked up he became over his bad shots, the less chance he had of making a good one. We were playing a match on a Boston course, and at the fourth hole he topped a shot into long grass, then played a poor second, and immediately walked over to a tree, where he smashed the club with which he had played the second shot. At the next hole, he sliced into some woods, failed to get out on his second, and deliberately smashed another good iron. Before we had played the home hole, he had thrown away his putter.

How much chance had a player with that disposition to improve his game? Furthermore, no boy should enter a match without realizing that his feelings are not the only ones to be considered. He has an opponent, and, even though the other is an opponent, in a competitive sense, at the same time each is supposed to be playing the game for the enjoyment there is in it, and when one player gets provoked to a point where his

temper altogether gets the better of him, there is not much chance for the other to gain any pleasure out of a round.

THE SCHOOL-BOY AGE IS THE BEST TIME FOR
ACQUIRING A GOOD STYLE OF PLAY

THE school-boy age is the most advantageous period for acquiring a good style of play. The muscles are pliant, the swing is free, and the average boy is apt to have a good, natural swing even without any instructions. For all that, he should, if possible, seek a little advice from those older and better experienced in the game, in order not to get some bad fault in his swing which, as he grows older, will prove adverse to his game.

Perhaps the idea may not be practicable, but I cannot see why it would not be possible to have a little elementary instruction for the pupils in the city high schools on the proper method of

swinging the club. Why would it not be possible for a city to hire a golf professional to demonstrate, in school gymnasiums, the proper method of swinging the club?

Faithful effort and earnest endeavor to improve one's game as a school-boy are apt not only to lead to success in the school-boy competitive ranks, but they pave the way to later successes on the links in a more general way. Moreover, beyond the high school there is the college, and intercollegiate golf has quite a niche of its own, beckoning the school-boy to enter its circle. Nearly every school-boy who is at all athletically inclined and who has ambition to go to college would like to shine there in some branch of sports. He may not be physically endowed for foot-ball; he may lack the requisite qualities to make the base-ball team, the track team, or the rowing squad. At the same time, he might be a leader in golf, triumphing over men far his superiors in physique.

SAVED BY "APRIL FOOL!"

BY CLARA J. DENTON

FRANCIS, Duke of Lorraine, is an historical character. He was born in 1718, married his wife, Louise, in 1726, and died in 1795.

In Chambers's "Book of Days," page 492, is found the legend of a duke and his wife who, because France had adopted the custom of "April fooling" long before the English did, it will be seen that had the duke and his wife been confined in an English town instead of the French one, Nantes, they might not so easily have escaped. This legend is also told in various books of old customs and curiosities.

HAVE you heard the little story,
Running like a thread of gold
Through the warp and woof of legend—
Legends often grimly told?
Francis, Lorraine's duke and master,
With his noble, stately wife,
In the town of Nantes were captives;
Hard and sad their prison life.

But some friend with tender feeling
Peasant's garb for each prepared;
Thus arrayed, and bearing burdens,
Forth for home they boldly fared.
At the city gates, the sentry
Heeded not the peasant pair,—
He with hod upon his shoulder,
She with baskets as her share.

To the fair and open country
On they trudged with humble mien,
Till they met a sharp-eyed woman
Who their faces once had seen.

To the sentry with her tidings
On she sped as if for life,
Saying, "I have met Duke Francis,
With his proud and haughty wife!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the sentry,
"They could not have passed us by,
'Tis, I know, the first of April,"
And he slyly winked his eye.
But the woman, nothing daunted,
Told the story far and wide.
"That is good for 'April fooling,'"
Each one with a laugh replied.

By and by the governor heard it
(Though the news came rather late),
"It may be," he said, "all fooling,
But I'll just investigate."
So he did. But then the couple
Were beyond his reach and rule,
And, for once, a noble purpose
Had been served by "April Fool!"



Peggy's Chicken Deal

by
Elizabeth Price

"HELEN came home with headache again to-day." Margaret spoke as if the fact needed no comment, and Marion frowned darkly, saying, "I 'm not surprised. I met Dr. Graham on the street this morning, and he said she *must* have a change, that he would n't answer for the consequences if she did n't."

"Mercy me, Marion Darling, as if we did n't all need change and plenty of it. That 's a joke, ha-ha, and I am not in a joking humor, either."

"Do you know what it means, Peggy? Our late lamented legacy must furnish us a home till Helen gets well. I 've been thinking it over, and I have made up my mind."

"Enough said. No use in wasting my feeble efforts in unmaking it. When do we start?"

Marion laughed in spite of herself. "Seriously, I mean it."

"So I judged. Would you mind imparting a few details so I could get some packing done before the move-wagon arrives?"

"Not at all. I got off from work to-day and went out there."

A slice of toast fell flatly into the coals and was rapidly consumed as its maker turned an astonished face to her sister. "You 've been where? Not to Idle-wild!"

"The same, ma'am. Our late lamented legacy, above mentioned." And Marion drew her merry face into solemn lines, though her eyes twinkled.

"If you don't upset a person's equanimity with your suddenness, I don't know who does—there 's a whole slab of supper gone up in smoke! Tell me all about it this minute," said Margaret, slicing bread vigorously.

"Eight rooms besides a kitchen," complied Marion. "They 're all furnished in the simplest country fashion, big and airy, and we never in these United States can afford to warm them.

But then we would n't need to. And there 's a piece of ground for a garden next summer."

"In the meantime we can hibernate. Was that your idea?"

"No, we are n't fat enough. We 'll have to eat more or less, so I got the promise of the country school. Just in the nick of time I was, too. The teacher they had, decided to get married."

"How considerate!"

"Was n't it? They don't pay much of anything, but every little helps, and Helen will be sure to get some music scholars. If only your accomplishments had a marketable value, Peggy."

"Which, alas, they have n't! Call Helen, will you? She 'll feel better for her cup of tea."

"You 're a gorgeous cook, anyway, and a model housekeeper. That 's something," and Marion paused to hug her sister.

Peggy hesitated, then laughed and said: "I have a scheme, too, Miss Darling, which if—I mean *when* it succeeds, will cast district-school teaching into the background, to say nothing of music-lessons, et cetera. It 's chickens!"

"Peg Darling, you don't know a game-cock from a bantam. The idea!" Marion sniffed scornfully, but Margaret continued to smile.

"That 's all right. I 'm not too old to learn. We 'll buy a small incubator, and fill it right away with good eggs—some kind that grow big very fast. Buff cochins, I think they are, and i the early spring, when frying chickens are wort! their weight in gold, we 'll have 'em by the dozen See if we don't!"

"Peggy, you 've been cramming on the sly."

"I know it, Marion. I 've studied till I know every detail of poultry raising, and I 'm not afraid to invest our last penny in getting started. Go get Helen. Supper will be ruined."

One month before, Idle-wild had been bestowed

upon the three sisters by the will of a distant relative. Marion had already come to refer to it exclusively as their "late lamented legacy," because, in the first flush of joy over the possession of a homestead, they had built wonderful air-castles which had promptly tumbled about their ears when Idle-wild proved to be in no way available as a money-maker. Situated on a remote country road, its only near neighbors one Obed-Edom Green and Clarinda, his wife, its possibilities for income limited to a "truck" garden, with nobody to buy the truck, it had seemed to its new possessors only an increased care and responsibility.

But Helen's imperative need for a release from her duties as stenographer in a busy office put a new aspect on affairs, and, once recognizing it as the thing to do, the sisters made their move cheerfully. Marion exchanged her work as book-keeper with a big lumber firm for the untried duties of a country schoolma'am, while Helen consented, after a talk with Dr. Graham, to build her hopes on possible music pupils and a chance to rest and recuperate between-whiles. Nobody ever expected anything of Peggy except her domestic duties, and her sisters had been content to leave their home-making in her capable hands.

Even now, when Peggy was n't around, they laughed good-naturedly at her new and enthusiastic venture in chickens. "We can't afford it, a bit in the world," they confessed to each other; "and of course she 'll make a fizzle. And it 's the first thing she 's ever asked for outside of real necessities, and we *could* n't say she should n't have it. We 'll skimp a little harder to make up."

But in the face of their reduced income, this was not easy to do. As fall came on, they shut up all the big cold rooms of their new home except the three opening out of the kitchen, and here they lived, very simply and economically. For the music scholars did not materialize, and it was too soon to expect returns from the chickens, as Peggy often reminded them. Much too soon, her sisters thought. The first setting of buff cochin eggs were roasted by their over-zealous tender. The second setting bade fair to reach the other extreme and freeze, though six chicks of harder strain than their brethren managed to hatch. Of these, four faded and died before their owner's anxious eyes. Peggy's ardor was dampened but not quenched. "Let me try once more," she begged. "I 'll do without a new seal-skin sack this winter, and won't even insist on a sable muff, if you 'll give me just one more chance. You know I 've had experience, now!"

Of course she got the eggs, though her sisters eyed each other doubtfully as they counted what was left in the flat pocketbook. But four weeks

later, the incubator was sent up garret, and its unhatched eggs were given mournful burial in the potato lot.

"I 've got Jack and Jill, anyway." Peggy was determined to be cheerful whatever befell. "I 'm sure they 're doing lovely; and maybe Jill will prove to be such a famous layer that we won't lose so much on our investment, after all. You understand, girls, it is only postponed—I shall make a success out of this chicken deal yet."

The winter was long and rather dreary with its unaccustomed quiet and its unwonted leisure. "If it were not for Jack and Jill, I 'd be tempted to be homesick," Peggy confessed one day. "But I 'm so proud of them, I can't feel my life an utter failure." They were beauties—no one would have denied it—and they grew as fast and as fine as chickens ever did. They passed the frying age quite safely, no one even suggesting that the end and aim of their being had been reached. Peggy tended them faithfully, lavishing food and drink upon them, protecting them from cold and storm, and finding ample reward in their growth and development.

In March, Helen's headaches threatened to return. "It 's nothing serious," declared the sufferer to Marion. "I guess I 'm a little worried, and that hurts my head."

"Worried about what, dear?" asked Marion, anxiously.

"I don't see how we can live even here without any income, and your school will close soon. I must get something to do."

"You can't and sha'n't, dear. Even if I have to go back to the city and earn our living, you and Peggy can stay here."

"And leave you alone in the heat and dust and misery? Never!"

"But, Helen, I 'm not ill—I don't need country air, and you do. Somebody must shoulder the responsibility—you are not able, and Peggy does n't know how. We might as well turn to a butterfly for advice as to Peggy, where business is concerned."

"I know—bless her heart. We 'll just have to take care of her, Marion, and let her revel in her pots and pans. I simply *must* help! Could n't we garden?"

"Honey, you know we could n't. We 'd only waste the money we invested in seed. I 'll apply to Dill and James this week, and ask for my old job in the office—maybe they 'll take me and maybe they won't; but somebody 'll have to."

Peggy entered the room just then and eyed her pale sister with critical inspection. "Helen needs a spring tonic," she announced. "I 'll write Dr. Graham and ask him to send her one." And, be-

ing an extremely prompt young lady, this resolve was acted upon without delay.

The answer came quickly. Peggy herself took it from the post-office and read it as she strolled homeward through the early April sunshine. But Peggy had n't read two lines before she forgot that weather conditions existed. "My Dear Miss Margaret," wrote Dr. Graham. "My good friend Dr. Salisbury is passing your neighborhood on the sixth, and, at my request, will drop off the train and take a look at Miss Helen. This will be much more satisfactory than a prescription given at random from this distance."

"Dr. Salisbury!" - Peggy stopped still and stared. "If it were the governor or the President, it would n't matter, but Dr. Salisbury is the richest, awfulest, most renowned doctor in the university! And we've got one peck of potatoes, a box of evaporated apples, two pounds of bacon, and twenty-five cents in cash to last till Marion's pay-day on the fifteenth. And, incidentally, only one pay-day after that before school closes." The girl drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "No, Peggy, you sha'n't saddle your woes onto anybody else! You got us in the scrape—it's up to you to get us out."

For fully five minutes, Margaret Darling wore a very dejected countenance, which, being a most unusual occurrence, is worthy of note. It cleared suddenly as its owner clapped her hands and laughed aloud. (One might behave as one chose on a lonely back lane in the country.) "It's worth the effort," she declared. "Faint heart never won anything worth while. Who knows? Why, I should n't wonder a bit." After which enigmatical sentence, silence reigned again, though smiles and nods were not wanting.

It was a very composed young lady who announced quite casually to her sisters at home the coming of their distinguished guest. "But, Peg!" gasped Marion. "He'll have to be here from eleven till three, and we'll be obliged to give him something to eat."

"Certainly," assented Margaret, with dignity.

"But what will it be? Never bacon and potatoes—oh, never that, Peggy!" was Helen's distressed wail.

"Leave that to me," with a lofty wave of the hand. "I believe I am cook, my dears. Please don't bother with needless questions."

"She's worried as much as we are," the others decided. "It's like her to hide it from us. Well—she'll get along best by herself. Neither of us is any good at making a feast out of a famine. Peggy can come as near doing it as any one, so we'll just have to let her alone. But how will she ever manage it!"

Peggy showed them. She greeted the august Dr. Salisbury over a table that gave most attractive promise—and then fulfilled it. Clear soup first, delicious and hot; then roast fowl with most delectable dressing and gravy; hominy, white and steaming; stuffed potatoes creamy and light; salad, garnished with blocks of quivering, transparent jelly; and hot biscuit. The dessert was as good as the rest—cup-shaped molds of something, served with sugar and cream, and coffee such as nobody but Peggy could make.

Dr. Salisbury? Truly he enjoyed the savory repast, if one could judge from appearances, and as he ate, he talked as pleasantly and simply as if no glamour of fame enveloped him.

Peggy accompanied him back to the train, and it was nearly dark when she returned.

"Come here, you gipsy, and own up! How, what, and when?" demanded Marion.

"Of course we recognized the chicken, but—you did n't go in debt! Did you, Peggy?"

"Just as if!" Peggy cast a withering glance at the questioner. "It was principally Jack and Jill, girls. I always knew those fowls lived for some good purpose, and now they've proved it. Helen, it's worth all the buff cochins that did n't hatch to know there is n't a thing the matter with you that country spring and summer won't cure. Doctor says that out of doors is all the tonic you need." Peggy talked very fast, and fanned herself as if it were July.

"Jack was the soup and the salad and the jelly. Was n't the garnish pretty? Not a thing but Jack's bones, boiled and strained, flavored with spearmint leaves and cooled. Did n't you know they'd do it? How did you suppose jellied chicken was made?"

"Then I melted some of the beautiful yellow fat—our butter-crock is nearly empty, you know,—and seasoned the stuffed potatoes with it, and used it instead of oil for the salad dressing. Was n't it good? and strictly original."

"Undeniably both," Marion solemnly affirmed. "And you are a wonder!"

"Did n't Jill look handsome, roasted all brown and crispy? I was so proud of her. And there's enough left to last us two days."

"Tell about the dessert. I'm consumed with curiosity," said Helen.

"Not a thing only the wheat we bought for the chickens, which they won't need now, poor dears! I cleaned it carefully, ground it in the coffee-mill, and cooked it slowly all day yesterday, with plenty of water and a little salt. Last night, I poured it in the cups to set, and there you are."

"I've eaten cracked wheat, but never any so delicious as that!"

"It was rather good. I read how to do it in my poultry journal—a paper that fairly bristles with wisdom."

"And your banquet cost—"

"Five cents, cash outlay. I bought the hominy. The biscuits were an extravagance, but we can make up for it somehow. The cream I got from Mrs. Clarinda—traded a dish of salad for it. Jack was a regular mine of goodies, girls. He and Jill were n't such bad investments."

"I should think not, you dear!" began Helen, but Peggy interrupted.

"Wait—you don't know the rest," she declared. "Dr. Salisbury's family is coming to board for the summer—been looking for just such a place, he says. He engaged the whole up-stairs, and I'm going to give his daughter lessons in domestic science, if you please (in our language it is cooking), at one dollar per. That ought to help some."

"Summer boarders!" exclaimed Marion. "Why did n't we think of that before?"

"We did, but we had n't seen our way clear to getting them," declared Peggy. "It came over me in a flash that maybe Dr. Salisbury was our chance, either for his own people or some of his patients. So I did my best to show him I could cook; and he appreciated it, I judge. I don't believe he ever suspected—men are so ignorant—that nearly every morsel on the table was either chicken or chicken-feed! He said he wished his family could see how real country things tasted, and the minute I mentioned summer board, he snapped me up."

"Well, of all things!" said Helen, while Marion asked meekly: "Any other disclosures?"

Peggy laughed. "I stopped on my way home at Mr. Green's. Obed-Edom's going to put in our garden and tend it for the use of our barn. Mrs. Clarinda and I are to raise poultry on

shares. I furnish the incubator, she the eggs, and we divide the product. Incidentally, she'll run the hatching machine and guard the young chicks from the depredations of well-meaning but ignorant individuals. It looks to me as if we'd arranged things for the summer, girls."



JACK WAS THE SOUP AND THE SALAD AND THE DELLY

"It's generous of you to say 'we.'" Helen's voice was humble. "Marion and I thought you could n't be counted on to help make practical plans, and here you've gone and done it every bit alone! We'll show our appreciation by our deeds, Peggy, love, and work like Trojans for our summer boarders."

"I promised you we'd make it pay—our chicken deal—and so we will!" said Peggy, happily.

And so they did.

WHEN THE INDIANS CAME

BY H. S. HALL

IF there was one place that Kenneth and Harold Lawrence liked to visit more than all others, it was Uncle Ned Wilson's home, out among the hills of the Sun River. Every Saturday and every holiday saw them on their way thither. Sometimes they would not have money enough to pay car-fare for the fifteen miles that lay between their homes and his, but that would not keep them from going. They would get up long before daybreak, and set out afoot.

Surely two boys never had a nicer nor a more agreeable uncle than the one Kenneth and Harold possessed in Uncle Ned. And nowhere was there a more attractive place for boys to spend a holiday than in his big house and among the hills that surrounded it.

Uncle Ned was a man who loved nature. He liked to roam in the fields and woods; to fish and hunt; to build his camp far away from cities and men, and there live as the Indians once lived.

And here was Uncle Ned's one great hobby—Indians. He probably knew more about Indians than any other man in America. He had studied them for years; he had dwelt with them for long periods, in their towns and villages; he had written learned books about them. There was not a tribe of Indians between the Arctic Circle and the Gulf of Mexico that he had not visited, and in every tribe he was always welcomed as an honored guest.

His house was one vast museum, a collection of things pertaining to the North American Indian. It had taken him many years to bring that great collection together, and it was recognized by scientists as being the most complete of its kind in the world.

It would be almost impossible to name a single article made by the Indians of which there was not a specimen to be found in his museum. There were stone-axes, flint arrow-heads, spears, tomahawks, grinding pestles, pottery, ornaments of all kinds, wampum money, and all the thousand and one other things that go to complete a collection like his.

And he had gathered together a lot of relics of some of the old leaders of the red men whose names have gone down in history. There was a knife that Pontiac had wielded; a tomahawk that belonged to Tecumseh; a rifle that Joseph Brant had carried in one of his expeditions against the settlers of Pennsylvania; and in a box which he

always kept tightly locked, and which he rarely opened, there lay an old brown parchment upon which was scrawled the mark of Massasoit, the great chief who welcomed the Pilgrims to the New World.

He could tell wonderful stories of his adventures among the Indians of the West, before they had quit warring with the whites and had gone to their reservations. Many of the famous old chiefs he knew personally, and more than once he had been called to Washington to consult with the President about some unruly tribe that was threatening to go on the war-path.

What a glorious place it was for the two boys! They never tired of listening to their uncle's stories, and the long cases of stone-axes and arrow-heads, the rows of spears, and bows, and arrows, the skin tepees, the old relics, were always a source of enjoyment to them.

Uncle Ned liked to have his nephews come to see him. He took them into his confidence, and told them everything about his work. Once he had given them a trip to southern Ohio, where they spent a week digging and burrowing among the mounds built by the ancient Mound-builders. That was an experience that Kenneth and Harold set down as the very best of their lives.

One day in early June, the boys had gone out to make a half-week's stay with their uncle. They found him at work in his study, sorting out a lot of old wampum money which some collector had sent him from Maine. He put aside his work when the boys arrived, and began telling them of a discovery he had made right at home.

"I was roaming around in the hills, a few days ago, over near the little lake where we go to fish, and I found evidences of an old Indian camping-ground. I came home to get a pick and shovel, and went back. I set to work digging, and soon uncovered several circles of stones, the remains of the Indians' fireplaces. And I also found something else. Look here. Are these not beauties?"

He showed the boys a dozen or more perfect arrow-tips made of pure white quartz. "Bird points," they are called, and were used by the Indians for shooting small birds.

The boys were very much excited.

"Can we not go over there to-day and make another search, Uncle Ned?" they asked.

"Well, I 'm too busy to go with you to-day,

but I will tell you how to find the spot, and you can go. I expect to overhaul it pretty thoroughly, and I have n't any doubt but that you will find some arrow-heads."

Then he told the boys how to find the old camp, and they set forth in high spirits.

"I hope we'll have good luck and find a lot of arrow-heads," said Kenneth, as they trudged along the path through the hills.

"There is no telling what we may find," replied Harold. "Maybe a stone-ax, or a grinding pestle, or maybe an Indian grave. Would n't I laugh if we should find something big, something that would make Uncle Ned open his eyes!"

"Would n't I, too," chuckled Kenneth.

They were not long in coming to the little lake. The location of the old camp they sought was at the brow of the hill, Uncle Ned had told them. They climbed up through the thick vines and bushes, and came to the top, where, through the leaves, they could see a level field that stretched back to another line of hills.

Suddenly Kenneth grasped Harold's arm and whispered:

"Harold! Harold! Look yonder! Look!"

"What is it?" asked Harold, who was a few feet behind.

"Indians!" gasped Kenneth.

"Indians? Nonsense! Where?"

"Right yonder!" said Kenneth, his voice trembling.

Harold looked where his cousin pointed, and what he saw made his face go as pale as Kenneth's.

Over against the fringe of trees that grew at the top of the hill up which they had clambered, stood a group of tents. Indian tepees they undoubtedly were, for they were of coarse, dirty, yellow skins, some of which were painted over with strange figures, while out of the top of each tent protruded a cluster of poles.

Before the tents were lighted fires, and around the fires Indian women worked, some of them busy with cooking, others chopping wood, others carrying water. The boys even saw two or three papooses strapped on boards that leaned against the trees.

Near by the tents, in little groups of three and four, were Indian men, great, tall, strapping fellows in yellow buckskin suits. Their faces were painted in very bright colors, and their heads were adorned with long feathers. Some of them were smoking, some mending bows, some whet-glistering knives.

While the boys gazed at them in speechless astonishment—and fear, if the truth be told—

there was a sudden commotion in the camp. Men lying on the ground sprang to their feet. There was a great hurrying to and fro. Bows were seized, and arrows fitted to the strings; knives began to glitter in the sunlight; the women began running in and out of the tents, uttering loud cries.

Looking across the field, Kenneth and Harold saw a little band of Indians issue from a thicket and advance toward the encampment. They were in full war-dress, and carried bows and spears; but they came forward with their right hands uplifted.

An equal number of men from the encampment went to meet them. There was a long parley. Suddenly one of the new-comers struck down one of the Indians from the camp. Instantly there was an uproar. More men from the camp ran out, and a new band came rushing out of the woods. There was a horrible outcry of many voices, and the two sides clashed in battle.

The boys waited to see no more. Down the hill they plunged, tearing their clothing on the bushes, scratching their faces, tripping and falling. Back along the little path they raced, never pausing an instant. Breathless they dashed into the house, almost upsetting Grandmother Wilson, who had seen them coming, and had gone to the door to meet them.

"Mercy sakes!" she cried, "what does this mean?"

But they did not stop. They burst into Uncle Ned's study.

"Uncle Ned! Uncle Ned!" they both shouted. "Indians! Indians! Indians!"

Uncle Ned looked at the two excited boys in astonishment.

"What in the world possesses you two chaps?" he demanded.

"The Indians have come back!" cried Kenneth.

"Yes, they are up at the old camp you found—a whole band of them," said Harold, too excited to talk plainly.

"Why, you two boys are dreaming. What has happened to you? Mother, come here and look after these young men," called Uncle Ned. "I'm afraid they've been sun-struck."

But neither Grandmother Wilson nor Uncle Ned could quiet the boys. They would listen to none of their uncle's arguments that the Indians had left that part of the country more than a hundred years before. They had seen them. They had seen them in their encampment, and they had seen them battling among themselves.

Finally Uncle Ned, grumbling a little at being

taken away from his work, put on his hat and went with the boys. As they hurried along, both the boys warned him of the danger they were about to confront, for the Indians were blood-thirsty, as they knew from what they had seen of them. When they came to the hill and began to climb its steep side, Uncle Ned good-humoredly obeyed their command to "go easy," and they crept through the bushes with hardly a sound. They gained the top and peered through the leaves. The Indians were still there.

It was now Uncle Ned's turn to gasp with surprise, and gasp he did, in a manner that would have highly delighted the boys, had they not been so thoroughly terrified.

"Indians, as sure as I am alive!" they heard him mutter. "And right on the old camping-ground, in exactly the same place where I found the circles of stones!" He took off his hat and mopped his brow.

"Boys, we are dreaming—every one of us," he said, while he plucked nervously at his beard. "Everything exact and complete," he went on, speaking more to himself. "Tepees, instruments of war, war-paint, and regalia—everything. And, if I 'm not mistaken, an Iroquois tribe! Well, well!"

"Suppose they should discover us here, and get after us," said Harold. "What do people do in that kind of a case, when they are dreaming?"

"Well, in a dream as real as this one is," replied Uncle Ned, decisively, "I 'd run, and I 'd run hard."

Just then, they heard a cracking of the bushes behind them, and turned, to see a dozen or more painted savages almost upon them. So intent had they been in watching the movements about the wigwams, that they had not heard the approach of Indians in their rear.

A fearful war-whoop rang out. An answering cry came from the camp.

"Here they are, boys!" cried Uncle Ned. "Let 's get out of this! Come on!"

There was but one direction for them to take, and that must be across the open field, toward the opposite woods. To be sure, this would bring them in full view of the camp; but there was no other route to choose.

Out of the thicket where they had lain hidden, they dashed, and sped across the field. The boys led, Uncle Ned brought up the rear. He was short and fat, and could not run as fast as they, but for a fat man of his years, he did remarkably well. He

kept urging them on, cheering them to make greater speed, but they, not wishing to leave their uncle behind, did not run as fast as they could. The great Indian student was panting painfully; his hat blew off, and on he raced, bareheaded and red-faced.

They could hear the thud, thud of the feet of their pursuers behind them, and every minute the air was rent with a savage yell. A white-tipped arrow flew over their heads and plunged into the ground before them.

"Go on, boys! Go on!" gasped Uncle Ned. "I can't run much farther, but you can reach the woods and get away. Run!"

"Hey there! what do you mean by getting in my picture and spoiling it?" they heard some one angrily shout. A man came running across the field to meet them. Looking off to the right, they saw another man busily turning a crank on a little black box that sat on three legs, and farther away they spied still another. The man who had called to them came up.

"What 's the matter with you people?" he demanded. "Can't you see we 're making moving pictures? What do you want to get in here and mess things up for?"

Uncle Ned did not have breath enough left to enable him to make any kind of a reply. They were near the woods then, and he and the boys went over to one of the trees and threw themselves upon the ground. After Uncle Ned had somewhat recovered, he began to laugh. He rolled on the ground; he laughed until the tears came into his eyes.

"Boys, the joke is upon us," he at last managed to say. "Rather it is upon me, the man who knows all about Indians. Moving pictures! Well, boys, if you won't say anything about this little race of ours, I 'll take you down to southern Ohio with me next month."

Both Kenneth and Harold agreed to say nothing to any one.

The moving-picture man came across to the place where they were lying.

"Say, I believe I 'll be able to use that picture, all right," he said. "I 'll put it on as 'A Race for Life.' It ought to make a hit. Much obliged."

"I 'd like mighty well to see the pictures they are taking here," said Kenneth.

"So would I," declared Harold.

"Well, I don't know," mused Uncle Ned. "The fact is, boys, I 'm thinking of going over to see if I can't buy the film from that man."





"THEY COULD HEAR THE THUD, THUD OF THE FEET OF THEIR PURSUERS." (SEE PAGE 496)

THE BOY'S FISHING KIT

("UNDER THE BLUE SKY" SERIES)

BY E. T. KEYSER



LANDING A "SUNNY."

"Plop!" and a big fish rose just below the rock which jutted out in midstream. Dick proceeded to lengthen his line by the time-honored method of unwinding the reserve supply, coiled around the end of his pole.

"You can't make it," said Jack; and he was right, for the line was now too long for the pole to manage, and the attempted cast resulted in a beautiful snarl, which was in process of unraveling when Charley, armed with a lancewood rod, a reel, and a line no thicker than one strand of Dick's, appeared, from around the bend, with the cheery hail of "What luck?"

"Four sunnies on the string, eighty-seven knots in the line, and a whopper out there where I can't reach him," was Dick's inventory of results.

Charley laughed. "The trouble is that you fellows are trying to catch fish who have

learned to keep out of reach with tackle that would have done the trick when our grandfathers were boys and fish were so plentiful that they lay all over the stream. You can't go after twentieth-century bass with a bean-pole and chalk-line, and expect any but the babies not to know all about what you are trying to do."

"Nonsense!" sputtered Jack. "Did n't people use bean-poles before fishing-rods were invented?"

"They did," admitted Charley; "and the Indians killed deer with arrows, centuries before the white man knew that America was waiting to be discovered. But any one who waits to get within bow-shot of a deer to-day, would be pretty hungry before he dined on venison."

"All right," said Dick, "I can't get that bass. Suppose you try."

Charley measured the distance with his eye, brought the end of his leader up to the rod-tip, and made a cast. The reel purred and the bait shot out across the place where the fish had risen. Charley reeled in; no result. Again; still a blank—and the other boys grinned. Once more: a swish, a whirl, and *something* was fast.

"You've got him! You've got him!" shouted the audience. Charley reeled in stolidly, sometimes allowing the fish to make a dash, sometimes checking the rush, and, in a minute, a pound-and-a-half bass was flopping in his landing-net.

"You won out," admitted Dick. "Now let's see what you used to do it."

Charley handed over the rod. "It's lancewood," he explained; "also, it is nine feet long, because I do so much fishing from the shore. If I did more boat work and more bait casting and less still fishing, it would be from seven and one half to eight feet in length; but this size helps me to drop the line over bushes, and poke into close quarters where I could not cast. The reel runs smoothly because it is steel pivoted and a four times multiplier. The line went out without sticking or kinking because it was a hard-earned dollar and a half that I put into the tackle dealer's change drawer for it. An ordinary oiled silk line would have served all right, for still fishing or trolling; but I wanted one line to do for all my fresh-water fishing. That's why I use this quadruple reel instead of an ordinary double multiplier, which would cost less and be just as good for everything except casting."

"But what is the idea of the leader?" asked Jack, who had been examining the outfit with considerable respect.

"Just to keep the wiser fish from realizing that the bait and I had any business connection until they had taken a taste," answered Charley. "It cost only a few cents, and often makes all the difference between an empty creel and a fish dinner."

"Speaking of creels," interrupted Dick, "don't you think that a string is just as good?"

"I do *not*," was the emphatic reply. "Look at that water-logged assortment on your own string, and then look at my catch"; and he poured three bass and a pair of good-sized perch out on the grass. "I rap my fish on the head as soon as landed, and cover them with grass or leaves, and



"WHICH OF US WILL GET HIM?"

they are firm and fresh when I reach home. This canvas creel folds up and goes into my pocket, when empty, and can be laundered after each trip."

"I'm converted to the fancy tackle, after what you did to-day," said Dick. "How much does a layout like yours cost?"

"Oh, not very much," laughed Charley. "Why?"

"I'm thinking of getting one like it," admitted the former champion of the "simple-life rig," as he called it.

"Where are you going to use it most?" asked Charley.

"Up on the lake. Father bought a boat last week, and there are some big pickerel up there and a few bass."

"If you intend doing much boat fishing," said Charley, "you had better get a rather different rod from this of mine."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jack. "It looks all right to me, and the way it brought that bass into your net has made me wish that I had one just like it."

"It is all right," was the answer; "but it is best

for the very kind of work which I use it for. I have n't any boat up on the lake, and do most of my fishing along this stream. Some people say that it's played out, but I have found a few rocks, logs, eddies, and bars where the fish like to lie and feed, and I work them over each trip. Fish are like people, and have their places of business, which, in the fishes' case, is eating. What is more, they like some places better than others, and form a sort of waiting list for the best spots. That is why there will probably be another bass hanging around that rock out there in a couple of days. Now I've already told you why I like this rod for stream work; but it does not follow that I would have chosen it for fishing from a boat. It's too long and unhandy for that purpose, and will not cast as well as a shorter and stiffer rod."

"You've caught enough fish for one day," said Dick. "Sit down on that nice soft log and tell me *what* kind of a rod to get. Any one who will point out faults in his own outfit gets my confidence from the start."

Charley arose, bowed, and said: "You honor me. I will now proceed with the subject on the

table. If I were you, I'd get an eight foot three-piece lancewood rod, or a seven-and-one-half-foot steel one. With either you can do better casting than with my rig, and, at the same time, they will be long enough to use for still fishing and skittering. A shorter rod, like that which the western bait-casters use, would cast farther, but would not be nearly so good for still fishing, and an impossibility if you wanted to skitter."

"What 's the matter with split bamboo?" questioned Jack. "My cousin says that there is nothing that can touch it for action," and he looked as if he were extremely wise.

"Nothing *can* touch it," admitted Charley, "if you are prepared to be 'touched' first, to the extent of at least ten dollars, and to spend a couple more, cheerfully, each time that you smash a tip. There is nothing to equal a good split bamboo, but you must make sure that it is a good one, not a cheap affair which will unglue and fall apart just when the fish begin to take an interest in the bill of fare you are offering them."

"Ten dollars!—Ouch!" observed Dick, with some feeling. "How much will the other kinds cost?"

"From two and a half to six dollars will buy a lancewood or steel rod that is really good, and will last as long as you take proper care of it, which includes oiling the ferrules of the wood rod and the entire length of the metal one each time that you put it away after use—also refraining from standing either up against the house while you are eating dinner."

"How about reels?"

"Well, this one of mine is what is called a sixty-yard reel—it actually carries one hundred yards of No. 6 minnow casting line. For use on the lake, an eighty-yard reel will give you a better trolling length. But be sure to get one with steel pivots. This will allow casting, and while it costs a little more than an ordinary affair, will give much better service. I remember wearing out a cheap reel in one afternoon's casting. Either of the rods which I've suggested may be used for weakfish and snappers, when you try your

luck in salt water, but remember you must substitute a nine-thread twisted linen line for your braided silk one, for this purpose, otherwise the salt water will rot your fresh-water line. For salt-water use, a short tip, to go into the last joint of the steel rod, will let you use a heavier sinker than could be handled with the regular light tip. And don't forget a folding landing-net with a jointed handle. You cannot lift your fish out on a real rod, as you have been doing with that young tree," and Charley pointed angrily at the about-to-be-discarded bean-pole. "You'll find the half-length handle just right for boat use, and the full-length a real fish saver when you are angling from the shore or a dock."

"Why can't you fellows come up to the lake Saturday and try out the new boat?" said Dick. "I'm going to ask Dad to help out my bank-account enough to get one of the outfits you've been telling about."

"We accept," said Charley. "But if the results of my toil are to sizzle in the pan this evening, I must be moving homeward."

"Wait a minute, and we'll be with you," said Dick, throwing the bait-can over with a splash. "Where 's your worm container?"

"Chained fast!" laughed Charley, turning around to show a tin box fastened to his belt. "I graduated from the 'tomato-can class' last season.

They're too much trouble to find and carry. I got a square tin with a hinged top and large enough to get my hand into, bored four holes in its back with a wire nail, and fastened two belt straps to it with four round-headed brass paper fasteners. Now the can is always with me, and I carry back the surplus bait and turn it loose in the garden. Come along, I'm hungry."

"THE live-bait supply has proved unequal to the demand upon it," observed Dick, with much regret. "Jack, why did n't you catch enough to last?"

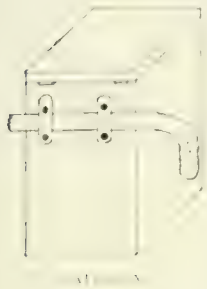
"Don't imagine that, while you were waiting for lunch to be tied up and letting Charley wind



AN UP-TO-DATE FISHERMAN.

that new line of yours on the fine new reel. I was idle. I spent two hours on the job, and only fifty-six of those minnows were taken enough for me to cultivate their acquaintance."

"Oh, well, never mind about that now!" said Charley. Here are a trolling spoon, a floating bait, and a phantom minnow. The still-fishing contest is now adjourned while we troll around the lake for an unwary pickerel or so. You fellows take your pick of the baits, and I'll take what's left. It's anybody's game, and they are bound to take one of the assortment."



The trio were spending Saturday on the lake, trying out the new boat and new tackle at one and the same time, and had been enjoying pretty good luck until the minnows gave out. Now Charley's artificial baits were to save the day.

Along the line of weeds, a pickerel yielded to temptation and grabbed the spoon. Another attached himself to the phantom a little later, then another for the spoon. The wooden bait was unaccountably ineffective, until it was discovered that it was tastefully festooned with weeds. When these were removed, it speedily caught up with the procession, and soon the creels were well filled. The only drawback was the tendency of the lines of Dick and Jack to kink, from the twisting of the troll, and Charley explained how this might be prevented by hanging a small bass casting sinker between the two swivels which separated the leader from the line.

"If it were not for the truly awful job of getting minnows, the lake would be all right," said Jack, on the way home.

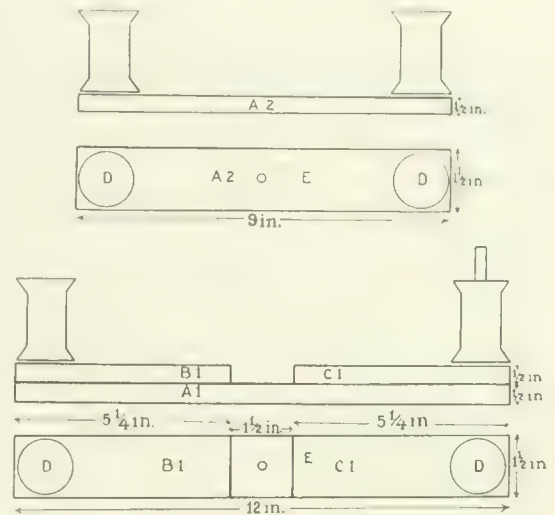
"We can settle that easily enough," was Charley's reply. "We'll knock the sides from a soap box and bore a six-inch hole in one end. Then we will tack copper fly screening over the sides, put a screening funnel into the six-inch hole, bait the affair with bread crumbs or chopped meat, and sink it in the river or brook over night. Next morning, it will be full of live bait. We can hide it in the bushes near where the minnows are."

"You said something about drying the line," said Dick. "How do you manage it?"

"Easy enough," said Charley, rummaging in his pocket and fishing out a pencil and an envelop. "Here's the plan for a home-made line-drier, and one where the line will not touch a particle of metal, either.

"All that you will need are four of the large red spools upon which heavy linen thread is

wound, a strip of wood one half inch thick, thirty-one and one half inches long, and one and one half inches wide, and ten flat-headed brass screws, each about an eighth of an inch in diameter and three quarters of an inch in length.



"Saw the wood into four pieces, as shown. A1 is twelve inches long. B1 and C1 are each five and one quarter inches long, while A2 is nine inches in length.

"Screw B1 and C1 on A1, as shown in Figure II, their ends flush with the ends of A1, and with a space of one and one half inches between them. At each spot marked D, bore a hole and set in each a wooden post which will fit the holes in the spools quite snugly. Three of these are to come flush with the tops of the spools, but one is to be one inch longer, to serve as a handle for winding. Cover the posts with glue and push on the spools, removing surplus glue as it squeezes out. Bore holes at E to take a short stout wire nail. When A2 is set across A1, at right angles, the strips B1 and C1 keep it in place, and make all the spools level with each other. Drive the wire nail through at E, and nail the whole arrangement to a fence, a clothes-post, or any other convenient support. By holding the reel in the left hand and winding the drier with the right, the line will soon be transferred.

"After using, remove the wire nail, pull A2 out of socket, and lay on top of B1 and C1, parallel to them. The spools of the shorter strip will fit in between those on the longer, and, fastened together with a rubber band, the whole arrangement occupies very little room."

"Come around to-morrow, and we'll build one while Jack is wrestling with the minnow trap," said Dick.

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Flower Princess," "The Loneliest Doll," etc.

CHAPTER VI

THE QUEST

Two days elapsed before the children went again to visit the Park.

"I wonder if we shall see the good old man to-day," said Maggie to Bess, as they stared at the gateway. "I hope so; he was awful kind to us." They had all been rubbing their rings and practising the charm as they ran along:

"Open, Gate, I pray,
And let me in to-day!"

But when they reached the gate, they found it already open, just wide enough to let them in. No one was inside to meet them except Cæsar. The great dog was apparently keeping guard over the gate. He rose when they entered and came gravely forward, wagging his tail hospitably, and kissing Maggie's hand.

"There is a note tied to his collar," said she, taking it off. And she read aloud this message:

"Shut the door behind you. Follow the Arrow, and obey."

"Follow the arrow!" cried Bess. "What does that mean, Maggie?"

"I don't know," answered Maggie. "We must find out. Let's look around and see if we can find an arrow. That's the way they do in the stories."

"Why don't they tell you what they mean?" said Bob. "It would save a lot of time. *'Time is money,'*" he quoted from his copy-book.

"Not in fairy-land!" declared Maggie. "They don't try to save time in fairy-land. You have all the time you want, and they *never* tell you things right out. It's more fun the other way."

"Well," said Bob, practically, "this is Bonny-burn, and not fairy-land, and we have dinner at noon. So let's hurry up!"

They looked up and around and down and under to find the arrow, Cæsar eying them kindly all the while, as if this was a sort of queer game and he was in the secret. At last, Bob gave a shout—"Here it is!" He pointed to a tree just off the path. A red arrow was tacked to the bark. The children went in the direction to which it pointed, Cæsar following patiently at their heels.

"Do you suppose it will lead us to another lunch?" said Bob, smacking his lips.

"Oh, I hope so!" said Bess, fervently. "Were n't those sandwiches good?"

"Maybe it will lead us to the Princess!" cried Maggie. "That is what I would like best."

"Here's another arrow!" cried Bess, pointing. A second red streak on a birch-tree bade them turn abruptly to the left. Through berry-bushes and bracken they waded, until a third arrow pointed them into a thick grove of maples. They had to keep their eyes wide open to follow this trail, for there was no path.

"It's just like Indians trailing through the forest," said Bob, who knew his Cooper better than his Hans Andersen. "Ain't it fun? Whoop! I wish we could see a real Indian!"

"Oh, no!" cried Bess, shrinking. "He might scalp us!"

"Pooh!" said Bob. "There are n't any Indians here."

"How do you know?" retorted Bess. "You said there were n't any fairies; but there's something queer, ain't there?"

A twig snapped in the underbrush not far away. Cæsar pricked up his ears and gave a snort of suspicion.

"I think some one is following us!" whispered Maggie, excitedly. "I have thought so ever since we left the gate. But I don't mind. I'm sure there is nothing dangerous in the good princess's Park."

"Oh, I don't like it!" whimpered Bess, looking over her shoulder. "Let's go home!"

"We can't," said Bob. "We've got to go on."

"Yes," agreed Maggie. "Did n't we promise to do just what they said?"

"Come on!" cried Bob, "here's another arrow!" and he pushed through a dense thicket of scrub-oaks to a broad path.

"Ain't it pretty here!" cried Maggie. They had crossed several narrow paths in their trail. Now the arrow bade them follow this broad one. They heard the sound of water dashing over rocks. Presently they came in sight of the brook gleaming through the trees. An arrow pointed them to an opening in the bushes, where a path led to the bank of the stream. And here there was a pretty waterfall, sliding down over a cliff some twenty feet high into a basin round and smooth, surrounded by ferns and wild flowers.

But what pleased the children most was a little tent pitched beside the fall and a fire burning

under an iron kettle hung on a tripod of birch saplings. A delicious odor rose with the steam from the kettle. Bob made one dash toward the camp. "It's soup!" he cried. "Just smell it!"

"What fun!" shouted the girls. "An Indian dinner. Let's play we are Indians."

Bob tended the fire. The girls investigated the tent. Inside were three bowls made of gourds, and a ladle with a big handle in which they could serve out the soup. And beside this there were corn-bread and nuts and berries—just the sort of thing that Indians ought to like. They sat cross-legged around the kettle, supping the delicious soup, which tasted better than anything they had ever eaten.

When they had finished, they pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded in the pool, whose water was deliciously cold on this hot day.

Maggie was sitting on the moss beside the pool putting on her shoe. "Say, I hoped we should find out something about the Princess to-day, even if we did n't see her," she said. "But I guess we sha'n't do it now." She paused abruptly, her eyes as big as saucers, staring through the trees beyond the tent.

"What is it?" whispered Bess, grasping Maggie's hand timidly. Bob looked over his shoulder uneasily.

"Sh!" warned Maggie, still staring; "I saw something!"

"What was it?" begged Bess, trembling. "Was it Indians, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," whispered Maggie, following with her eyes something that moved swiftly. "Now it's gone! What do you suppose it was?"

"What did it look like?" begged both the others.

"It looked like a beautiful boy, dressed in green and brown. He had a brown cap, with a red feather, pulled down over his face, so I could n't see it very plainly. But his hair was curly, and

he ran, oh, so lightly! I think he must have had wings."

"Pooh!" said Bob. "I don't believe you saw anything."

Just then Caesar came bounding back to them through the bushes. He seemed not at all wor-



"SH!" WARNED MAGGIE, "I SAW SOMETHING!"

ried or excited. But to his collar was fastened a piece of paper, its folds held tightly by a red feather thrust through and through.

"A red feather! That is what the boy had in his cap!" cried Maggie, seizing the paper eagerly. And this is what she read:

"Look behind the left tent flap."

After it was scratched the picture of a feather.

Bob lost no time in following the directions. He lifted the tent-flap, and found pinned to the canvas a roll of birch-bark. The three bent their heads together and puzzled out the words written thereon in queer letters, almost like Indian writing, they thought.

"If you seek an adventure," it read, "cross the brook on the stepping-stones, and lift up the white stone beside the last of these."

"An adventure!" cried Maggie, clapping her hands. "Now I think we are on the way to find the Princess!"

"I'd rather stay here," objected Bob; but the girls persuaded him to come with them. With many squeals and giggles, they crossed the brook on the ticklish stepping-stones, with the water running dizzily about. Once Bess slipped and slumped down almost to her boot-top. She shrieked mightily, for the water was cold, and she was a little coward. But when she found she was not drowned, she did not care.

On the farther side of the brook was a white stone, smooth and round. Bob lifted it carefully. Under it was nothing but another piece of bark. But on this was scratched, above a red feather, these words: "Look in the hollow tree twenty-five paces up the bank."

"It's like a game of 'hunt the thimble,'" said Bess, who had once been to a church sociable. Maggie had never had that experience, but she liked this game. She scrambled up the bank and began counting off twenty-five paces, as Bob was already doing. But there was no hollow tree to be seen. They looked and they looked, but it seemed of no use.

"Let's go back and begin over again," said Bob at last. "Maybe we did n't start right."

"Let's each go a different way," suggested Bess. And so they did. "Twenty-four, twenty-five,—here it is!" shouted Bess, presently. "My! It is a big hollow tree, big enough to hold a man."

"Perhaps the Princess is shut up in there, like Ariel!" whispered Maggie. But there was no princess in the tree; only a little box holding another scrawl of writing, signed with a feather, which read: "Look for the big mushroom that grows beside the tallest tree you can see from this opening."

"Mushrooms! Oh, bother! I think they're fooling us, whoever they are," said Bob, sulkily. "Why don't they tell us what they want right out? I'm going back to the wigwam. I've had enough of this wild-goose chase."

"I think it's fun!" laughed Maggie. "See, I'll stand in the doorway of the tree and look."

There was an open field in front of them with

hawthorn bushes here and there, and as Maggie peered from the hollow stump, she saw one great tree stand up like a king among his fellows. "That's the one!" she cried, pointing. "Come on, you kids!" and she dashed down the slope, followed by Bess. Something white gleamed in the grass near the tree, and they made for it. It was not until they were on their knees poking at the great mushroom that they noticed Bob was not with them.

"He's gone back," said Bess, blankly, and the girls looked at each other.

"Oh, how did he dare?" Maggie asked. "They won't like it, I know!"

They shrilled and called, but no one answered. "Let's go and find him," suggested Bess; but Maggie objected.

"No, let's send Cæsar," she said. "Here, Cæsar! Go find Bob!"

Away dashed the big dog; and the two girls were left alone in the meadow. "I don't know where we are, nor how to get anywhere," said Maggie. "We've just got to obey them, whoever they are, or we shall be lost. Let's see what the mushroom says."

Under the mushroom was a note which sent them to the tallest rose-bush in the meadow; and from there they were directed to an empty bird's-nest under the bank, which they had to hunt for very hard, as it was hidden in a garden of maidenhair ferns. A note tucked in here directed them to a little path, which they were mysteriously told led to "the cave."

"A cave!" exclaimed Bess. "Now I guess Bob would like to be here! But I'm afraid he is lost!" and she began to cry.

"He can't be much lost," said Maggie, doubtfully, "but he ought n't to have disobeyed. A cave! Maybe there's a dragon, too! Maybe the Princess is shut up there!"

"Oh, dear! I hope there is n't any dragon!" wailed Bess, remembering Maggie's terrible stories. Just then, there was a crackling in the bushes, and both girls screamed, they were so excited. Presently, out dashed Cæsar, with Bob close behind him. His face was scratched and his clothes torn, and he looked scared.

"What has happened, Bob?" cried his sister.

"Nothing much," he answered briefly. "This is a queer place, sure enough! I wish I knew what it's all about." He whispered this, looking over his shoulder furtively.

"Something did happen, then? What was it?" begged Maggie. "Did you see a dragon?"

"Dragon nothing!" snarled Bob. "But I saw the little feller that you told about. He's a boy about as tall as me, but his face looked more like

a girl. He jumped out at me from a bunch of bushes, and made faces and danced up and down, and took out a little bow and arrow, and I thought he was going to shoot me. So I ran; and he ran too. I never saw anybody go so fast—just like a bird! Then I heard Cæsar barking, and I called, and when I turned around, the boy was n't anywhere. Was n't it funny?"

"I know it was a fairy!" said Maggie, triumphantly.

"You ought n't to have gone off and left us," said Bess, reprovingly. "Something awful might have happened, because you disobeyed."

"Pooh!" sneered Bob, very brave again now that the danger was past. "I went off because I saw something like a little white pony across the meadow. I want to see those ponies the old man talked about."

"So do we," said Bess; "but now we must go to the cave."

"A cave!" cried Bob, pricking up his ears. "What do you think of that! Come on then!"

They followed the path. Presently it narrowed and led through the ferny woods to a gray ledge of rocks in which there was a little opening.

"See if there 's a dragon first," whispered Bess, pulling Bob by the sleeve. But they could see nothing. Cæsar sniffed about the opening, then went in. The three children cautiously followed. They found themselves in a cave with a roof high enough to let them stand upright. At first it was so dark that they could not see anything. But as they grew used to the dimness, they looked around and saw that some one had been here before them. A spade lay on the ground and beside it was a basket.

"There might be buried treasure here," said Bob, in an awed voice.

"I believe there is!" agreed Maggie. "Look at Cæsar!" The dog was sniffing and pawing in one corner of the cave where the ground seemed newly disturbed.

Bob seized the spade. "Let me!" begged Bess; but Bob paid no attention and began to dig. The three held their breaths. Presently the spade struck something hard. Bob fell to with added ardor. Suddenly he straightened up and handed the spade to Maggie.

"It 's your turn, Maggie," he said. "I guess it 's almost out now. You ought to have the fun of finding what it is."

Maggie stretched out her hand eagerly. Then she drew it back again. "Go on! Let Bess do it," she said. "Bess wants to awfully."

So it was Bess who actually unearthed a box about two feet long and half as wide. It was fastened with a lock.

"How shall we open it?" asked Bob.

"In the stories they always break it open," said Maggie, breathlessly. "Do you think you can, Bob?"

Just then, there was a noise behind them, and an arrow flew over Maggie's shoulder and fell at her feet. Tied to the shaft was a tiny key. All three turned to see whence the arrow had come; but nobody was visible.

"It 's the boy again!" whispered Maggie. She



THROUGH HE WAS GOING TO SHOOT ME, SO I RAN.

fitted the key into the lock, and as they all bent over the box, she lifted the cover. Though it was dark in the cave, they could see quite plainly that it held a number of interesting things.

"Let 's take it out into the light," cried Bob. They all three laid hands on the box and tugged it out where they could see better.

One by one they lifted out the treasures which were in the box. There were toys and games, ribbons and handkerchiefs, a pocket microscope, a ball, several books. Last of all was a doll with real hair and teeth, beautifully dressed; and a jack-knife, upon which Bob pounced.

"I 've got my wish!" he cried, as he opened its wonderful blades and showed that it was a tool-kit as well as a knife.

"And so have I!" cried Bess, who was hugging her doll tenderly. Maggie eyed them rather wistfully.

"My wish was different!" she said. "And it would n't be in the treasure-chest anyway."

"You can have all the other things, Maggie," said Bess, generously; and Bob added: "You bet! They all ought to be yours."

"Oh, no!" said Maggie. "I don't want them all. But I do want to find the Princess."

Just then, another arrow came flying into the cave. It fell at Maggie's feet, and on it was fastened a note, saying, "Time to go home. Follow the scent."

"Follow the *scent!*" cried Bob. "Do they think we're like dogs? Here, Cæsar!" But Cæsar had disappeared. Just then, they became conscious of a sweet perfume that filled the cave, like the sweetest flowers they had ever smelled, so that they cried "Oh!" in delight.

"That must be the scent we are to follow!" cried Maggie. "Come, we must not disobey," and each carrying part of the treasure, they started for home. The sweet smell hung about the cave, but it became fainter after they were out in the open air. However, they found that by sniffing carefully they could trace it in a certain direction, like a path of perfume; and thither they followed. It was great fun, this following a scent through the woods. And as it guided them by broad paths through the network of crossing footways, it was easy going for them, burdened though they were with treasure-trove. At last, they came to the familiar gate which they found open, with Cæsar beside it, wagging his tail.

"What a wise dog Cæsar is!" exclaimed Maggie. "He knows too much for just a dog." She took from her pocket something which she had wrapped up carefully with paper and string, and, bending over Cæsar, tied the little package to his collar.

"What are you doing, Maggie?" asked Bess, curiously.

"I am sending something to the Princess," said Maggie, bashfully. "She's been so kind to us, I want to do something for her. It ain't much, but it's all I've got. It's a stone with a stripe around it that Mr. Graham gave me, shaped like a heart. He said it was a lucky stone that would bring me good fortune. I guess it has done that already. Now I want *her* to have it, and perhaps it will help drive away the wicked spell."

"You'll lose your luck, Maggie, if you give it away," warned Bess.

"Ho!" said Bob; "whoever it is that's been good to us, I guess she don't need any lucky stone.

She can do everything, whether she's your fairy or not."

"You don't know!" declared Maggie, obstinately. "Sometimes the biggest magicians need help. Sometimes the littlest things can help the biggest—like the lion and the mouse; Mr. Graham said so. At any rate, I'm going to send it to her by Cæsar.—Go to her, Cæsar!"

The dog bounded away into the bushes and disappeared as the children banged the gate of the Park behind them.

CHAPTER VII

TRESPASSERS

THE children had not been invited to visit the Park again. But somehow they took it for granted that what they had done they might continue to do. So the next morning found them again outside the mysterious gate, rubbing their rings and wishing.

"Open, Gate, I pray,
And let me in to-day."

They said the now familiar words in chorus, and waited expectantly. But when nothing at all happened, they were much more surprised than they would have been at the wildest doings of any fairy tale. They had grown so used to the mysterious that only commonplace things seemed strange. That is the way people are made. I suppose it is only because we are so used to waking up in the morning, that we forget how wonderful it is just to be alive! But think how strange living would be if we had grown used to something less lively.

At any rate, Bess and Bob and Maggie were vastly astonished when nothing happened at ten o'clock except all the wonderful things that always happen out of doors at ten o'clock. There was no sound; no sign from the mysterious folk who lived beyond the wall.

"I will knock," said Maggie, going up to the gate on tiptoe. She had just reached out her hand to the great knocker when she saw that the gate was open the tiniest crack. She wondered if it had been so all the time without their noticing it. "Do you suppose we ought to go in without being invited?" she asked the others.

"Of course!" said Bob. "Let's push." So they put their shoulders to the gate and pushed it open. Then, half afraid of what they had done, they waited. Nothing happened. They poked their heads inside. Nobody to be seen; not even Cæsar. Evidently they were not expected.

"Come on!" whispered Bob. "I'm going in." The girls slipped after him timidly.

"I bet something dreadful will happen," said Maggie to herself. But there was a fearful excitement about the adventure that made her eyes shine. Once inside the gate, they looked about, wondering where they should go first. In front of them were three paths. They remembered that the left-hand one led to the lake. Down the one in the middle, they had come from the cave. The third path, to the right, they had not yet tried. But as they stepped toward it, they saw that something like a great silver spider-web was stretched across it from tree to tree. And from this dangled a card with the sign:

NO PASSING THROUGH

"We must not go there," said Maggie. "Which of the other paths shall we take? Shall we go to the lake, or shall we try to find the cave and the wigwam?"

Bob was still staring down the third path. "Bother!" he said. "I want to go down there. That must be the way to where the ponies are."

"We must n't, Bob!" said Bess, pulling him by the sleeve. "Maggie says something awful will happen if we disobey *them*. Come, let's find the lake and the swans. Perhaps we can go out in the boat."

Bob thought this was not a bad idea. So they began to follow the left-hand path. They soon found the flower garden where the peacocks promenaded. But the birds had their tails neatly folded up, and refused to spread them for the children. They descended to the lake where the swans were floating. They came begging for crumbs; but this time there were no little bags around their necks. The children saw the boat across the lake, moored at the island. They looked at it wistfully, wishing they knew a way of calling it to them. It would have been quite like a fairy tale to ride over on the swans. But, as Bess pointed out, the children were too big and the birds too little for that. And though Maggie begged, she could not induce the creatures to go over and draw the boat back to them. They were not obliging like Lohengrin's swan, but acted very much like ordinary pets of the Public Garden.

The children wandered about the banks of the lake, but it was too deep to wade in, and there were no fish-poles, so they could not fish. The lake was very disappointing on this second visit.

"This is no fun," said Bess. "Let's go back and try the other path. Perhaps we can find the wigwam and play Indian there, the way we did before."

They retraced their way to the gate, and started anew on the second path. It wound and

wound, but did not lead to any place that seemed familiar. Finally it turned into a great, open meadow and struggled through the bracken.

"Oh, come on!" said Bob, discontentedly. "There must be a lot of things to see in the Park, if we could only find them."

"Of course there are!" said Maggie. "Goodness knows how many wonderful things. But I want most of all to see the Princess, and find out if my *wish* and the lucky stone have done any good."

"I want to see those ponies," said Bob. "Come on. Let's go back to the gate." He started off on a run.

"Oh, Bob! What are you going to do?" cried Bess, her fat legs trying to keep up with him. But Bob said nothing. He seemed to have some plan in his mind. When they reached the gate, Bob turned deliberately toward the forbidden path.

"Oh, Bob, we must n't go there!" cried Maggie. "We das n't."

"I dast!" said Bob. "I'm going to try it."

He did not disturb the web which was stretched across the path, but squirmed around through the bushes to one side, and was soon in the path beyond, looking back at the girls and beckoning slyly. "Come on!" whispered Bess, "I'm going if Bob does."

"Something bad will happen," said Maggie, hesitating. "Don't you know it always does in the fairy tales?"

"Oho!" jeered Bob. "This is n't a fairy tale. I'm tired of that game. I want to see the ponies."

Bess reached a hand to Maggie. "Let's go," she said. "Maybe the Princess is down there. She must be—she is n't anywhere else."

That settled it. "All right!" said Maggie, scrambling through the bushes; and soon they were all three tiptoeing down the path. It was very exciting, maybe dangerous, and their hearts beat fast.

Presently the path was inclosed with high hedges of pungent box, over which they could see nothing but blue sky. It led to a pretty garden, in a hollow, with a pool of water in the middle, where floated the biggest pond-lilies the children had ever seen. "Oh, look!" cried Bob, pointing up the avenue which led from the garden by a flight of steps. "There's the house!" Maggie looked up eagerly, and there at the end of the avenue, with flowers in borders and in marble urns up and down the whole length, was a beautiful white palace—the same one which she had seen from the window of the train.

"It must be where the Princess lives," whis-

pered Maggie. "How beautiful it is!" They craned their necks and stared with all their eyes.

"Let 's go closer," whispered Bob, and they crept nearer and nearer, until they had a good view of the whole great villa and its broad veranda set with palms and hanging plants, furnished prettily with rugs and seats and couches, like an outdoor room. The figure of a lady in a trailing white dress came out of the doorway and glided to one of the long chairs.

"Oh!" breathed Maggie, "I believe that is the Princess herself in her own form! I wish we could speak to her."

Maggie stole out from behind the big vase of flowers where she was crouching, and crept still farther up the avenue. Bess and Bob were close behind her. Suddenly a shrill voice very near them cried:

"Help! Thieves! Murder! Go away! Go away!"

The children jumped, and looked at one another with scared faces. "Help! Help!" cried the voice again. It was a high, shrill voice, not quite like a real person's; and, of course, Maggie immediately thought of fairies. But in a minute they saw what was speaking. On a perch in front of them a big red-and-green bird was fluttering his wings wildly and talking. Yes, he was talking, as the children had never known a bird could do, except in story-books! A parrot was as great a stranger to Bonnyburn as to the tenement where Maggie lived. They all stared at this fellow with wondering, frightened eyes.

"Help! Murder! Fire!" screamed the parrot again, louder than before, while the children stood rooted to the ground as if fascinated.

"Come back, Maggie!" whispered Bess, and she and Bob began to retreat. Maggie, however, still held her ground.

"Hello! What 's all this? Who 's trespassing in my garden?" cried a gruff voice, suddenly. "The parrot 's given yez away!"

A huge creature with a wicked-looking pitchfork in his hand appeared close to them. His beard was red as fire, and his eyes blazed angrily. He took a step toward them, brandishing his weapon and growling like an animal.

"It 's the ogre!" shrieked Maggie. And at her words, they all turned and ran as fast as they could. Bob and Bess never stopped until they had reached the gate by the way they had come in. When they were safe outside, breathless and trembling, they looked around for Maggie. She was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, do you suppose the dreadful ogre caught her?" wailed Bess, who had heard all about ogres the night before from one of Maggie's tales.

"Ogre nothing!" cried Bob. "It was the Penfold's old gardener. I 've seen him before. They say he 's as cross as two sticks. I hope he won't hurt Maggie."

"Oh, what shall we do?" sobbed Bess. "It was all your fault, Bob!"

Bob hung his head. He knew she was right. "I don't know," he said sheepishly. "I wish I had n't run away and left her."

"Let 's go home and tell Mother," suggested Bess.

"Father will lick me when he knows," said Bob, hesitating. But there seemed nothing to do but to tell of Maggie's loss; so they turned their faces toward home.

(To be continued)

RIGHTS AND LEFTS

BY MARY DOBBINS PRIOR

UNFAIR

SAID the Right-hand to the Left-hand,
"You 're lazy, sister dear;
I do three fourths of all our work,
Though you are always near."

Said the Left-hand to the Right-hand,
"T is saddest truth you sing,—
Yet, when our lady 's married,
'T is I will get the ring."

TOO TRUE

SAID the Right-foot to the Left-foot,
"I find you very slow;
'T is always I who makes a start,
Whene'er abroad we go."

Said the Left-foot to the Right-foot,
"Of critics I 'm the worst,
Still, when we get in trouble,
Don't you also get there first?"

TOMMY'S ADVENTURE

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

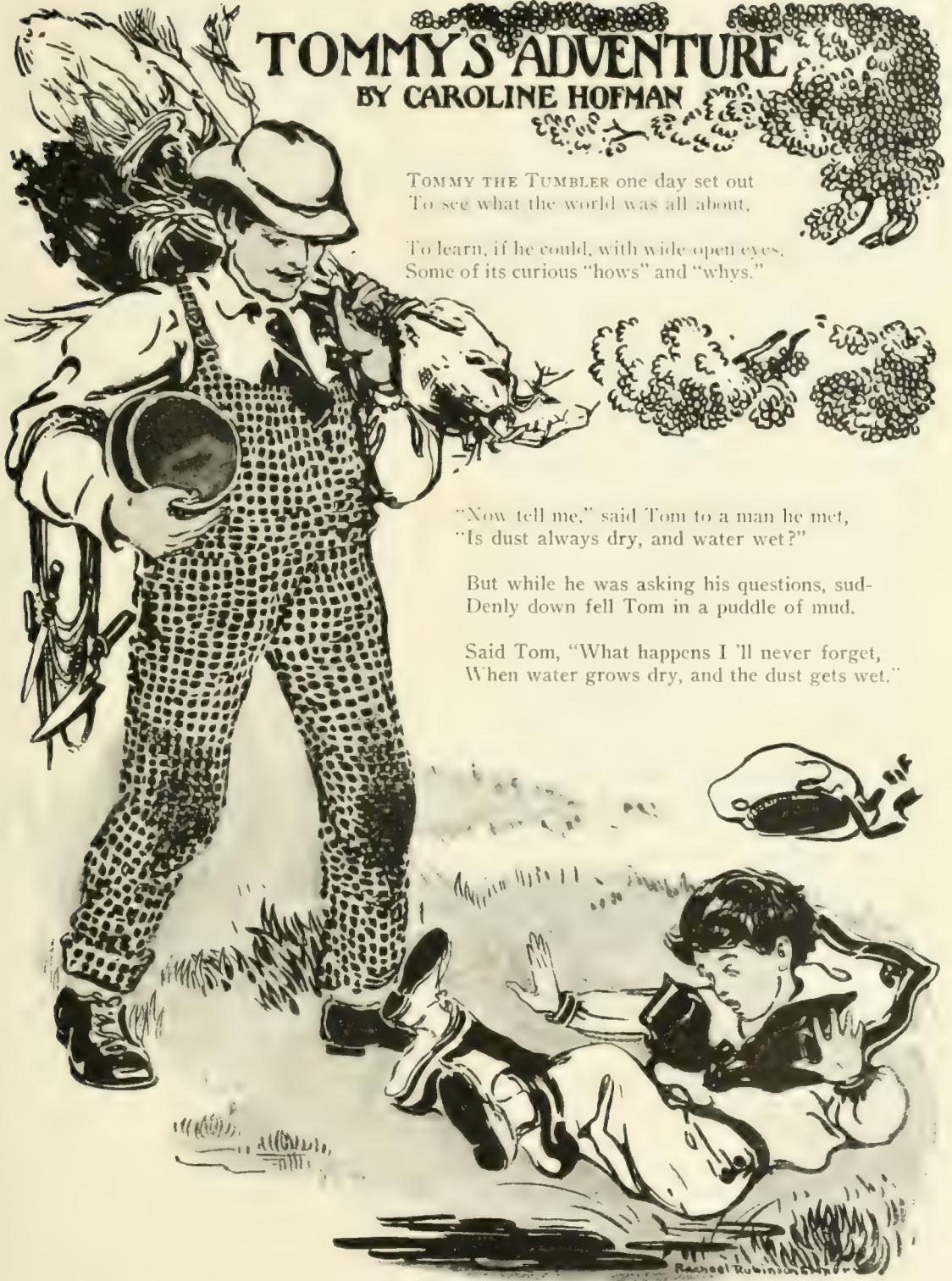
TOMMY THE TUMBLER one day set out
To see what the world was all about,

To learn, if he could, with wide open eyes,
Some of its curious "hows" and "whys."

"Now tell me," said Tom to a man he met,
"Is dust always dry, and water wet?"

But while he was asking his questions, sud-
Denly down fell Tom in a puddle of mud.

Said Tom, "What happens I 'll never forget,
When water grows dry, and the dust gets wet."



BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS

by *Billy Evans*

Umpire in the American League



1

Freak Plays and Superstitions
Some surprising facts about
the game's greatest Stars
and their pet hobbies



BASE-BALL-PLAYERS are, perhaps, the most superstitious class of people in the world. That statement applies to the amateurs and "bush leaguers" just as strongly as it does to the Big League stars. The extent to which they allow themselves to be influenced by mere superstition is really surprising.

Perhaps nothing will illustrate this statement any better than a little incident in connection with the recent World's Series. The Athletics, a team made up mostly of college men, and supposed to possess more intelligence than the average ball team, were the actors in this little comedy of superstition. For years, the Philadelphia club has stayed at the same hotel in New York, one very close to Forty-second Street. Naturally, all the hotels were crowded during the series. This particular hotel had arranged to take care of the players in its customary satisfactory style. It occurred to Manager Mack that perhaps it might be better to have the players stay at a hotel farther up-town during the series. He thought this would enable the team to be free from the noise and excitement in the down-town hotels. Arrangements for the change had been practically completed when the players heard of the proposed shift.

In five minutes, little groups of players could be seen in various parts of the hotel lobby engaged in earnest conversation. After a time, the various groups got together in one large conference which lasted several minutes. Then the meeting ended, and one of the players, a college graduate, made his way to Manager Mack. He called the latter aside, and addressed him in substance as follows:

"The boys understand that you intend changing hotels?"

"Only during the World's Series," answered Mack. "I thought they would like to get away from the noise and bustle."

"They have delegated me to request that no change be made in hotels during the series."

"Any particular reason for not wanting to change?" asked Mack, who failed to see a good reason for the request, because in many ways the hotel to which he intended to move far surpassed the team's headquarters at the time.

"Well, ball-players are superstitious, as you know," answered the player. "We have won several pennants, and always stayed at this hotel. When we beat the 'Giants' for the World's Series in 1911, we stayed at this hotel. And the boys would much prefer staying here during the present series. Most of them think a change in hotels would surely 'jinx' or hoodoo them."

"That settles it," answered Mack, with a smile. "Right here, then, is where we will stay."

The player who had acted as a committee of one rejoined the others and made known the outcome of his conference. And then, to justify their superstition, the Athletics went out and beat the Giants four out of six games.

Almost every player has some pet superstition which appeals to him very forcibly, and often he makes a strong appeal to the superstition to aid him in a pinch. Eddie Collins, second baseman extraordinary, a graduate of Columbia University, one of the brightest chaps in base-ball, always resorts to a profuse scattering of the bats when his club is behind and a few runs are needed to win or tie the game. It is customary

for the bats to lie in front of the bench, and it is one of the duties of the bat boy to keep them in order. In a pinch, Collins proceeds to "muss up" the thirty or forty bats, and when he gets through, they are scattered in all directions. This having been done, his team is expected to make the necessary runs.

On Labor Day afternoon, last season, Philadelphia won a very unusual game from Washington, during which Collins did some fancy-work in scattering the bats about. It would surprise you to know what a prominent part the players believe the bat-scattering played in the victory.

The great Walter Johnson was pitching for Washington, and the game had gone into extra innings. In the first half of the tenth, Washington scored a run. With Johnson going at top speed, this run looked as big as a mountain. As the first Athletic player was retired in the last half of the tenth, many of the spectators began to file out of the grounds, in order to get an early start for home, as the park was taxed to capacity. By the time the second man was retired, one fourth of the crowd was outside the park. The next batter was Eddie Murphy, the lead-off man. As Murphy started toward the plate, Collins proceeded to scatter the bats in all directions. Murphy swung at the first ball and missed. The second strike was called. With two strikes and no balls on the batter, it looked as if Collins's pet superstition had failed to work.

On the next ball pitched Murphy singled cleanly to left field. As the ball left Johnson's hand, practically the entire crowd rose to its feet, in order to be on its way. It had grown a trifle dark, and Johnson's speed was so terrific that it did not seem possible for any one to hit the ball safely. Murphy's single caused a portion of the spectators to return to their seats. Then came "Rube" Oldring, who is always a dangerous man in the pinch, and a mighty good hitter at any stage of the game. Oldring had evidently made up his mind to strike at the first ball delivered. Also it was evident that he gave the hit-and-run sign to Murphy, for the latter was in action the moment Johnson started his delivery. The ball was a perfect strike; Oldring met it squarely, and it sailed on a line to left center, evaded Clyde Milan, and rolled to the bleachers. Murphy sprinted from first to the plate on the drive, and only the fastest kind of fielding on the part of Milan held Oldring at second. It was then up to Collins to deliver the hit that meant the winning of the game. With some difficulty he found his bat among the many he had scattered about in front of the bench. Stepping to the batter's box, he hit the second ball pitched to right field

for a clean single, and Oldring, by a magnificent burst of speed and a beautiful head-first slide, managed to beat the almost perfect throw of Moeller to the plate. It was one of the greatest climaxes of a ball game that I have ever witnessed. I was umpiring at the plate that afternoon, and never saw Johnson have more "stuff." There did not appear to be a chance for the Athletics to win, with two out and two strikes on the



UMPIRE TAKES ABOUT TO LOSE THE MASK AND SAVE THE GAME

batter, but three clean hits in quick succession changed an apparent defeat into a glorious victory. But, remember: by the players themselves the scattering of the bats was given as much credit for the rally as the hits of Murphy, Oldring, and Collins. And, incidentally, the four or five thousand who departed before the end of the game are still "kicking themselves" for not staying for the finish. "Never leave until the last man is out," is a pretty good rule to follow in base-ball.

A loser will do almost anything in base-ball to break his run of bad luck. The "Jonah man"

certainly pursued that famous manager, Frank Chance, most relentlessly last year. There is no denying Chance's ability as a manager. His wonderful record with the Chicago "Cubs" is ample proof of that. However, no manager can compete with strong clubs with a weak team, and make much headway. That was just what Chance was up against in New York last year.

The "jinx," as the players term it, worked overtime at the Polo Grounds. Despite the fact that the club played some exceedingly good games at home, it was not until June 7 that Chance succeeded in winning his first game of

Chance, discussing with him his "run of tough luck." Chance was game, and was taking his medicine like a man. I remarked that such a break in luck could not last forever, and Chance replied that he, too, thought it could not, since he had all the "good-luck charms" that could be found. Then he took from a pocket in his baseball trousers as varied a collection of "hoodoo-busters" as I have ever seen. He had all the luck charms that could possibly be gathered together. All of them had been sent to him by friends and well-wishers. "I'm putting five new ones into service to-day, as well as that old horse-shoe," which he had nailed to the top of the bench. "I hope to win one of these two games to-day."

The first game looked like a cinch for New York until late in the game, when the Red Sox had a batting rally, and batted out enough runs to overcome the big lead piled on by the home team during the early innings. Chance was a sorely disgusted man when I went over to get his batting order for the second game.

"I guess a fellow needs ball-players, not good-luck pieces, to win ball games, Billy," said Chance,



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MR. EVANS UMPIRING ONE OF THE GAMES OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

the year at the Polo Grounds. On the road the club made a good showing, but, try as it might for the first two months of the season, it was unable to put over a victory at home. Game after game appeared won, only to be lost in the final innings by a slump in the pitching or some costly errors. On June 7, Chance managed to defeat Chicago by one run, and that victory was not certain until a timely single by Peckinpough in the ninth sent the winning run over the plate. Chance proceeded to do a war-dance that would have done credit to some Indian brave. He reasoned that the hoodoo had been eliminated; that from that time on, victories would be more frequent. And they were.

Just to show you to what length a manager will go in an effort to get a break in luck, I will relate an occurrence that took place at the Polo Grounds. The Boston "Red Sox" were scheduled to play a double-header with the New York team there on June 2. Before the beginning of the game, I was sitting on the bench with

with a smile. "But, say, have n't you any suggestion to offer?"

"You seem to have tried most of them," I answered; "but in the bush leagues I've seen managers of home teams go to bat first, in an effort to change their luck." (In base-ball it is customary for the visiting team to bat first.)

"That is one stunt I have n't tried as yet," replied Chance. "When you go over to get the batting order from Manager Stahl, tell him that we will go to bat first, instead of Boston."

New York managed to make a couple of runs in the opening inning, and Chance again had hopes that luck was finally coming his way. But, about the fifth inning, Boston made a half dozen runs, and three or four more in the next, and before the conclusion of the contest, the New York club was again swamped.

FREAK plays, about as weird as some of the superstitions of star ball-players, often occur in base-ball. For a man to bat twice in the same

inning, and single each time, is rather unusual. For that player to bat out of order his second time up, and make a hit that decided the game, is very extraordinary as far as the Major



CHANCE, OF THE NEW YORK
ATHLETICS.

scorer discovered that Chance had batted out of the proper order. Immediately he made known the error to the St. Louis players, but it was too late to rectify the mistake. The rule on this point says that unless the mistake is discovered before a ball is pitched to the following batter, there is no chance to penalize the batsman who has batted out of turn. Had not St. Louis made three runs in the final inning, bringing the score to a total of 8 to 6, it is likely that little would have been said about the play. Since Chance's second single, when he batted out of order, had scored two runs, and he had tallied later, the error was the turning-point in the game. With these three runs ruled out, St. Louis would have won 6 to 5. That club protested the game, but of course they gained nothing.

The man who was playing short-stop for the New York club that afternoon and batting eighth, was responsible for the mix-up. Since Chance had batted for the pitcher his first time at bat, it was necessary that he again bat in the pitcher's place. Instead of doing this, he batted in place of the short-stop, who did not go to the plate at

Leagues are concerned. The climax of the affair was the loss of his job as a Big Leaguer by the player who forgot his turn at bat. Naturally, the luckless New York Americans had to figure in this play.

That club and St. Louis were the contesting teams, at St. Louis. The "Browns" led by a run or two until about the seventh inning, when Chance decided to call on all his reserve force, with the hope of pulling out a victory. He started the inning by going to bat himself, in place of the pitcher. He singled, and scored a moment later on a single and a double. He had started a rally. After scoring his run, he went down to the third-base line to coach. With four runs in, men on second and third, and one out, one of the New York players yelled to Chance from the bench that it was his turn to bat again, as he was still in the game. Chance responded with a single through short that scored two runs, and a moment later he also scored. The Yankees had made seven runs in this inning, and had gone into the lead with a comfortable margin.

After the side had been retired, and the second half of the inning was about to start, the official



CHANCE, OF THE NEW YORK
ATHLETICS.

all in an inning in which seven runs were scored. Chance then and there decided that any player who could not remember his position in the batting order belonged to some other club.

I had a play come up in a very important game last year which, while not unusual, was just con-

fusing enough to the crowd to draw upon me its censure at the time, although I was forced to rule the way I did. Late in the game, with the visiting team three runs behind, one of the visitors



RAY OF THE CLEVELAND NAPS

reached first base on a clean single. The next batter gave the hit-and-run sign to the man on first. The catcher anticipated the play and called for a pitch-out, and then, in his anxiety to get the ball, and realizing that he must make a hurried throw, accidentally tipped the batter's bat at just about the time the bat hit the ball. It is possible that the accidental interference in no way affected the play; but that has nothing to do with the case. It was a fast grounder to the short-stop, who tossed the ball to the second baseman, apparently forcing the man from first on a very close play. The second baseman wheeled quickly, and by a perfect throw managed to get the ball to first an instant ahead of the runner.

The home crowd was jubilant. It was sure that this fast fielding had killed any chance the visitors might have had in that inning. I was umpiring balls and strikes that afternoon, and after the umpire on base decisions had waved out both men, it became necessary for me to get into the argument. The rule on interference by the catcher is very plain; it simply entitles the batsman to first base, other runners advancing only when forced. Instead of allowing the double play, I granted first base to the batsman who had been interfered with by the catcher, and sent

the runner who had been on first to second, although he had apparently been retired at that base. That left two men on the bases, with no one out. The next batter responded with a fly-ball, which would have made the third out and retired the side, had there been no interference. It was a bad break in luck, for the next four men hit safely, five runs resulting before the side was retired. The visiting team won the game that afternoon by a one-run margin, and naturally the entire blame for the defeat was placed on my shoulders by a majority of the fans, simply because they did not understand what had happened on the ball-field. Only the fact that none of the players in any way disputed the decision saved considerable trouble. A great many of the fans evidently knew that the umpire must have been correct in his ruling, since the verdict was not disputed in the slightest.

Losing track of the number of men out, or the number of innings played, has been responsible for some of the freakiest plays imaginable. It would be utterly impossible to produce such plays unless some one slumbered on the job. To illustrate:

Several years ago, two of the leading teams in the National League were engaged in a very important contest. With the beginning of the last half of the ninth, the visiting team enjoyed a



DOC WHITE, OF THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX

two-run lead. It is customary among ball-players always to keep the ball that ends the game, provided their side is victorious. In the last half of the ninth in this particular game, the

home team managed to fill the bases, with one down. For some reason, the right-fielder of the visiting club got the notion that two were out. When the batter sent a fly to right field, and that gentleman had made the catch, he hiked to the club-house at full speed, believing the game finished. As he made the catch and demonstrated his fleetness of foot in a dash for the club-house, the three base-runners made a dash for the plate, while the crowd yelled like mad. It was simply impossible for his team-mates to attract the attention of the right-fielder and make him realize what a terrible "bone" he was pulling. Before he could be reached, the three runners had crossed the plate, and the home team had won the game. None of the home players made any attempt to get that ball, even though they had won the game!

Last year, a play almost as unusual happened in the Eastern League. At all ball-parks it is customary to have a score board, to give the results of the home game and other games throughout the League. Very often through carelessness the man who operates the board makes a mistake. That is what he did on the day in question, and the center-fielder followed suit. In some way, the score-board man got an extra inning on the board, so that when the home team was playing the last half of the eighth inning, the score board showed they were playing the last half of the ninth.

When the outfielder went to his position, he glanced at the board (as he afterward explained), and saw, according to the board, that the final inning was being played. The score at the time was tied. The home team got a man as far as third, with two down, when the batter hit a sharp single to left center. Believing it was the ninth inning, and that the hit meant the winning of the game, the center-fielder, after starting after the ball, changed his mind in favor of the club-house. Before the left-fielder could retrieve the ball, the batter had made a home run, where he would have been lucky to have

stretched it into a double, had it been properly fielded. The "bonehead play" had presented the home team with a run, and of course they won the game. The visiting team made a run in the first half of the ninth, which would have tied up the game, but as it did not, the home team won 3 to 2.

Freak plays and pet superstitions are two interesting features of baseball. It is surprising the way the athletes will allow their brains to wander in these two directions. Lajoie never steps to the plate without drawing a line with his bat. That is part of the batting art to Larry, and is regarded as absolutely essential. I do not believe that "Doc" White ever started an inning without throwing a curve as the last ball in the warm-up practice with his catcher. To do otherwise, in "Doc's" mind, would be tempting fate. I know of any number of players who absolutely refuse to step into the batter's box in front of the catcher. They insist on making a detour behind the catcher and umpire, even though they are forced to walk to the grand stand to do it. I know one great hitter who would not think of stepping to the plate until the team's hunchback mascot had caressed his bat. Sam Crawford, star slugger of the "Tigers," turns out his own bats. None but his make would do. Ball-players, even the most intelligent, have pet superstitions many of which would have been ridiculed when witchcraft flourished.



SAM CRAWFORD, OF THE
DETROIT TIGERS

BAD FAIRIES

BY C. H.

OF all the bad fairies who meddle with life,
The worst are a mischievous elf and his wife;
—So whatever you 're doing, beware of these two,
They are: "Have n't Much Time"
and
"I Guess It Will Do."



"HERE'S A SPECIMEN. I CALL THAT NEAT AND REMARKABLE," SAID NATE. (ILL. PAGE 529.)

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XII

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JUNIOR

BEFORE long, on the very spot from which Brian had dropped the packet, and also frowning down into the water, another boy stood leaning on the bridge's rail. Rodman had had a bad half-hour with the doctor. "This was n't a nice cut to begin with, young man," the doctor had said. "It was nothing but a mean, nasty tear, and you were lucky that it healed as well as it did. Now you 've partly broken it open again, and I warn you that you 're likely to have a stiff wrist for life if you do it again. These ligaments will inflame; they were badly scraped to begin with, and I warned you to take no liberties with them. Tell Nate he 's to keep you from hard work of any kind, and you are not to do anything that involves steady gripping with this hand. That means no working at his jigger. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly plain," Rodman had answered sadly. Now, looking down into the water, he wondered what he was to do. He must earn money somehow, but in what way?

He was, however, not so much occupied with his troubles that he did not notice Brian's packet, which was delicately balanced at the edge of the water, six feet below the flooring of the bridge. It was in the lower branches of a clump of bushes.

The writing Rodman could not read. He was at first inclined to consider the package a mere discarded envelop, and had not yet made up his mind to secure it, when all question as to what it could be was put at rest by its quietly slipping into the water. He saw at once that it was not an empty envelop, for, instead of floating high, it went entirely under, and only slowly came to the surface again. Therefore the envelop was full—as, suddenly rousing himself, he recognized

he should have known from its abundance of uncancelled stamps.

At once he slipped through the railing on the bridge, and carefully using his left hand rather than his right, swung himself down. He found footing on a heavy stone that projected from the abutment of the bridge, and holding by the bush, looked for the packet. It was still floating, but entirely out of his reach. Should he swim for it? He was a poor swimmer, and the water was too swift. Disappointed, he stood watching the packet.

Then he noted that it was not yet in the main stream, but was held by an eddy which was slowly swinging it in a circle. In a moment, he calculated, he would have a chance at it, and only one chance, for the packet, being on the outer edge of the eddy, would not escape the main stream a second time. Doubting how close the eddy would sweep it, he stepped into the stream, upon a flat rock that lay a foot below the surface. Then, holding fast by his left hand, he prepared to reach as far as he could, all the time watching the packet eagerly.

As if it knew what it was doing, it tantalized him by keeping away. The eddy seemed to weaken, as a rush of water from the main stream shot right into it. The packet pivoted, turned, and began to move toward the middle of the current. Seizing his only chance, Rodman trusted his whole weight to the bush, stretched as far as he could, and seized the packet. For a moment he remained extended over the water, looking down into the depth of it. To his surprise the packet seemed to resist him. Then with a strong effort he drew himself upright, put the wet packet between his teeth, and clambered up on the bridge.

There he stamped his feet and shook his prize, to clear them both of water. Then with his handkerchief he began drying the packet. The tough paper had resisted the water fairly well, and he saw that it was scarcely the worse for its sousing. Even the ink had hardly begun to run. But as he turned the packet over, he noticed that one corner of it was open. Something beneath the surface of the water had caught on the lower corner of the envelop, and had ripped it apart. From inside there showed clearly the edges of a number of yellow bank-notes.

Now he was indeed glad of what he had done. But to whom did the packet belong? Reading the writing, he found that it was intended for registered mail, and that Mr. Dodd was the sender. He put the package in his pocket, and began slowly to walk away.

He had not gone fifty yards when he saw Pel-

ham and Brian, keen and excited, hurrying to meet him. Rodman stood still until they reached him; he watched them, saying nothing. Pelham eagerly demanded:

"Have you found anything?"

"For instance, what?" asked Rodman.

"A package for the mail," explained Pelham. "In a brown envelop, tied with string, and stamped."

Rodman drew it from his pocket. Brian snatched it from him and looked it over.

"It 's wet!" he cried.

"I just saved it from floating down the river," said Rodman, quietly.

Brian looked at him angrily. "And you 've begun to open it! You could have seen who owned it!"

Rodman, turning away from Brian, spoke to Pelham: "Something in the water must have caught that corner and ripped it open as I took it out." And nodding coldly, he brushed past Brian, and went away.

The two boys watched him go. "His feet are wet," said Pelham, presently. "So are the bottoms of his trousers. Brian, you 're a grateful person!"

"He need n't have tried to open the thing," grumbled Brian.

"I believe him," said Pelham, dryly. "And now, what are you going to do?"

Brian felt again of the packet, then looked it over carefully. "The writing 's still quite clear. And I don't believe the envelop is wet through. No, the bills are n't damp at all. We can just paste up this end and send it." He looked eagerly at Pelham. If he did not consent, then Brian knew he was in for blame.

For a moment Pelham studied him shrewdly, then he took the packet and looked it over. Finally he gave it back to Brian. "Well, I should take it back to Father. But do as you please."

"It 's easily patched," argued Brian. "I can just get a tube of paste at the store, and some brown paper that will look just the same. You 'll see that I can patch it very neatly."

Pelham raised no further objection. He knew that his father would dislike to have an untidy package, such as was bound to result, sent with his name. Still, since he felt sure that the package would go safely, Pelham merely said: "Glue is safer than paste. Make sure that the stamps are on tight." Together they went to the store, and when Brian had finished his patching and the packet was registered, they hurried to the ball-field and joined the game that had already begun.

The only spectator was Rodman. Pelham, feel-

ing that the boy might very well be discontented at Brian's treatment of him, tried to be especially friendly. "You're not playing this afternoon?" he asked, seating himself beside him.

Rodman displayed a freshly bandaged wrist. "Hurt myself again."

"That's mean!" sympathized Pelham. "I call that tough luck. How did you do it?"

Rodman showed great interest in a ball that was just hit. "I could n't help it," he replied. "Still, it knocks me out of base-ball for one while. And other things. It's going to be very troublesome to me."

Pelham sat thinking. "He's perfectly willing to talk to me," he concluded, "therefore he is n't sulky. He just does n't want to tell how he did it. Moral, don't ask him any more." He spoke aloud: "This might prevent your working."

"That's what I mean," agreed Rodman. He looked at Pelham, frankly quite distressed. "I don't know what I'm going to do!"

In spite of evident feeling, Rodman spoke in a low voice, so that others should not hear. "He trusts me," thought Pelham. It had formerly been so difficult to get within Rodman's guard that he was very much pleased. He was about to answer when the boys shouted his name, and he had to go to his position at first base.

When he returned at the end of the inning, Rodman was whittling, but at the sight of Pelham he began to put his knife away. "Foolish habit, whittling," he said. "Having no wood, I use dry grass rather than nothing."

"But for grass your knife must be sharp," remarked Pelham.

"It's sharp, and it's strong, too," answered Rodman. "That's the way I like a knife to be."

"So do I," responded Pelham. His attention was attracted to the field, and he shouted in applause of a good catch, even though one of his own side was put out.

"Brian's next at bat," he said. "You know, for a city fellow he plays pretty well. He's been coached."

"At boarding-school?" inquired Rodman.

"He goes to some sort of a private school," explained Pelham. "Athletics are a part of the course.—Oh, a two-base hit! But he broke his bat—my bat! Bill, toss me that, will you?"

Brian, returning in triumph after making his run, found Pelham ruefully studying his bat. "Sorry," he said. "But it's only cracked. Can't we mend it?"

"Give me the tube of glue," said Pelham. "Now bend the bat across your knee, so as to open the cracks. Not too much!" He squeezed the glue into the cracks. "Now for some string!"

But in all the pockets on the field nothing better was to be found than a spool of thread, strong of its kind, but too fine for bat-mending.

"Well," said Pelham, after thinking, "we can make this do." He cut off a dozen feet of the thread and gave one end to Brian. "Now," he said, "we can do with this what you did with that cord. Twist!"

But after a half-minute's work, it was evident that something was wrong. "Here," demanded Pelham, at his end of the thread, "are you doing this right?"

"I'm twisting the same way you are," answered Brian.

"That's wrong," answered Pelham. "Twist against me."

"But that surely can't be right," objected Brian.

Rodman spoke. "Both of you should turn with the twist of the thread."

"That's better!" cried Pelham, presently. "Now bring me your end—hold it! Don't let it go! Take the thread as I do with the other hand, as near the middle as you can. Now hold both ends.—Brian, I should suppose you'd never done such a thing before! But we've got it right now." And Pelham, provided with a suitable cord, at last proceeded to wind his bat.

But this incident meant nothing to Pelham until, in another inning, he saw the farmer, Johnson, come and stand by Rodman's side, and heard him say: "Sorry I could n't bring you over from Winton. Still, I see ye got here safely. Got a lift?"

"Yes," answered Rodman.

"Who brought ye?" asked the inquisitive farmer.

Rodman laughed, not easily. "I'll tell you some day." Rising, he left the field, evidently with the intention of going back to Nate's.

Pelham was surprised. The game was interesting and the score was even: why, then, should Rodman go away? Why should n't he tell who had brought him home from Winton? Why should any one conceal such a thing?

Johnson, talkative, now went to Brian. "S'pose ye found your cousin all right. I was too early; jes' 's well you stopped off."

Brian glanced quickly at Pelham, then impatiently at Johnson. "Just as well," he answered. Then he too walked away.

And Pelham, still surprised, continued to ask himself questions. What was it that Brian did not want him to know? Why did he too run away from Johnson? What had Johnson meant? He tried to recall the words, but they had no especial meaning. If it had-not been for the

other things that had gone on under Pellam's eyes, he would not have been able to understand.

But suddenly he saw a glimmer of truth. Rodman had a sharp knife. Brian had n't. Rodman

What had brought him home?

Still another line of thought: why had Rodman been unwilling to tell of hurting his wrist? *How had he done it?*



"HARK! HE CRIED AGAIN. 'LOOK! THAT'S THE DANGER LINE!' SEE PAGE 525."

apparently always carried his knife; Brian did n't. And Rodman knew how to twist a cord for making a double string of it, while Brian had known nothing of the trick.

It was Rodman, then, who had spiced that shaft?

Another line of thought: Rodman had that day been to Winton. Who had brought him home? And Brian—what had he to do with Johnson, and what had the farmer meant by "stopping off"?

It was not all clear to Pelham, but he began to whistle softly to himself.

"Pelham at bat!" shouted the boys.

Pelham still sat and whistled. He seemed not to have heard them.

"Pelham at bat!" they shouted louder.

Pelham went to take his turn, and struck out.

"You don't seem to care much," grumbled one of his side. "What are you whistling to yourself like that for?"

But Pelham still whistled softly at intervals, and said nothing to any one.

CHAPTER XIII

ANOTHER FAMILY COUNCIL

"WAL," hesitated Nate, "if ye don't mind my speakin' before so many."

"It 's about Rodman, is n't it?" asked Mr. Dodd.

"Yes," answered Nate.

"Well," explained Mr. Dodd, "we 're all so much interested in him that it seems unkind to the rest not to discuss him together. The boys and Harriet each have a kind of share in him."

"All right," answered Nate. "There 's no secret to it, anyway. It 's jes' the fact that he can't work for me no more, havin' hurt his wrist agin."

"Indeed?" asked Mr. Dodd. "How did he do that?"

"I don't know," replied Nate. "Plain fact is, he won't tell. Says he could n't help it, but it is n't entirely his own affair, an' he can't speak of it."

Pelham had glanced quickly at Harriet. With an effort she had kept herself from speaking, and sat looking at Nate with a face of dismay. Pelham next looked covertly at Brian. He was studying the floor, but his face was flushed.

"Rodman jes' can't do any o' my work at all," complained Nate. "He must n't use that hand for any heavy or steady grippin'—and that for weeks, probably. He feels awful about it. There 's jes' one thing that I see he can do."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Dodd.

Nate looked awkwardly at his listeners, then made up his mind to proceed. "You know," he began, "that that bookkeeper o' yourn is a sickly sort o' critter since his operation, an' somebody has to spell him most o' the time? Sometimes you even let Pelham work with him. By that I mean," explained Nate, smiling apologetically at Pelham, "that it is n't a man's job. Now what I propose is that you should make a stiddy job in the office for Rodman."

Harriet exclaimed with approval; then she sought her mother's hand, and seemed better satisfied. Mr. Dodd, with raised brows, glanced at his eldest son, then back at Nate.

"For one thing," he objected, "the writing would be a pretty steady employment. How could he use his hand at it?"

"Rodman 's left-handed," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Dodd nodded. "Then again," he continued, with a smile, "I 've trained the family to write well. What kind of a handwriting has this youngster of yours?"

Nate produced a piece of paper. "Here 's a specimen, an' not written for examination, neither. Rodman jotted down some directions I gave him the other day, an' I brought the piece of paper along. I call that neat an' readable."

Mr. Dodd, after examining the slip of paper, handed it to Bob, who smiled his pleasure at the excellent writing. Pelham, silently watching his father, saw that his strongest objections were yet to come.

"Nate," began Mr. Dodd, "I hate to say this, but you ask a good deal of me, and I 'll have to speak plainly. I 've got to have in my office some one that I can trust. This boy is under suspicion."

Nate returned his glance doggedly. "You mean that wallet o' your nevvys?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dodd.

"It seems to me, Mr. Dodd," replied Nate, "that you 're takin' away the boy's character for a mere suspicion. I ask this young man's pardon," Nate bowed coolly at Brian, "but what I can't help sayin' is, first how do we know that wallet was stole' at all? Because a feller thinks he sees another with a wallet, it need n't be one that 's been lost. It might be the second feller's own. An' again, Rodman ain't got no wallet. He had n't nothin' of the kind in his clothes. An' I 'd like to hear what your nevvys 'll say to that." He looked at Brian.

Brian did not look at him. "I saw him with a wallet in his hand," he stated.

Nate turned impatiently away from him. "Well," he said to Mr. Dodd, "it 's nateral you 'd think o' this, anyhow. But now see here. You 've got some property o' mine. Now I understand it 's customary, when a man takes a position o' trust, fer his friends to put up a guarantee that he won't steal. I 'll sign a pledge to the amount o' half my savin's to give back anythin' Rodman makes away with."

"That is n't the point, Nate," began Mr. Dodd. Nate interrupted him.

"I 'll put up every cent I own fur a guarantee. You must have all o' ten thousand dollars o' mine. I 'll deed the farm to ye, if ye say so. An' it seems to me that the boy 'll never have a chance to steal as much property as that amounts to." And Nate, usually so cool, but now to Pelham's amazement plainly excited, with the air of having made an unanswerable proposition, sat and waited triumphantly.

With evident reluctance, Mr. Dodd prepared to answer. "I 've invested your savings for more than twenty years," he said. "I don't believe, Nate, you know how much money you 've got in my hands. But as I began to say, that

really is n't the point. It 's true that when a man takes a position of trust, bonds are furnished for his good behavior. But this is n't that kind of a case, for no man is given a position of trust unless he is clear of suspicion to begin with. There 's no particular chance that, working in my office, though he might often be alone there, Rodman would have opportunity to steal much—that is, much that would be of value to him. But even that is n't the point. So long as he would have the chance to make trouble for me, however slight, although I might be willing to put him at work in the mill, I 'm not willing to employ him in the office till I know more about his honesty."

"When Father looks like that," thought Pelham, "there 's mighty little more to be said."

But Nate, though momentarily daunted, did not rise to go. Instead, his glance fixed itself steadily on Brian, who, after a moment's silence, finding the others looking at Nate, found Nate's cold eye on him. Reddening, Brian looked away.

"If Mr. Brian Dodd," said Nate, "will withdraw that charge about the wallet, as not bein' proved, that 'll be a step in the right direction."

Brian grew redder still. Finding not only Nate but all the others looking at him, he looked down. "I told Uncle I hoped it would all be dropped," he mumbled.

"So he did," agreed Mr. Dodd, when Nate looked inquiringly at him. "But, Nate, the charge was made in good faith. Both the boys, when they came home, believed this young fellow to have found and made off with Brian's wallet. Brian is good enough to say that he wants nothing done about it; but that does n't explain what became of the wallet."

They all sat in silence. Pelham, glancing about the circle, was surprised to see that Harriet was almost in tears. He would have thought her angry, except that there seemed to be no cause for it.

"Father," said Harriet, suddenly, and speaking with difficulty, "I think that if Brian wanted to say something in Rodman's favor, he could tell you what happened to-day."

Pelham was learning a good deal concerning the uses of watchfulness and a little thought. Turning to Brian, he saw in his dismay pretty good proof of his own suspicions as to what had happened on the way home from Winton. But he saw also that not for anything would Brian have his uncle know of his desertion of Harriet. Besides, he did not know how this could prove Rodman's honesty. Then it flashed over him that on this point he himself could have something to say.

"Why—I—" Brian was stammering.

"I told you at the time," said Pelham, quickly, "that it was best to tell Father."

"You told him?" cried Harriet. "When?"

"When we got the package back, of course," answered Pelham. Harriet, amazed, was about to speak; but Pelham winked at her, and she, subsiding, waited.

Brian, groping for any relief, snatched at the chance that Pelham offered.

"Yes, sir," he said, still embarrassed, but able to speak. "Pelham was right about it, of course, but I did n't want to tell you how careless I was. You know that package for the mail? I suppose it was really too long for my pocket, and as I stood on the bridge for a few minutes, it fell out. When I got to the post-office, it was gone. I met Pelham, and we hurried back for it, and met Rodman. He had found it." Brian stopped.

"He waded for it," went on Pelham. "I think it 's lucky it was n't swept off by the current. It was n't very wet, but he tore the envelop in pulling it out, so that the money showed."

Nate leaned forward. "There was money in it, then?" he demanded. "And yet he gave it right up to you?"

"I did n't think he was going to," hesitated Brian.

"How did he know we had a right to it?" cried Pelham, hotly. It angered him that Brian, just escaping from one difficulty, should hedge so. "Of course he made us tell him what we had lost. Then he gave it up at once."

"And Pelham," asked Mr. Dodd, turning to Brian, "advised you to bring the package to me?"

"I was n't sure there was time," explained Brian.

"And you 'd rather I did n't know of it," added his uncle, dryly.

Harriet's face was radiant. "Father," she cried, "does n't this prove that Rodman is honest? He could have stolen the money, Pelham?"

"Plenty of chance," he answered.

"Well, Nate," said Mr. Dodd, "you see the value of a family conference. If it had n't been for these youngsters, you and I might have got nowhere."

Nate turned to him eagerly: "Have we got anywhere?"

"How much does this boy of yours know of bookkeeping?" asked Mr. Dodd.

Nate's face fell. "So far 's I know, nothin' at all."

"All the better," cried Pelham. "I 'll teach him our system."

Nate looked at him gratefully.

Mr. Dodd rose. "Thanks, Pelham. Another

advantage of a family conference. Nate, bring the boy in on Monday."

CHAPTER XIV

BRIAN'S OPINIONS

"HARRIET," invited Brian, "come out in the canoe."

"As soon as I get my hat," she answered.

She wondered a little at this attention from Brian. He was older than she by two years, and considered himself so much her senior that he had felt free to complain, in her hearing, that there were "no girls" in the town. Harriet had decided that he was fond of girls' society, so long as he was admired enough. For some of his weak points she saw very clearly. At the same time, he was good company when he chose to be, and besides, for reasons of her own, she wanted to please him. Therefore she consented to go.

They embarked at the mill-pond, whose level was notably higher than the day before. "It's risen a foot," estimated Brian. "Why should that happen, in this dry weather?"

Harriet explained: "Father is taking advantage of the drought to repair the dam of the upper basin. The water was very low there, and he has simply let it all out into this."

"He must have lots of water," remarked Brian.

"We have plenty," she answered simply. "But we must be careful not to go near this dam, for there is a strong current over it."

They paddled out into the pond, and then began a circuit of its northern side. There were pond-lilies, and Harriet gathered plenty. Then they turned out into the middle of the pond. While doing all this they chatted cheerfully, until Harriet made a remark that caused Brian to frown.

"You brought only one paddle."

"No need of more," he answered shortly.

"Father says we ought always to have two," she said.

Brian was impatient. "Some folks take too much care. There are people in the city that are scared to cross the street."

"At some corners they may well be," she laughed. "Well, we'll remember next time, that's all." And she tried to speak merrily of other things.

But Brian sat frowning. "You're funny people, you country folk," he remarked at last, not entirely amiably. "You're so *set* in your ways that nothing can pry you out of them—except," he added with still more feeling, "the coming of some such wonderful person as this Rodman that you're all so crazy about."

"Why do you speak so?" she asked. "We are interested in helping him. Why are n't you?"

"I don't believe in him," he returned.

"It was too bad about the wallet," Harriet was beginning, when Brian interrupted her.

"I wish I might never hear the word again!" he said sharply. "I've said a dozen times that I wish the thing was forgotten!"

"It's natural for you to suppose he took it," answered Harriet, "and very good of you not to complain of it. But," she asked gently, "if it's to be forgotten, can't it also be forgiven?"

"Don't speak like a Sunday-school teacher!" he returned. "I suspect the fellow on general principles. I think he's shamming, and I'd like to know why. But of course, since he's your property—"

It was Harriet's turn to interrupt. "I don't mind your saying that when we are alone, Brian. But it's an unkind sort of joke when others are around."

He flushed. Brian did not like to be told that he was in fault. "You're spoiling him among you," he declared.

"He's been working at the mill office for a week," she said. "The hours are pretty long, and the pay low. That does not seem as if we are spoiling him. But, Brian, I am glad that we got on this subject."

He was taken aback, and stared at her.

"I have been wanting to speak to you about it ever since we were all talking about Rodman, with Nate," she said.

"Yes," he answered bitterly. "When you were about to give me away! A lot of good it would have done!"

"I think I was wrong," she agreed. "But you made me very indignant, you were so unfair."

"So were you unfair," he retorted. "You'd already told Pelham all about it—"

"Oh, no!" she cried.

"Lucky he spoke up, anyway," grumbled Brian.

"I am glad you see it was lucky," she said, "because if you think of it a little further, you will realize that you owe Rodman a good deal."

Brian was struck speechless, and sat looking down at his feet. Harriet perceived that her opportunity had come. Could she but make the best of it!

"It does n't seem quite worthy of you," she began cautiously. How she wished she was older, or not his cousin! "You seem ready to persecute him. The others notice it already; Mother spoke of it the other day. And they don't know what I know. What would they think of you if they did? I have n't told any one, I don't mean to—but suppose Johnson should let it out!"

"That fool Johnson!" Brian gritted his teeth. "Look out for your head, Harriet," he said abruptly. "Bend forward."

Harriet, knowing that they were well out from the shore, was surprised; nevertheless she obeyed, and leaned forward. "All right," said Brian, and she straightened. Between her and him, almost touching the sides of the canoe, stretched a stout wire. Following it with the eye, she saw it rising and falling, in a series of long dips, as it hung from poles that carried it to the shore.

"Stop!" she said quickly. "Don't pass it!" But Brian, taking the wire in his hand, had already passed it over his head as the canoe moved on, and was just dropping it behind him. Harriet cried again:

"Brian, that 's the danger line!"

Brian might have stopped the canoe, or he might quite leisurely have turned it about. On the broad pond there was no current as yet visible, although he knew that the dam was about two hundred feet away. Instead of turning the canoe, however, he made a hasty and unconsidered swing backward with his paddle, intending to hook it over the wire, and so to draw the canoe back. He reached the wire, indeed, but not as he expected. The stiff wire, jarring his arm to the shoulder, broke his grip. The paddle was knocked from his hand.

With an embarrassed smile he looked at Harriet. She met his gaze seriously. "Try to get the paddle quickly," she directed.

Brian tried to paddle with his hands. The work was awkward, but he did his best, impelled by a "Quick!" from Harriet. It was nearly a minute before he could see that he made any

headway at all; then he discovered, to his surprise, that the paddle was also moving. It was drifting away from him!

Harriet perceived it also. "Try to make the wire," she said. "We are wasting time at this."

Brian felt the urgency in her voice, and worked on. He had turned and knelt in the bottom; behind him he knew that Harriet was also vigorously using her hands in the water. Vainly he wished that there was a backboard in the boat; he had brought only a cushion. A parasol might save them; but Harriet had brought only a shade hat.

Brian felt undignified, working in this awkward manner, and resentful against something for putting him in this situation. With his eyes on the wire, however, he paddled on, until he saw that the wire also seemed moving away from him.

"We cannot make it," said Harriet, quietly.

Brian took his seat again, flushed and irritated. He wished that he had not tried at all. He felt stupid, working in that fashion, on this calm and sunny pond.

"You will have to shout," said Harriet.

"Why, how foolish!" he protested. "Do you mean there 's really danger?"

"Can you swim?" she asked.

He measured the distance to the nearest shore, and seeing no cause for bragging, told the truth: "Not that far."

"Neither can I," she said. "Then there 's danger, Brian. Father put up the wire five years ago, when two girls were drowned at the dam. And we 're floating toward it. Look at the paddle, and the wire."

(To be continued.)

POP! POP! POP!

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

THE little pop-corn people were so very near the grate,
That suddenly their tiny hearts began to palpitate,
And elders felt (I wonder if I 've got this right) *dee tropp*
When a little pop-corn bachelor began to pop! pop! pop!

"Oh, Kernal," said a pop-corn maid, as flustered as could be,
"You 'll have to ask my popper, if you want to marry me!"
And little pop-corn maids in great confusion giggled, "Stop!"
When other pop-corn bachelors began to pop! pop! pop!

THE JINGLEJAYS

write on spring

It seemed a very simple thing to write a poem on the spring; but Ruthie found the words came hard, as many an elder struggling bard has found at times to his dismay. But still she bravely worked away until she had a goodly pile of neat beginnings. For a while she pondered, wondering how long most poets take to make a song. She dreamed and scribbled; wads grotesque of scrunched-up paper filled her desk, but on the page before her one brief line meant one more verse begun.

"How much I love thee, gentle Spring—"

"Spring, wing, king, bring, ring, sting, fling, thing," she murmured, as she caught the breeze from rain-wet flowers and budding trees. Spring's sweetness held her in its thrall, but 't would n't get in verse at all.

"Spring, cling; sing—"

"Ping! Bing! Jingle-a-ling! You 're getting on like anything!"

There, swarming on her single line, like bees upon a honey vine, the Jinglejays were shouting, "Fine!"

"Of course it is n't fine,—not yet," said Ruthie; "but I can't quite get—"

"Let 's help you. It 's too warm to think," and with a sly and wicked wink, one Jinglejay walked up and down, his tiny forehead all a-frown.

"Here, how is this?" And Ruthie bent to see what aid the sprite had lent.

"How much I love thee, gentle Spring;
I cannot find in thee a fault;
But though you 're such a nice old thing,
I much prefer the somersault."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" the Jinglejays laughed out in their annoying ways.

Ruth felt her angry color rise, but curling lips, and flashing eyes, and scornful words, all failed to faze the naughty, giggling Jinglejays.

"I call your verses very poor," she said with dignity.

"Oh, sure! But here, I 'll write you one that 's rich, and you can't tell me which is which." And one small, saucy Jinglejay stooped down again in studious way.

Across Ruth's line his tiny hand wrote swiftly, and at his command Ruth for the second time that day read "Verses by a Jinglejay."

"How much I love thee, gentle Spring!
I lie and snore like everything;
I feel as happy as a king
With you, my much-loved old bed-spring!"

"Please go away!" said Ruth.

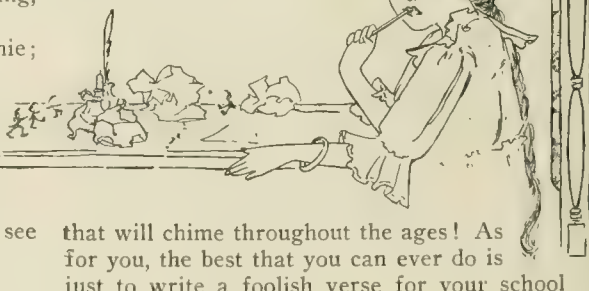
"My dear!"

"You never were invited here!"

"Of course we were not, but we came because we 're poets, just the same as you—"

"You poets! You can't rhyme!"

"Why, we write verses



that will chime throughout the ages! As for you, the best that you can ever do is just to write a foolish verse for your school paper—"

"Yours are worse!"

"What? Worse than foolish?"

"Very much."

"Well, keep your line. We would n't touch it now for worlds. Some day, you 'll know that we 're your friends. But now we 'll go."

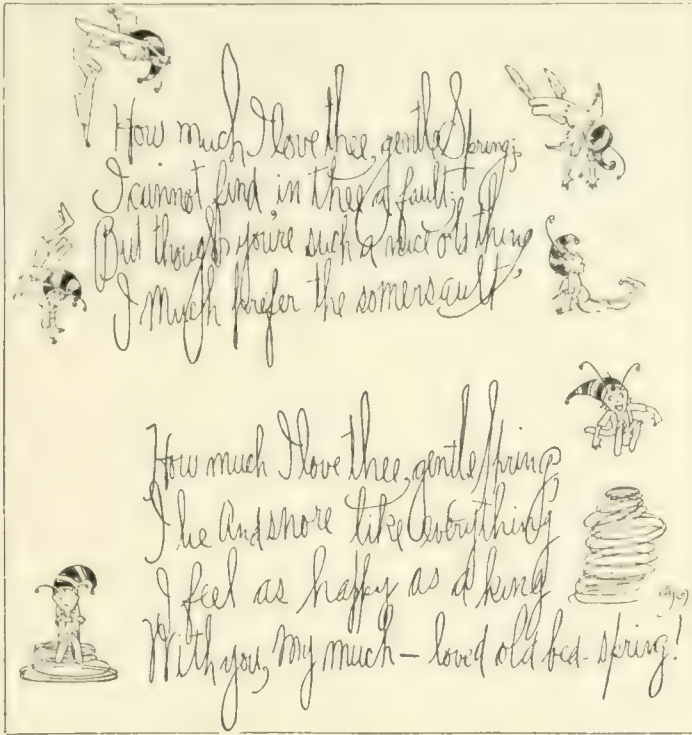
Ruth's face was hidden on her arm as they

departed, for the charm of these quaint visitors was dimmed by those two "poems" she had skimmed.

"What do they know of spring?" she thought. And memory before her brought the sweep of

The drifting clouds, the deep blue skies,
The humming bees, the butterflies
That skim the flowers on air, with
How much I love thee, gentle Spring!"

"Now, there!" said Ruth. "If they had stayed,



flower-decked hills, the call of babbling brooks, the waterfall, the hundred deep and dear delights of sunny days, and sweet spring nights.

She started suddenly, and there before her, written out with care, were lines that surely rhymed and scanned as though with love and labor planned.

I'd never get my poem made. I'm glad they've gone." And then a thought a swift, uncertain wonder brought. "When did I write those lines? They seem part of this lazy spring-day dream."

She left her desk and went away, and as she went one Jinglejay leaped from the ink-well with a grin.

"That's where we take these poets in," he said. "Oh, we don't do a thing. They write the poems on the spring!"

Charlotte Canty.

"How much I love thee, gentle Spring!
The brooks that call, the birds that sing,
The dew-wet grass, the flowers so sweet,
The moss all soft beneath my feet;





THE COMPLETED KEOKUK DAM, SHOWING THE TRAVELLING CRANE WITH WHICH THE GATES ARE OPENED.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER VII

SETTING A RIVER TO WORK

"ANOTHER adventure! I never heard the beat!" exclaimed Uncle Edward. We were in New Orleans, at a famous hotel, and had just finished telling him of our experiences at Crooked Island. "That accounts for the telegram I received."

"A telegram?" I cried, apprehensively.

"I suppose you wrote home about your adventure, Jim?"

"Yes, I wrote Mother a letter from Nassau."

"Well, here is the answer then," he said, drawing a telegram out of his pocket. It read:

Send Jim home; he has too many adventures.

My heart sank. "Can't you persuade them to let me stay a little longer?" I asked.

"I 'm astonished," teased Uncle Edward, "to hear you pleading to stay away from your home."

"Oh, you know what I mean," I replied, testily. "I 'll be glad enough to get back home when the time comes, but I hate to miss anything good, and I suspect you have something in view or you would never have asked us to meet you in New Orleans, when we were nearer New York, where we started from."

"You are a regular Sherlock Holmes," laughed Uncle Edward. "As a matter of fact, I was planning a bit of sight-seeing on my own hook, and had been anticipating the pleasure of taking you both with me; but I must say it looks as though

you would have to trot right home, young man, and that will leave me only Will for a companion."

"No, thanks," my chum spoke up; "I don't care to stay. Jim stuck by me when I broke my leg, and I 'm going to stick by him now. If he has to go home, why, I go, too."

"Now, what do you think of that?" wailed Uncle Edward, "and I have planned six weeks of good times! I shall certainly have to make a strong appeal to your parents, Jim, or my vacation will be spoiled. Let me see, the first thing to do is to wire your mother that you are here, safe and sound, under my personal care, and no more liable to harm or injury than you would be in your own little village. Then I 'll write a long letter, and we shall see what comes of it."

I don't know all that Uncle Edward said, but he wrote and rewrote that letter until it was past supper-time before he was satisfied with it.

"It 's a pretty strong appeal," he said, "if I do say it myself. I promised to be your daddy, guardian, chaperon, nurse, and private detective, all in one, if they will only let you stay with me a few weeks. You 'll have to do your part to keep out of all danger."

We both gave him a solemn promise to be good, and then came the tedious wait for the verdict from home. The suspense was awful. It took three days for that letter to go from New Orleans to New York. Uncle Edward had insisted upon having an answer by telegraph, and

we literally haunted the telegraph office on the third day.

Of course you all know what was the answer, because you can see that this story is not half ended; but we had no such clue. When the permission finally came, we shouted for joy, but Uncle Edward said: "I 'm almost sorry that they are going to let you stay. I 've taken an awful responsibility upon my hands."

It was n't until after the telegram arrived that Uncle Edward told us of his plans. "First of all, I shall have to study the methods that are being used for fighting floods along the Mississippi. That is my chief mission here. You know, I 've been detailed by the Government to make the investigation. We shall make our way slowly up the river, branching off up the Missouri and the Ohio. After that, I want to go up to Keokuk and see the dam that is being built across the Mississippi. Finally, on our way back to New York, we might take in the steel-works at Chicago, or Gary, or Pittsburgh, whichever is most convenient. How is that for a program?"

"Great!" we both cried.

Uncle Edward's study of the levees along the Mississippi took much longer than he had anticipated, and by the time he had worked his way up the river as far as Keokuk, winter was beginning to give way to spring.

Uncle Edward was well acquainted with the chief engineer of the work there, and sought him out at once. He proved to be a very jolly, big-hearted man.

"I am always interested in boys," he said to us. "In fact, I 'm not sure but that I am still pretty much of a boy myself. You know, I was made an honorary member of the Boy Scout organization on the Illinois side of the river the other day."

"You 'll find these boys intensely interested in engineering," put in Uncle Edward, with almost paternal pride. "They are going to college next year, and I expect them to prove a credit to the profession."

"That 's fine!" declared the chief engineer. "When I graduated from high school, I walked into the office of a bridge engineer, took off my coat, hung it on a peg, and told him I was going to work there; I did n't care what he paid me. That was my start in engineering work. You are going to have a better start, and I shall expect you to perform work that will put this little job of mine all in the shade. I hope you intend to spend more than a day with us. I shall be mortally offended if you do not find more than a day's worth of interest here."

"I am sure we could spend a month here with profit," replied Uncle Edward; "but we are be-

hind our schedule, and will have to hurry. However, if you treat us well, you may find us hanging around a whole week."

"A week it shall be then," was the immediate response. "That will give you a chance to see not only how the work looks, but how it grows; and you must be my guests while you are here."

Of course we were delighted to accept the hospitality of such a jolly host. After we had moved our things from the hotel to his abode, he called one of his assistant engineers, named Johnson, and put Will and myself in his charge to give us a general survey of the work, while he himself took Uncle Edward in tow. Mr. Johnson took us across the river to the Illinois side of the Mississippi, so that we could see how the dam was being constructed.

"I should think," I remarked to our guide, "that the steamboat lines would object seriously to having this obstruction built across the river."

"Object? Why this is no obstruction. It is a help to navigation—a real blessing to the Mississippi boats."

"Why, how is that? You 'll have to have a lock to pass the boats from one level to the other, won't you?"

"Yes, but heretofore they have had to go through a long canal, with three locks in it, to get by the rapids that extend for miles back of this point. When our work is done, a single lock will raise them to the lake above the dam, and then they can run full speed on up the river without any further interruption. And, by the way, that lock will be bigger than any you ever saw."

"Oh, I guess not," said Will, somewhat disdainfully; "we 've just been down to see the Panama Canal."

"Well, the locks down there are pretty large," admitted Mr. Johnson. "This lock is to be only six hundred feet long, but it will be just as wide as the Panama locks, and it will raise the boats forty feet, while the highest lift in any one lock in Panama is only thirty-two feet."

As we were crossing the bridge to the Illinois side, we had a chance to get a general idea of the whole work. On the Iowa side, a large part of the river had been inclosed by a cofferdam, and here work was proceeding on the big power station that was going to extract over three hundred thousand horse-power from the Mississippi River. From the Illinois shore the great dam was creeping slowly across. Already it had stretched half-way across, and the cofferdams in advance of the concrete work left a clear opening for the river only four hundred and fifty feet wide. But the river was flowing quite

freely through the dam, for, as yet, it consisted of a series of arches, something like the bridges of the Key West Railroad, except that the legs or piers of the bridge were set much closer.

"That 's a funny way to build a dam," I remarked.

"Oh, no, a wonderfully good way," was his response. "This is one of the largest rivers in the world, you know, and one of the largest dams ever constructed. We have to move very cautiously. Why, if we should start to build a solid wall across, the old river would struggle more and more fiercely as it found that wall hemming it in, until it would become absolutely unmanageable. So we have humored it with the notion that it is merely a bridge we are building. All the time the water can flow through the arches unimpeded, except where our coffer-dams are built to keep the water out while the rock bed of the river is being excavated for the foundation, and the concrete of the arches is setting. After the 'bridge' has been completed all the way across, we shall begin to close in on the river by filling in between the arches. You know, between the piers we are going to build spillways to a height of thirty-two feet, leaving above each a gap that will be closed by a steel gate. But the spillways will not be built up to the full height at once. If we tried that, by the time we got half of them built, the water would be running through the other half so fast that work there would be very difficult. So, instead, the spillways will be built at first only five feet high. We 'll take one span at a time, and wall it up on both the up-stream and down-stream side. Then the concrete will be cast in specially prepared forms. After all the spillways have been raised to the five-foot level, we shall go over the dam again, and raise it five feet more. In that way, we 'll raise the spillway to its full height gradually. Then the gates will be fitted into slots to control the water flowing over the spillways. An electrically operated derrick will travel along the top of the dam and raise the steel gates when the water is high."

When we got over to the dam, we found that the top formed a broad viaduct about thirty feet wide, on which was a three-track railroad. To carry the concrete on to the front over the freshly built arches, there was an enormous crane, two hundred and forty feet long, that ran on rails twenty-five feet apart. The crane had a reach of one hundred and fifty feet beyond its base. With it the steel form was removed from the finished arches and carried forward to the head of the line, to furnish the molds in which the concrete was cast. We went out to the forward end of the crane and watched operations.

"This is going to be one tremendous big chunk of concrete," declared Mr. Johnson. "The dam with the abutments is pretty nearly a mile long, and it is all in one piece with the power-house and lock and a big dry-dock that we are building."

"It 's good it is n't steel," said Will, "or you would have trouble with expansion in summer-time."

"Why, concrete expands and contracts just about as much as steel does," answered Mr. Johnson. "We have to allow for expansion, because it gets very hot here in summer and very cold in winter. If we had no expansion-joints, the dam would crack in places, water would get into the cracks and freeze, breaking off pieces, so that, before we knew it, the dam might crumble away. You will see in the middle of each arch a layer or single thickness of tar paper inserted to act as a cushion, while it lasts, and when it rots out, it will leave a narrow gap that will allow for expansion."

"But what about the spillways?"

"The mass of concrete is so great, and it is such a poor conductor of heat, that there will be little change of temperature in *the heart of the concrete*, so the paper joints between the spillways and the piers will extend only the width of a single sheet of tar paper into the concrete.

"There are many things," continued Mr. Johnson, "that we have yet to learn about concrete. We never can tell just how it is going to behave, so we are taking samples of the stuff that goes into each arch. Each sample is cast into thirty-three bricks that are labeled so that we can tell from what batch they came, and in which arch the batch was poured. These bricks are tested at the end of two days, seven days, two weeks, four weeks, three months, six months, one, two, three, four, and five years. If any one of them shows symptoms of trouble, we shall know where to look for the defective concrete, and remedy the fault. If they show no ailments in five years, the concrete need cause us no further worry."

The new spans were being built on dry rock, inside of a large coffer-dam. The coffer-dam was built of big wooden cribs. Each crib was made up of timbers crisscross like a log-house. Mr. Johnson explained that the coffer-dam was built just like the dam itself, by sinking the cribs twelve feet apart. Of course the sinking was done by loading them with stone. Then, when all the cribs were in place, the spaces between were closed with timbers, and the whole coffer-dam was sealed with a bank of clay. Then the water was pumped out and the bottom of the river was laid bare. While the piers were being constructed in one coffer-dam, another coffer-

dam was being built in advance of the first, so that the limestone bed on the river could be excavated for the foundation of the dam.

We stood on the outermost end of the coffer-dam and watched the water go swirling by. We realized then how hard it must be to position the cribs under such conditions, and understood why it was that expert, French Canadian lumbermen had to be employed for the job. Up above us the river was bridged over with a thick field of ice, and, now and then, a piece would break off and shoot past us on the swift current.

"The ice is about ready to go out," said Mr. Johnson, "and then there will be some fun. We are all ready for it, though. We have armored the more exposed cribs with boiler-plate, so that, if the ice tears away the stone and clay banked up around them, it cannot cut through the timbers."

"I hope we 'll see it!" cried Will.

"Guess you will, unless there is another freeze to-night."

When we returned to the Keokuk side of the river, Mr. Johnson showed us the foundations of the big power-house.

"The building is going to be a third of a mile long," he informed us, "and the generator-room will be big enough to hold a hundred and thirty-five thousand people, or the whole population of the State of Wyoming."

We walked through the concrete galleries that led to the turbine chambers. These were scroll-shaped, something like a snail shell, and Mr. Johnson explained how the water would rush down into the scroll chambers, strike the blades of the turbines, whirling them around at high speed, and escape through the center of the turbine wheels to the tail-race.

"More water will pour through the turbines of this one plant every hour than New York consumes in two days," said Mr. Johnson. "Fast to the turbine shafts will be the revolving fields of

the electric railways, and each generator will produce about ten thousand electrical horsepower. We are going to send the current as far as St. Louis, one hundred and forty-four miles away, to run the street-cars of that city. And furthermore, to give you an idea of how much



STUDY TO SAVE FUEL WATER AT ALL COSTS. SEE PAGE 541.

this project will do for mankind, let me tell you that it will save 8,000,000 tons of coal every year."

After we had made a hasty survey of the foundation work, we climbed to the top of the coffer-dam, and got there just in time to see an enormous floe detach itself from the ice-field above and bear down upon us.

"There you are, boys," cried Mr. Johnson; "now see what happens."



LOOKING ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI AT KEOKUK THE POWER-HOUSE MAY BE SEEN AT THE LEFT.

"She 's a whopper, is n't she!" I exclaimed.

In another moment, it struck with a tremendous crunching blow. But the coffer-dam held firm, and the ice buckled, broke, and ground itself into thousands of pieces ranging all the way from the tiniest fragments to huge masses weighing tons. Under the irresistible pressure of its momentum, the broken ice piled itself up into a wall that reached from the bottom of the river to as much as thirty feet above, and enormous slabs toppled over upon the coffer-dam, burying it com-

pletely in many places. For a time, the four-hundred-and-fifty-foot opening between the power-station and the dam was completely choked, then big pieces began to wedge their way through, and eventually the whole ice jam made its escape.

That ice jam was the beginning of the trouble. An ice-gorge formed several miles down the river, and dammed the river until it rose above the original level of the coffer-dams, and men were kept busy working with steam-shovels to build the walls faster than the water could rise. In time the river began to subside, but within a few days another ice-gorge formed, and again the water commenced to rise. Finally, one night things became very threatening. The river was six feet higher than the original level of the coffer-dam, and was still rising. A gang of fifty men was set to work building up the wall with



HOW THE COFFER DAMS WERE BUILT, ONE IN ADVANCE OF THE OTHER.

a breastwork of sand-bags. The chief engineer himself came down to direct operations. In such circumstances, nothing could keep us boys at home, and Uncle Edward came along, to keep us out of trouble, he said, although I am sure he was just as anxious as we were to see the fun.

We stayed there until long past midnight, helping with the sand-bags. Every now and then, a break in the wall would seem imminent, but some one was always on hand to check the mischief before it got under way. It was very exciting

and rather weird, working there in the dark, and fighting that persistent river that kept rising inch by inch. It looked very ominous as it swirled by under the light of the arc lamps that were strung at infrequent intervals along the line of the coffer-dam. We never knew when the water might take advantage of the inattention of some careless workman, open a gap in the frail wall of sand-

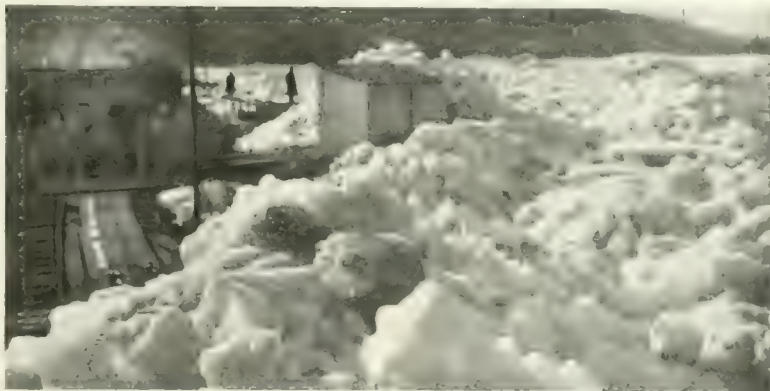
bags that was only two feet wide, and, attacking us from the rear, overwhelmed us and swept us away to destruction.

It was well past midnight before we felt that the situation had been mastered, and we were glad of a chance to go home. Suddenly a puff of wind came down the river. Almost immediately another, stronger, puff followed, and before we realized it, a fierce squall came upon us. With nothing to retard its clear sweep for miles, the water was driven before a howling gale, and, heartened by this unexpected reinforcement, the river renewed its onslaught. In a moment, the waves were dashing over our sand-bag wall.

Back into the fight leaped the little army of men. A hurried call brought a hundred more to reinforce our wearied ranks. It was as thrilling as real war. Five thousand bags of sand had been held in reserve for just such an emergency, and these were now rushed to the battle line.

It was no simple matter to stagger along the

parapet struggling under the load of a heavy sand-bag, with the waves dashing over our boots and threatening to undermine our footing; but we had to save that wall at all costs, for it guarded work that had meant the expenditure



A MOUNTAIN OF ICE THROU' VEINING, BY GALENHEIM THE COFFER DAM

of enormous sums of money. An hour or more we struggled there in the night, until the squall suddenly subsided. We were ready to drop from exhaustion, and could scarcely stagger home, but our victory buoyed us. We had put up a brave fight, and, although much water had found its way over the coffer-dam, the work had been saved.



THE FINAL STRUGGLE OF THE RIVER AS THE LAST GAP WAS BEING CLOSED.



From The ROSE ALBA

To St. JOHN'S.

BY EVELINE W. BREIDEN

THEIR Christmas singing had given the Eatons and the Kings a new interest and a large ambition. These were encouraged by a call from Herr Grau. He had brushed his coat in honor of the importance of his business, and he talked so convincingly of Paul's voice, that Mrs. Eaton consented to his taking the boy to see the choir-master at the cathedral that very afternoon. Much excited, the children escorted the violinist and Paul to the door of the old yellow brick building in the midst of the church grounds that housed the forty boys of the choir school.

"Pr'aps we can go into the cathedral while we wait and see where he 'll sing," proposed Polly.

The great arch of the unfinished building spread formidably above them, but Albert pulled daringly at one of the ugly gray doors set in the wide blank wall. It opened stiffly, and the four crept through the dark vestibule and found themselves in the great bare spaces of the half-built church.

Across lines of empty chairs they could see the verger, white-haired and severe, the sleeves of his gown waving behind him as he walked swiftly and noiselessly along the farther aisle. He passed through an archway, vanished behind the chancel screen, and they were alone in the silent place.

"Come," commanded Mildred, who, an adventure once started, believed in carrying it out. Though, indeed, a little awed by the immensity of the place in which she found herself, she admitted no indecision before her juniors. They followed her softly along the center aisle and up the marble steps of the chancel till they reached the crimson rope that shut off the altar.

"Here 's where the boys sit," she whispered. "They come up these steps and go into these pews."

Albert and David slipped into the first stall and looked down on the array of seats below them.

"I 'd be scared!" Polly whispered also. "Do you s'pose Paul knows what he 'll have to do? Let 's go round back and see where they come in."

They followed the walk behind the towering, white-capped pillars, and discovered the chapels, of which they chose St. Columba's for its windows, so like the designs in David's kaleidoscope. But better they liked the mysterious winding staircase set in the thick wall and guarded

by the beautiful carved head of the choir boy's stone. Beyond lay the great open nave again, and they hurried through it, relieved when the heavy door closed behind them, shutting in the big, strange silence and leaving them amid the lively noises of the town. They wandered slowly over the brown grass to the front of the school building, where, in a sunny corner, they waited patiently till the door beneath the shabby columns opened and the violinist came out, Paul beside him. A stranger followed, pausing in the doorway. He laid his hand on Paul's shoulder as he talked, and they stood a few minutes on the steps while the children found it hard to keep themselves decorously in the background. Paul caught sight of them, at length, and nodded in a way that caused Mildred to whisper:

"He 's taken! Oh, I know he is!"

Then Herr Grau and the tall man shook hands very cordially indeed. Paul was off the steps in an instant, with Albert capering around him and David trying to attract attention, while the two girls followed with a dignity befitting the fact that the master had not closed the door, but stood watching the group with an amused smile.

"It is all right," cried Herr Grau. "They haf a vacancy, and they say if Paul will work, he will sing well."

"We 've been planning things while we waited," explained Polly, slipping her hand into the old man's as they turned down the avenue. "We 're going to have a piano, and Paul is to teach us every day all he learns."

"Then by and by I can come here, too," suggested Albert, hopefully.

"Is n't it just mean they don't take girls!" pursued Polly. "Even if we sing ever so much better than Albert, they won't take us."

"You can sing when you are older," comforted Herr Grau. "And you can play the piano. We will have concerts."

David, as usual since the Christmas warts, was humming to himself an original medley of tunes. Now he stopped right on the path to a high note.

"I shall play the violin," he announced.

"Ah!" exclaimed the musician, patting the little shoulder. "You will haf to get an ear first. But you can play something if not the hardest instrument of all."

David felt anxiously of his ears, and walked on silent for a few minutes.

"A drum?" he interpolated, suddenly.

"Yes, surely," agreed his friend, seriously. "A kettledrum. You can play three of them at once, and they are very large."

David nodded, quite content, and indifferent to the smiles of the quartet.

They parted from Herr Grau at the doorway of the Reine Blanche, and, scrambling over the low railing that separated the two stoops, scampered through the Rose Alba hall and up the stairs. Half-way, they overtook Paul's father.

"They 'll take him, Uncle!" was Albert's greeting.

"Is n't it splendid, Father?" cried Polly, dancing up beside him, breathless.

"Can we get the piano to-morrow?" demanded David.

"Oh, not for a long time!" warned Mildred, hastily. "We 're just thinking about it."

At sight of his father's weary face, Paul's spirits fell. He had forgotten Aunt Margaret's long illness, and the very small Christmas tree, and the various little deprivations of the past months; but now he recollected. The others, however, poured forth their account of the afternoon so fast, that, by the time they reached their doors, Mr. Eaton knew all about it even to the stone boy by the winding staircase, a figure that had greatly impressed David. Polly tore ahead down the hall.

"Mother, Mother, they want him! I heard the teacher thank Herr Grau for bringing him, and Herr Grau is so happy!"

Mrs. Eaton glanced quickly at Paul, and then at his father.

"After supper," she said. "Come and help me a minute, Polly."

When the meal was over and Polly had obeyed her distressingly early bedtime, Mr. Eaton laid down the blue pamphlet that Paul had brought in.

"I did not know this was more than a matter of singing," he began reluctantly. "It is a regular school. There will be all sorts of little expenses, besides a uniform and books. I can't afford it, my boy. If I had understood, I would not have let your old friend take so much trouble."

"That 's quite my fault, John," said Mrs. Eaton. "I did not understand either. I am sorry, Paul dear, but if Father says we can't afford it, it will have to be given up."

"It is n't much money. I 'd be careful of the uniform, and I could get second-hand books," pleaded the boy, his lips quivering despite the determination of his twelve years. Mr. Eaton shook his head.

"It has been a bad season, Paul. I do not dare take on one thing more. Another year, perhaps."

"They won't take older boys, Father," and there was a break in the voice that would sound mortifyingly childish. Poor John Eaton looked as if he were going to cry himself. When at last

the lad had gone sadly off to bed, his father drew a breath of relief.

"I told the truth, Ellen," he said; "but, except for disappointing Paul and that kind enthusiast next door, I'm not sorry. There's too much fancy-work in private schools, and this making a business of music is n't in my line. Paul has got to study something practical, and keep right at it."

John Eaton was discouraged, and his wife thought it wise to let the subject drop. She lay long awake, however. Polly, while they set the dining-room to rights, had chattered happily of the possible piano, and as she talked, her mother had suddenly seen that the children were growing up; that the streets and Riverside were no longer enough to keep their minds satisfied. The elders had been so absorbed in compassing the daily necessities, that they were in danger of forgetting that there was need of more than food, raiment, and roof. She would talk it over with Sister Margaret to-morrow. Between them something must be devised.

"THERE's no use getting that piano," remarked Albert, gloomily, looking up from a dull game of pachisi. The children were gathered in Polly's little room, with the board on the bed, trying to keep quiet and out from underfoot. "There's nobody to teach us if you can't, Paul."

"It is n't a lot of money," considered Polly. "Uniforms don't cost much more than other clothes, do they? And you could borrow books."

"I'm thinking of a job," confided Paul. "Our grocer always has a boy ride round with the delivery clerk, 'cause he does n't like the horse left alone. I could do that all right."

Mildred's eyes grew large.

"I read a book once," she commenced, "about a family that all worked to send the oldest through college. Then he helped the others. It was a lovely story. I'm going right round to the drug-store to see if they don't want to give out bouillon again. I learned just how to mix it of the last lady they had."

Mr. Weineke held aloft a package he had just weighed, and stared at Paul. He had no boy, and was uneasy about his lively black horse, left with only an iron weight for guard. He wondered what had happened to make Paul's efforts necessary, but, at least, the lad would be reliable for the few days that were left of the vacation. Moreover, Mr. Weineke was not loth to be obliging to the good customers of the Rose Alba.

"There's the wagon," he said, pointing. "You can begin right away."

Albert, standing undecided upon the steps,

caught sight of his cousin waving his cap triumpantly from the front seat of a grocer's cart as it rattled and swayed round the corner and down the street. He looked after it enviously. Polly had stopped at Madame Griswold's and engaged to pull out bastings, whatever those might be. Mildred had not come back from the drug-store, so, no doubt, she was at this moment dispensing broth to the hungry. Now was too soon after luncheon, but later in the afternoon he would drop in and see how she was doing. He and David were the only ones ignored by the economic world, and his endeavors were further complicated in that David was evidently on his hands for the afternoon.

"Come along," he ordered, and his small brother followed, laboriously bounding a rubber ball as he went.

They paused at a stable entrance. Garages had mostly taken the place of stables, but here was the sound of trampling feet and an occasional whinny, and the shine of bright eyes was still to be discovered in the semi-darkness. A fat, red-faced man was leaning in the doorway and chewing a bit of straw.

"Well, sonny, here again. Want anything?"

"I'm looking for a job."

"The other kid, too?" and the man wagged his head toward David, who had bounded his ball all the way from the Rose Alba without a miss, and was not to be distracted.

"He's too little," explained Albert, patiently. The man grinned. "I can do most anything," the boy assured him. "I like horses."

"You do, do ye? Jim, here's a feller wants a job. Likes horses."

A lean man in shirt-sleeves came out carrying a pail and sponge. He surveyed the two.

"Which wants a job?"

Albert concealed his irritation. These men seemed particularly stupid. "I do."

"Our horses are all full-size," replied Jim, tossing the water into the street and dropping the sponge into the empty bucket with a practised motion that Albert observed enviously. "We have n't got anything yer size but kittens. What do you say to hiring him for the kittens, Pete?"

The red-faced man shifted the straw to the other corner of his mouth.

"Fine! Twelve kittens. Think you could manage them, sonny?"

At the words David had put his ball into his pocket and started inside.

"Hold on!" interfered Jim. "You don't want ter git near them heels back there. Come along with me."

Down a dark cellar way he led them, and out

to the rear, where a little light filtered through a dusty grating. There, on some ragged horse blankets, were twelve mits of mr. black, gray, and tawny, with little ears, and little tails, and little paws sticking up here and there. The two boys sat down at once on the damp floor and stretched out eager hands to the cuddling, wriggling creatures.

"We dunno what we 'll do with 'em," explained Jim. "Their eyes are open now, and they 're so pretty, we hate to kill 'em."

Albert looked horror-stricken at this suggestion, and David, after staring at Jim an instant, decisively seized a kitten in each hand.

"Take 'em all," Jim encouraged.

"You don't want any?" demanded Albert, standing up.

"We 'll have to keep two for the mother cats," explained the hostler. "But there 's ten more than we want."

"Would n't you like me to sell 'em for you?"

Jim's laugh rumbled in a startling manner about the dark cellar. David, while this debate was in progress, was squeezing into his overcoat pocket a little black beast with an orange spot on one ear.

"You take all but two," proposed Jim. "Do anything you want with 'em so long as you don't fetch 'em back. Keep all you make."

Albert rescued the amazed and terrified black-and-orange kitten, and when Jim came with another bit of blanket in the bottom of an old market-basket, the boys had their ten separated.

"What 'll the mothers say?" inquired Albert, as he put the last squirming bit of fluff into the new nest.

"They won't fret long. That 's why we leave 'em one apiece, just to comfort 'em. You 'd better hurry though. They 'll hear 'em cry and be back."

The boys stumbled up the dark stairway and out among the stalls, where the horses turned wondering eyes upon the strangers.

"Take the job?" inquired the red-faced man, still leaning in the doorway.

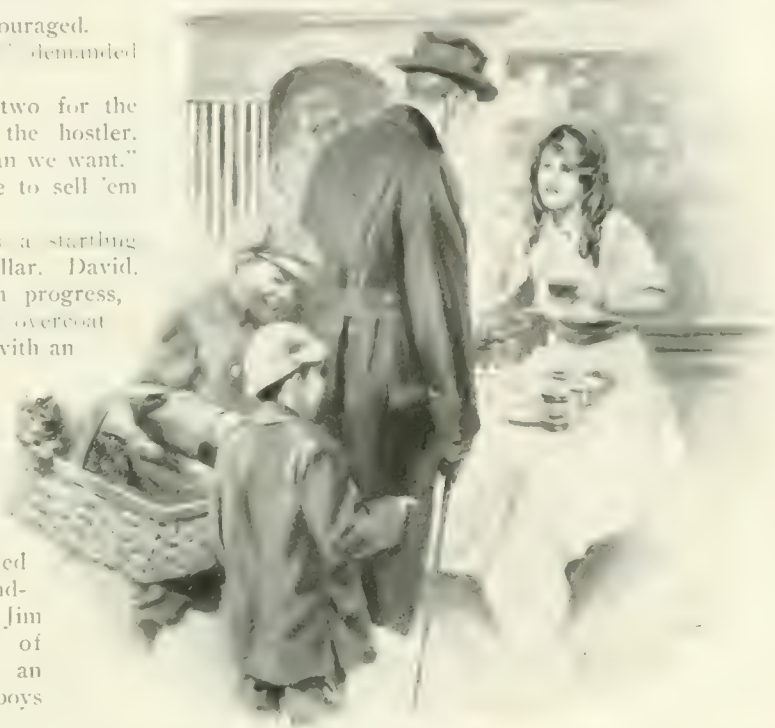
"I thought we 'd better set him up in the peddling business 'stead of hiring a nurse," replied Jim, and he lifted the basket's covering.

"Whow! How pleased his mother 'll be!" ejaculated Pete.

"It 's all right," Jim assured them, as Albert stopped, fearing objections from the head of the establishment. "Better sell 'em cheap than bring 'em back."

"We 'll start at our corner," said Albert to his small partner, "and go round the block." The vacation was not over, so children were many, and the rumor of kittens spread swiftly.

"Nobody can take any out unless he 's going



THE BOYS' NEWEST FIND, THE KITTENS, AND THE HOSTLER.

to buy," ruled the merchant. It was an astute regulation. Few could resist the desire to handle the soft little creatures, and dimes were more plenty than usual, it being so soon after Christmas. Kittens became the rage, and the boys made a slow and triumphant progress. As they turned down Broadway, an elderly gentleman stopped right short in the middle of the crossing, oblivious of the horns of motors and the gongs of street-cars. A policeman seized his arm and, delivering him safely at the curb, watched him an instant.

"If he is n't after them kids with the cats!"

he commented. "He ought n't to be let out alone, if he 's going to stop and stare at every queer thing he sees in this town."

It was not till a purchaser had chosen a gray kitten with a sweet pink nose, and reluctantly put back the black with the orange spot, that the boys joyously noticed the grown-up spectator.

"Oh, Grandpa!" was David's greeting. "There's just one left. Won't you buy him? He 's really mine, and I could play with him at your house."

"If you 'll bring him out," agreed Grandfather. His blue eyes, as he looked at the small boys, were very shiny indeed, and his lips were pressed tightly, as though holding a joke fast. "But I must do an errand at a drug-store before I go to see your mother."

"We 'll go to Mildred's," exclaimed Albert, and he started up the street toward the other avenue.

"What has Mildred to do with where I buy cough drops?" demanded Mr. French. "I like this store on Broadway."

"But she 's working at this other. She sells soup. P'raps she 'll give us some," urged David.

"Sells soup," repeated Grandfather, following Albert quickly. "What for?"

"Hi! Hello, Grandpa!" and there from a basement entrance, his arms full of bundles, Paul beamed upon them.

"I 've ninety cents, and Grandpa has got to pay for his cat yet," announced Albert.

"Hooray," shouted the grocer's boy, and disappeared down the steep steps.

"That 's his wagon." David pointed proudly to the Weineke outfit, drawn up at the curb.

"What does this mean?" demanded Grandfather, sharply. "What are you children out alone like this for?"

By the time he reached the chemist's, he had heard about the choir school, and the new German friend, and Paul's voice, and the piano, and

uniforms, and books, in a jumble that only one skilled in David's and Albert's explanations could have understood. They found Mildred perched on a stool by the cashier's cage. She was preparing bouillon solemnly, and offering the tiny cups



"ALBERT FRENCH?" DEMANDED MRS. GRAY STOPPING SHORT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

with the earnestness of a hostess urging food upon hungry guests. Her hair had grown tumbled during the afternoon's exertions, but her eager face was so friendly and her explanations of the virtues of her dish were so grave, that almost every one took a cup, and there had never been such a sale of beef extract.

"Come in, Grandpa," she called in delight, as

she caught sight of his figure in the doorway. "Do try this, I know you 'll like it." But she looked doubtfully at the two small boys. "They won't buy any, so I don't suppose I ought to give them samples," and she turned appealingly to the cashier.

"Sure," said that young man, nodding to Mr. French as though well acquainted. "You've sold enough so 's we can afford you two cups, I guess."

Grandfather dutifully gulped down the liquid Mildred passed him. Then to the satisfaction of his party, he purchased lime drops and two bottles of the extract.

"It 's very strengthening," Mildred assured him.

"No doubt, no doubt," he agreed, a trifle grimly. "And now, if you can spare this young lady," he said, turning to the proprietor, "it 's about time she and I went home."

"No offense, I hope?" inquired the druggist, laying a dollar on the counter before the new clerk. "She proposed the work, and we've looked after her. She 's been all right here."

"Certainly, certainly," and the old gentleman nodded with impatient politeness. "Come, Mildred."

"Now where 's Polly?" he demanded, when he had the three children safely on the steps of the Rose Alba.

Albert broke in on the account of Polly's occupation by springing to the walk to catch hold of the old musician, who was hurrying by, head bent, as usual.

"Herr Grau, this is my grandfather," he said, pulling his friend toward the stoop. "We've told him about Paul, and we've earned lots of money for the uniform."

Grandfather smiled as the other came obediently up the steps.

"My name is French," he said.

"Albert French?" demanded Herr Grau, stopping short.

The other scanned the lined face sharply an instant.

"Rudolph Grau, I do believe," he cried.

"I should haf known you when you spoke," cried the violinist. "It is the same voice and the same blue, laughing eyes."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" and Albert, senior, seized the old man's hand, while the children stood by, staring.

"Come, come into my little place!" insisted the violinist, pulling Mr. French along eagerly. "Come, we will talk them all over,—all these long years," and utterly forgetful of his relatives, down the steps of the Rose Alba went Grandfather, and up the steps of the Reine

Blanche, and disappeared within the doorway. He recollected as the door closed; however, for he stepped back and gave an order.

"Tell your mother I'm coming, and I'll take dinner with Aunt Ellen. Stay indoors now and don't bother them with what you've been up to. I'll see to that."

Three puzzled youngsters made their way up the iron staircase. They managed to smuggle some milk for the disconsolate kitten into Albert's room, and there they stayed, for if they were not to tell the day's adventures, they were best by themselves. They waylaid Polly and Paul to warn them to silence, and to report the amazing meeting of Grandfather and Herr Grau, and by the time their fathers and, finally, Grandfather came, they had developed a set of most uneasy consciences.

In Grandfather's honor, the Kings just picked up their meal and took it in to the Eatons's, filling that dining-room full with people and fun. The children's doings seemed to have passed completely from Grandfather's mind. He forgot his own dinner, and they almost forgot theirs, for it appeared that there had been, nearly fifty years before, in a New York regiment, a fifer named Rudolph Grau, and he had one day saved the life of a certain Lieutenant French, dragging him to shelter when he had fallen wounded within range of the fire from a fort they were storming. Not often would Grandfather tell of the terrible war through which he had served. To-night, however, he told story after story. But with the close of dinner, the subject changed, and the three men fell into a dull talk, recognized by all the children under the general title of "business." The kitten had been left in loneliness too long, and shortly they all vanished. When the door closed, Grandfather French looked round at his daughters and sons-in-law.

"Rudolph tells me we have a remarkable voice in the family," he said.

John Eaton frowned slightly.

"I don't like the notion of that school," he returned. "It would take the manliness out of the boy."

"I don't know anything about the school," said Mr. French, "but I would n't be afraid on that score of any place Rudolph Grau advised. You're too independent," and he smiled at Paul's father. "A rare fault, John, but even for that, you must n't make Paul pay, or me either. If you don't look out, perhaps their grandfather will get a bit of fun out of doing some little thing for his grandchildren."

Mr. Eaton opened his lips, but Grandfather French waved off his defense.

"Don't you see they are growing older, and have more needs? They 're so set on this music that they all went to work to-day to earn money for Paul's outfit."

"What!" demanded Paul's father.

"I picked them up all over the neighborhood as I came along this afternoon. They must have made three dollars among them."

"What have they been doing?" questioned Ellen Eaton, anxiously. "They are forbidden to cross the streets alone, but they have had to be out without me lately, you know."

"Oh, they minded. Even Paul was always carried across the streets," Grandfather assured them, his eyes twinkling. "They did n't consult you before going into business, that 's all," and he told of the afternoon's activities.

"Pretty good!" was Mr. King's comment. "They 'll have to be made to understand that they can't go ahead without leave; but I like their spirit. They did n't give up or whine. They just started in to do something."

"What they want is quite right in itself," reflected Aunt Margaret.

"Yes," agreed Mr. French, quickly. "You 'd better put that boy of yours where he 'll work off his energy through his lungs, John. Let me have my way for once. If I did n't want to do this for the children, and it will be good for every one of them, I 'd do it for Rudolph. But for him I would n't be here, nor Ellen, nor Margaret, nor the children either. He 's set his heart on this, and he 's quite alone," Grandfather added gently.

It was Easter morning, a year later, and the seats beneath the high bare arches of the cathedral were gradually filling. There were several children in a party that had chosen places well up the center aisle, and these moved restlessly upon their chairs and turned their heads impatiently toward the narrow archway on the right. With the first notes of the processional they were on their feet, and as the distant sound of the singers reached them, they looked at one another in hardly controlled excitement.

"There he is! That 's Paul!" announced David, quite out loud, as the line of white-robed boys and men swung across before the chancel; and he pointed an eager finger at a brown-haired lad, who glanced up and then down quickly to hide a smile. David, taking advantage of the absorption of the older folk, was standing tiptoe on his chair, and waving his cap in joyous greeting. Herr Grau and Grandfather French, recalled to their duty, seized him by either arm and sat him down quite suddenly, where he remained, quiet but unabashed, having caught the amused looks

on the faces about him. There was the fragrance of lilies in the air, and a sense of rejoicing throughout the whole gathering. The older folk found the service very beautiful, but the juniors were mainly interested by the fact that there was much work for the choir, and Paul, when standing, could be seen if one screwed about a little. At length came the moment for which they were waiting, and they nodded to one another with eager, excited eyes as they caught the first strains of the Mendelssohn anthem:

"Oh for the wings of a dove,
Far away would I rove. . . ."

The clear, boyish voice rang through the wide space and soared above the standing throng. Not even David moved till the last note had died. There was a soft rustle among the listeners, and an old German gentleman, leaning out into the aisle upon his cane, his eyes fixed on the young singer, was heard to mutter:

"Ach, the pity, the pity that he must grow up!"

Few of the crowd pouring along the cathedral drive recognized the seraphic-looking choir-boy in the lad who came tearing around the corner of the old Leake and Watts' Orphan Asylum, his cap in his teeth, one arm thrust into his coat, while the other jerked wildly backward in a futile attempt to find the other sleeve as he ran. He caught up with his people at the entrance of the grounds, and they all stopped, unmindful of the other passers, who turned out upon the sodden ground, smiling as they watched the eager group. They were all there, the Eatons, the Kings, the Frisbies from the first floor, Madame Griswold from the second, and little Annette from the Reine Blanche, with Grandfather and Herr Grau a space behind.

"I 'm glad it 's over," Paul returned carelessly, in response to the greetings. "It is n't half so funny as you think till you try it"; but he sent a questioning glance toward the violinist, and looked content when the German said, huskily:

"You haf done well, Paul. You haf given much happiness."

"I hope you 've got the biggest sort of a dinner, Mother. I never was so hungry. Here, you!" The soloist of the cathedral was off down the avenue in a wild chase, dashing in and out through the stream of people, in pursuit of Albert, who had snatched his cap and fled, tossing it as he went, an insult not to be endured, voice or no voice.

John Eaton, looking back, met Mr. French's amused eyes.

"You are right, Father," he said. "They 've not taken the ginger out of him yet."



GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF WHO IS WHO

BY GRACE TABOR

NICKNAMES, while very nice to have, because they usually tell what we seem like to the people that love us, are really not enough for a boy or girl. Why, then, should we ever suppose them to be enough for a flower? Nicknames we will call them, of course,—quaint, familiar names that tell of their likeness to something else; as, for instance, the *Aquilegia* is called the columbine because of her fancied resemblance to a dove (*Columba*)—but that does not mean that we can let the name, the true flower name, go unlearned and unthought of.

Every flower has its name, you see, that means just itself and no other—a wonderful and beautiful name, that tells a great deal about the plant and the flower too, just as the delightful poetic Indian names tell about the Indian boys and girls, or the Japanese about those of Japan. Here, for example, is *Aquilegia*, that some people have said came from *Aquila*, an eagle, because the spurs of the petals bear a resemblance to an eagle's foot; but later we have come to believe it is from *aquilegus*, the "Water-drawer" or "Water-bearer," from the four little "water-bottles" which she carries, plainest in her buds, but plain in the flowers and even in the seed vessels too.

Always she is *Aquilegia*; but sometimes she is blue, sometimes she is white, sometimes she is scarlet and gold; and sometimes she comes from one part of the earth, and sometimes from another; or perhaps she grows just over yonder in the woods, and has always grown there. So you see there is a lot to tell about her; and every bit of this is told in her name—her very own, true name. *Aquilegia Cærulea*—she is the azure or heaven-blue Water-bearer; can't you see her at once? *Aquilegia Chrysantha*—she is the golden Water-bearer; *Aquilegia Canadensis*—she is the native Water-bearer. When the word "Canada" is used in the names of flowers and plants, it means that the particular specimen has always lived on this continent. *Aquilegia Flabellata nana alba* is an elaborate example that introduces us to a "fan-like dwarf white Water-bearer"—which we understand at once, from the "fan-like," has unusual leaves. And then there is *Aquilegia Californica hybrida*, which by this time I am sure you will guess for yourselves to be California hybrid Water-bearer.

Columbines they all are, or "dove-like" in the suggestion of a bird's beak which it is quite possible to see in the necks of the flagons or "bot-

ties"—but such a general name can never mean anything very definite, you see, any more than "carrots" does; or "saucers," applied to a round-eyed little girl. And how very unsatisfactory it must be to the flower! Which is an additional reason for knowing the true name, and so not being obliged to use just the nickname all the time—for even flowers like to be humored.

The sage was just thinking of all this, and dreaming over the queerness of names generally, and how they fit the thing that they stand for, and wondering where they came from in the beginning, and how Pinus *knew* he was Pinus, the pine-tree, and smiling at the joyfulness of some, especially of "Trillium," that bubbled into his mind like laughter, when Uncle Ned came up the walk to the window, waving a beckoning arm.

"Out with you, lad!" he called. "To arms! See that? And it will freeze to-night. Hurry up!"

Of course he went, flying. "I did see them," he called, "before! The first thing this morning—*two* hyacinths! And so tall, too! Will a freeze hurt them?"

"Not if we get the defenses restored before it reaches them. But they are as tender as babies, these fellows are—they have no business to be this high yet."

"They made a mistake, did they, Uncle Ned?"

Uncle Ned was hurrying armfuls of mulch back from the compost heap where it had been carried just that afternoon, to pile it once more over the bulb bed where the green spears showed like lances set in the brown earth. So he spoke with emphasis. "No," said he, "*you* made a mistake, you should say."

The sage was very much surprised. "Why, Uncle Ned," he defended, "I did everything—I'm sure I did." Uncle Ned laughed, but shook his head.

"Last fall, maybe," he answered, "but what have you done this spring?"

"Nothing this spring—except," he suddenly be-thought him, "I took off the blanket too soon, did n't I?"

"No," came the unexpected answer, "you did not take it off *soon enough*!"

"*Soon enough*? How can that be—when we are having to put it back?"

"It fooled them, for it made them so warm, when the sun's rays began to get more and more direct, and shine straight down into and through it, that they thought it was time to wake up and come out, when really it is n't—not yet. You should have taken some of it off before Mr. Sol got so far on his way back to spend the summer—the first of March is a good time to begin.

Take off a little then, and after a few days a little more, and then a little more, and so on until none is left when April comes."

Of course that was plain. "But it's all just the other way about from folks, is n't it?" laughed the sage as they went in to tea, when everything was comfortably covered once more, "blanket to keep the cold in, in the fall,—and un-blanket to help it to stay in, in the spring!"

Outdoors, just now, that is the one thing we must not forget—to watch the blankets and to lighten them, discreetly. And then indoors, while we are waiting for the first green blades to cut the earth up from below, is the time we must take to get ready all the things which we shall need to do our part on the garden, later, from above. These things are not very many, to be sure; but they are very important, and, when the days that we want to use them are really here, we shall miss them as much as if they were five times the number, if we lack them. So here is the list—and I should check it off, if I were you, as fast as I had supplied an item on it:

Tools

Shovel, spading-fork, hoe, rake, trowel, dibble, float.

Incidentals

Stakes; 18-inch and 3-foot sizes.

Labels; small for tying and large for driving into ground.

Raffia; or old cloth torn into strips and wound into a ball.

Garden line, 25-foot, with stake to wind it on.

Two 5-foot poles for measuring.

Seed basket, two compartments.

Crayon pencil.

Sprayer for liquids.

Powder-gun for applying powders.

The point of the shovel should be nicely rounded, something like a spoon; and you must take good care of it and keep it sharp. It is nice to have a spade too, but this is not really necessary, for a shovel will do all the "spading" that there is to do, and heavier work beside, while the spading-fork does the light work of breaking up and pulverizing the garden soil. These two, and the hoe and rake, make, therefore, a very complete and useful outfit in themselves; but a trowel is useful for working close, and to help in shifting plants and in applying fertilizer.

The dibble is the real tool for transplanting, however; and this you can make from an old broom handle, or, better, from an old shovel handle, if one is about. The latter is better because

it has the cross-piece at the top, and so is more easily thrust into the ground without hurting the hand. Saw it off to a length of ten or twelve inches, then sharpen the lower end into a long, slim point, just like a long, slim, huge lead-pencil point—and there you are. Just how to use it you will find out later, when some of the seeds that you will sow shall have made plants and be ready for moving.

Last summer, you learned what a float is, and how to make and use one. Be sure and include it, for it is greatly needed at sowing time. These sixteen things are a really businesslike and complete gardener's equipment—seven tools and nine incidentals—and every one of them will be used in the course of a season many, many times. So you must arrange to give them proper care, and housing that is suitable and convenient.

All the tools should hang upon a wall-space in the cellar or an outer storage room, or wherever you may be able to have them, in a dry place; the long stakes must be kept in a bundle, tied at top and bottom; and all the other things should have a shelf, or table, for the baskets or other receptacles which they occupy to stand upon. Arrange the tools in the best order and relation to each other, in hanging, and then always put each one on its proper nail, every time when you are through with it. Have one basket for short stakes, garden line, pencil, small labels, raffia (or the ball of torn cloth which may take the place of this for tying plants up to their stakes)—a common market-basket answers nicely—and have another basket just like it, or a little smaller, for seeds. Divide this into two sections by lacing tape across the middle of it—or else use a small basket to stand in it, to provide the section for seed packets that have not been opened. Always make sure that you put the packets from which you have planted into the space reserved for them; and always mark the date of planting on each packet, when you sow seed from it. The sprayer and the powder-gun will go on the shelf or table, of course; and here also the materials for sprays are to stand, except those that are poisonous and so must be taken care of *for you*, very carefully, by some one grown up and careful enough to handle such dangerous things as they should be handled. We shall not use many such, but once in a while there is need for one or two which grown-ups only must apply.

You can sow now indoors, if you like, many kinds of seed, to have the little plants ready to put out when garden-making days come. I put them into flat cigar-boxes, which make very good little seed-beds, I assure you, and are delightfully light and easy to handle. Sift the earth through a wire basket such as the cook uses sometimes, to lower things into boiling water or fat, and then use some of the screenings to make a layer over the bottom of the box, before putting the earth in. This is for drainage, and to keep the soil light. Sometimes it is well to mix the screenings with some coal ashes, to be quite sure that no water can linger in the earth above and make it soggy.

When you get the earth ready, water the little box very thoroughly, and then sprinkle a sifting of earth over this moistened soil, and sow the seeds on that, covering them to twice their depth *only*, instead of three times, as you do out of doors. This is because you are going to be able to watch them more closely, and keep just the right degree of moisture in the soil all the time—which you cannot be sure of doing out of doors. So we put them deeper there, to be sure they do not dry out from above, between waterings. The wind and the air dry them, you see, much faster than we imagine.

After the seeds are sown, cover the surface of the earth with a layer of cotton batting, and keep this moist until the seeds come up. This is much better than a pane of glass, I think, for it does not shut the air away from them, as the glass does.

If you want to raise a very interesting and delightful plant that will last from year to year, once it gets started in your garden—the kind that plant people and gardeners call a perennial—I should get this same *Aquilegia* that we have been learning about, if I were you. It is easy to raise from seed—oh, such a tiny seed!—and it will grow almost anywhere you put it, especially in shady spots where other things will not. The blue ones are lovely, but somehow to me the gorgeous scarlet and gold are more pleasing, especially in shade. That, of course, is only because I happen to like them better; perhaps you would not. Why not get several kinds, and raise some of each, and see for yourself which you think is the prettiest—and be *sure* to learn who is who among them, please!





MOTHER'S ALMANAC

BY C. LEO

I TELL you, when it comes to dates,
My mother 's just "the boss!"
She tells me all I want to know
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You 'd think she 'd get mixed up
sometimes—
At school I know I do—
'Bout Washington, and Plymouth Rock,
And 1492.

But Mother says: "The war with Spain
Was fought in '98—
The year you all had chicken-pox,
Exceptin' little Kate.

"That year, of course, the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuba's channels;
'T was summer, for I 'd put away
You children's winter flannels.

"The Boer War in Africa—
That was a dreadful thing!—
Began in '99, I know,
Jack broke his arm that spring.

" 'T was nineteen-four, and winter, too,
When Japs and Russians fought.
You almost had pneumonia then,
From that bad cold you caught "

There 's six of us, and we 're mixed up
With hist'ry just that way.
Sometimes it 's measles, croup, or mumps,
But there 's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day !



THE REAL STORY OF THE FACE

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

WHEN some one tells you a funny story, your face wrinkles with laughter. At a sad story, your face wrinkles in weeping. Smiles and tears are such commonplaces that we never give a thought as to how or why we laugh or cry. Yet the ability thus to express emotions is one of the most wonderful faculties in our physical make-up. Upon the manner in which we make use of this gift may depend in large measure our success or failure in life.

How do you smile? You had to learn to walk and to throw a ball. You have never consciously learned to smile, and yet, when you feel happy, you smile without effort. How do you do it?

Years ago, Sir Charles Bell and Charles Darwin, the great scientists, found that, in addition to the muscles used in walking or ball-throwing, we have sets of face muscles to produce expression. Some of these muscles make us look sad, some happy, and so on.

Every time a set of these face muscles is used, the face assumes some expression. Try it and see. When you exert your muscles to smile, your face looks pleasant. When you use your muscles to frown, your face is unpleasant. You cannot exert any face muscle without producing an expression on your face.

The muscles you use most will naturally become the strongest. And the strongest muscles will determine the habitual expression of the face. To be sure, you cannot make your nose longer or your ears shorter. But if your face is unpleasant, you can make it agreeable by altering the expression. If you use your smiling muscles most, your face will gradually become pleasant to look upon. On the other hand, if you allow yourself habitually to think mean things, your face will reflect that meanness. The face muscles that you use most will finally determine the cast of your countenance. So you see that man is more than the maker of his destiny. He is the architect of his face.

Wonderful as this provision seems, nature has provided another rule governing expression that is more wonderful still. As we have seen, we do not consciously have to learn to use our muscles of expression. That knowledge is born in us. Even the smallest baby can laugh and cry. By this wonderful provision of nature, the brain is so intimately associated with the muscles of expression that they react upon one another involuntarily. A certain frame of mind inevitably produces a certain facial expression. Test this before a mirror. Try to feel happy, and see how

pleasant your face looks. Try to feel cross, and see how disagreeable your face becomes.

Conversely, a certain expression of the face will produce a corresponding frame of mind. Try this too. Smile, and right away you feel pleasant. Frown and look ugly, and immediately you feel mean and disagreeable. When actors want to simulate any emotion, they exert the muscles that express that emotion, and straightway they feel the desired emotion. You see the mind and the facial muscles always act alike. You cannot continue to laugh and smile without soon beginning to feel happy. You cannot feel worried and disagreeable without making your face very unpleasant to see.

If you stop to think about this for a moment, you see what a tremendously important thing it is. Just as surely as you have a face, the story of your life will be written on that face. If you are mean and crabbed and disagreeable, your face will settle into a disagreeable expression, and everybody will avoid you. If your disposition is sunny and kind and gracious, your face will beam with goodness, and everybody will know at a glance that you are lovable. And the older you grow the more distinctly your face will tell the story.

When you go out into the world to earn your living, the first thing that people will ask is this: What kind of a boy is he? Or what kind of a girl is she? Under our present industrial system the employer has to teach young persons their trade after he hires them. So he is more interested in the applicant's character than in his present ability. And the character he will learn from the face.

It is just as the director of the employment bureau of a great department store said to me: "We base our choice largely on the applicant's looks. To be sure, the faces of boys and girls are not deeply marked. Many applicants have only begun to outline on the blank page of their cheek the picture that will eventually appear there. But even a sketch tells much. We know that almost inevitably a child will continue the facial development it has begun. The sullen, shiftless, don't-care kind of a face we don't want. When we see a child with a face full of courage, hope, truth, good-cheer, and kindness, we pick that child quick. That is the sort we are after." If, then, our faces have so much to do with our future success, is n't it worth while to try to make them attractive by being attractive ourselves?



THE ROBIN

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

MISS ARAMINTA AUDUBON DE BROWN, all blithe and gay,
Was walking in the park upon a sunny Easter day;
She smelled the blossoms springing,
And she heard the birds 'a-singing,
And she saw a sight that shocked her till she
almost swooned away.

"Oh, fie!" said Araminta, "what *do* you think of that!"
('T was a perky little robin she was a-looking at.)

"That wicked little robin,
With her saucy head a-bobbin',
Is wearing song-bird's feathers upon her Easter hat!"



THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

THE BIRTHDAY PICNIC

JUST as Mother Blair declared that she had "such a bright idea!" a caller came in, and it was dinner-time before Mildred had a chance to ask her what it was. And then her mother put her finger on her lip and shook her head; so Mildred knew, of course, that it was a secret, and waited till later on to hear what it was.

"Now I will tell you all about it," Mother Blair said, after she had read Brownie a fairy story and tucked her up for the night. "Jack, you can hear, too, and Father, if he wants to." So they all drew up around the fire to listen.

"You remember how much Brownie loved the picnics we had last summer," she began. "She used to say that she would rather eat plain bread and butter out of doors than ice-cream in the dining-room; and whenever we took our supper and went off for the afternoon, she was so happy!"

"So she was," said Father Blair. "Brownie is her father's own daughter; I love picnics too."

"But, Mother, we can't have a picnic at this time of year!" exclaimed Mildred. "Just listen

to the rain and snow coming down together this minute; and the slush on the sidewalk is so deep you have to wade to school."

"But this is just where my bright idea comes in! You see, next week will be Brownie's birthday, and every year since she was two, she has had some sort of a party; now this year, for a real change, I think it would be fun to have a picnic for her, a lovely in-door picnic, for ten boys and girls; and we'll have it up in the attic!"

"Is n't that just like Mother!" Jack exclaimed, laughing. "Who else in the world would ever have thought of such a thing!"

"But think what fun it will be!" Mother Blair went on, her cheeks growing pink as she explained all about it. "The attic is nice and large, and empty except for the trunks and old furniture which are tucked away around the eaves. The children will all come in their every-day clothes, and wear their coats and hats, so they won't take cold up there. And we can spread down in the middle of the open space the two old green parlor carpets, for grass; they are all worn out, but nobody will notice that. And then, Jack, you can carry up the two palms and the rubber plant, and

put them on the edge of the "grass," and Farmer Brown can bring us in some little cedar- and spruce-trees from the woods the next time he drives to town, and we will plant them in sand in big earthen flower-pots, and stand those around, too. Can't you see how lovely it will be? Just like a little grassy grove!"

Everybody laughed, but everybody thought it was going to be great fun to make a picnic-place in the attic.

"And we will tie a hammock to the rafters," said Father Blair; "and there is the old ping-pong set to play with, and the ring-toss; and the boys can play ball, if they choose; there's nothing they can hurt."

And so it was all arranged; and Brownie was told she was going to have a beautiful surprise for her birthday, and she must not ask a single question about it. Mother Blair asked ten boys and girls to come at twelve on Saturday and spend the rest of the day, and, after the notes were sent, she and Mildred began to plan the luncheon.

"Of course all the things must be packed in baskets," said Mildred, "exactly like a regular picnic."

"Of course!" said her mother. "And in one basket we will put a lunch cloth to lay on the 'grass,' and wooden plates, and paper napkins, and glasses, and forks. And they can spread the cloth and arrange everything themselves."

"And what will they have to eat? They are sure to be dreadfully hungry."

"Well, there must be one substantial dish to begin with. We might have cold sliced ham, of course, but I think perhaps they would like something else better. Suppose we have veal loaf?"

"Just the very thing," said Mildred. "May I make it?"

"Of course you may! And everything else as well, if you want to. If you will get your book, you can write down the recipes this minute. Here is the first:

VEAL LOAF

- 2 pounds of veal, chopped fine.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of salt pork, chopped with it.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of bread crumbs, soaked in milk.
- 1 egg.
- 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika.
- 1 level teaspoonful of salt.

Have the meats chopped together at the market; put the crumbs in a bowl and cover them with milk, and let them stand for fifteen

minutes; then squeeze them dry and add to the meat. Beat the egg without separating it, and mix that in next, and then the seasoning. Stir all together, and put in a bread tin and bake one hour. Have on the stove a cup half full of hot water mixed with two table-spoonfuls of butter, and every fifteen minutes open the oven door and pour a quarter of this over the meat. When done, put in a cold place over night. Slice thin, and put parsley around it.

"You see, this is very easy to make, and it is always good for luncheon for ourselves, and for Sunday night supper as well. You can make it Friday afternoon, and then, by the time for the picnic, it will be ready to slice."

"And what are they to eat with it?"

"I think it would be nice to have some sandwiches—hot ones."

"Hot sandwiches, Mother Blair! I never heard of them. How do you make them?"

"I invented them myself," laughed her mother. "I really did, this very morning, when I was thinking about the picnic. Here is the rule."

TOASTED SARDINE SANDWICHES

1 can of sardines.

8 slices of toast.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon.

Large pinch of salt, and as much dry mustard.

Open a can of sardines, drain off the oil, and spread them on brown paper. Scrape off the skin carefully, and open each one on the side and take out the back bone. Sprinkle over them all the salt and mustard, and squeeze the lemon on. Then make the toast, large brown slices, and butter them a little; lay two together, trim off the crust, and cut them in strips. Open the strips, and between each two put one sardine and press together. Put them in the oven between two hot plates till needed.

"Oh, those do sound so good! Can't I make some for lunch to-day, Mother?" Mildred begged.

"But they belong to the surprise! Let's wait till after the picnic, and then you may make lots of them."

"Well!" sighed Mildred, "then let me have another recipe right away, so I'll forget them. I do want to make them so much."

"Here is another recipe you will like just as well; part of it is for the picnic, and part of it is for a little bit of a party for you and Miss Betty and me, while the picnic is going on upstairs."

"A party for us? What kind of a party?"

"Lovely grown-up afternoon tea!" laughed her

mother. "You can put Miss Betty yourself won't that be nice?"

"Perfectly lovely! Do tell faster!"

"Well, first our mother for the picnic some sweet sandwiches like those we planned for the school lunches; these are simply, to begin with:

ORANGE MARMALADE SANDWICHES

Spread thin white bread and butter with orange marmalade, then cut the rounds out into even shapes; a round cookie cutter makes pretty sandwiches."

"I've made those for Jack, lots of times," said Mildred, as she wrote this down, "only I did n't cut them in nice round shapes, because boys don't care about that."

"No," said her mother, smiling, "boys don't, but girls do! So make part of these in rounds, and put them away, and send the square ones up-stairs. And when it's time for our party, just toast ours quickly, and you will find them the most delicious things you ever ate, especially with tea; that's what we three will have."

"Those will be Miss Betty's surprise!" laughed Mildred, as she wrote down the word *toasted* after the title of the sandwiches. "Now what next?"

"Suppose you try some very easy cookies; those are just the thing for a picnic; you can make them Saturday morning, and then they will be fresh and nice. Here is the rule:

SPICY COOKIES

Sprinkle the baking board with flour and rub it smoothly over; do the same to the rolling-pin, and scatter a little flour evenly also over the bottom of some shallow tins. Have a panful of sifted flour ready on the table, as you may need to do this several times.

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar.
- 3 table-spoonfuls of butter.
- 6 table-spoonfuls of milk.
- 1 egg.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of soda.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt.
- 1 table-spoonful of hot water.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of cloves.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of cinnamon.

Melt the butter, add the sugar, and rub together. Beat the egg without separating, and put in next. Mix the soda and hot water, put the milk with this; put the salt in the

flour; add part of the flour to the sugar and other things, and then part of the milk, and so on; then put in the spices and stir all together. Put the dough on the board, roll it out thin, and with a cutter mark it all over; then lift out the pieces with a cake turner, very carefully, and arrange them in your pans, but do not let them touch. Bake fifteen minutes; take them out of the pans while warm, and spread out on a platter to cool."

"Dear me, that sounds pretty hard!" said Mildred, as she finished.

"Cookies are not quite as easy to make as some other things, but they are so good, so nice for



luncheon and suppers and other times, that I think you will be glad to know how to make them. And Father is *so* fond of cookies!"

"So he is. Well, Mother, I'll try them. And now what comes next?"

"Some nice, cunning, easy little cakes, so easy that next time Brownie can make them herself. They are called

MARGUERITES

- 20 round, thin crackers.
- 20 marshmallows.
- 2 table-spoonfuls of chopped nuts.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of butter.

Butter the crackers on one side, just a little; put a marshmallow on each, a tiny bit of butter on it, and a sprinkle of chopped nuts of any kind. Put them in a shallow pan, and bake till they are soft and brown; eat while fresh and warm."

"Oh, lovely! Mother, I must have some of the girls in and have those for myself!"

"So you shall, any day you want to. Now don't you think that is almost enough for the picnic?"

"I think we ought to have something to finish off with—to eat with the cookies and marguerites; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do; something in the way of fruit. Suppose we give them this—it is much nicer than plain oranges or bananas; write it down, dear."

ORANGE BASKETS

- 6 large oranges.
- 2 bananas.
- 2 table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar.

Cut the oranges in halves; take out the pulp with a spoon, and put it in a bowl. Scrape out the inside, leaving nice, clean shells, and then scallop or point the edges with the scissors. Peel the bananas, cut them in long, narrow strips, and these into small bits, and mix lightly with the orange, and add the sugar; heap in the baskets and set away to grow cold.

"If we happened to have any pineapple or white grapes in the house, I should put some of those in too; but these will be delicious just as they are. Now anything more?"

"Something to drink with the lunch. I think pink lemonade would be nice."

"Perfectly lovely!" laughed Mother Blair. "We will get a can of raspberries out of the fruit closet, and make something for them that will be ever so good. This is the rule:

PICNIC LEMONADE

- 8 lemons.
- 12 glasses of water.
- 3 cups of sugar.
- 1 cup of raspberry juice.

Roll the lemons till they are soft; cut them and squeeze the juice out. Put the sugar in a little pan with a glass of water, and boil it two minutes; add this to the lemon and raspberry juice, and strain it; add the rest of the water; serve with broken ice in a glass pitcher.

"Be sure and boil the sugar and water together, Mildred, whenever you make any kind of

drink like lemonade; it is so much better than if you put in plain sugar. When it is all done, if it is not quite sweet enough, you can add a little powdered sugar without hurting it."



JACK AND
THE LEMONADE

"Mother, we forgot the surprise! You remember, 'every luncheon must have a surprise,' you said; see, here it is in the book."

"Dear me, so I did! What shall it be, Mildred? I can't seem to think of another thing for that picnic."

"Neither can I."

"Stuffed dates!" exclaimed Mother Blair, presently. "I knew there must be something, and those will be exactly right."

STUFFED DATES

Wash the dates and wipe them dry. Open one side and take out the stone; in its place press in half a pecan or other nut; close the edges, and roll each date in powdered sugar.

"Dear me, I do hope there will be some of those over for us," said Mildred, as she put her book away. "Those children are going to have a wonderful lunch!"

Brownie could not imagine what her birthday surprise was to be. She could not help guessing, but she never once was "warm." When Saturday came, and the boys and girls arrived in their every-day clothes, and even kept on their wraps in the parlor, she did not know what to think; and there was actually no lunch for them in the dining-room! She began to look very sober.

But when everybody had come, Mother Blair said: "Won't you go up-stairs?" and Mildred and Jack ushered them up to the attic.

It was such a lovely surprise! The big green carpets were spread down on the bare floor, and all around were set little green trees in pots. The canary was hung up out of sight, and he was singing as hard as he could. It was not a bit too cold, for the door had been kept open all day, and the sun was shining in at the window.

And just then appeared Mother Blair, and Norah, and Jack, and Mildred, all carrying baskets, which they put down on the floor. Then the picnic began!

There was first the cloth to spread down on the grass, and paper plates and napkins to be

passed around. The veal loaf was found, a platter of it tied up in a large napkin, and hot sandwiches between hot plates, tied up in another napkin, and marmalade sandwiches folded in

As they began to eat, Jack came up with a big, big pitcher of beautiful pink lemonade, and little glasses to drink it out of. Oh, such a picnic as it was! Such a perfectly lovely picnic! Out-of-



SUCH A PERFECTLY LOVELY PICNIC!

paraffin paper by themselves. Last of all were the orange baskets, each one twisted up in a paper napkin with a funny little frill on top made of the ends of the napkin; and the dates were in little square paper boxes, one box for each child.

door picnics were nothing to it. And when they had eaten up every crumb and drank up every drop, they played games until the attic grew dark; and then they all went home, and the birthday was over.





Painted by Edmund C. Tarbell.

THE SISTERS.

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BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

REGENT AND KING

PRINCE GEORGE had been a very large thorn in his poor old father's side almost ever since he was any size at all. He was a very wild young prince, and, to annoy his father further, he threw in his influence with the Whig party, with Fox and Sheridan. His friends called him the "First Gentleman of Europe," and he was a handsome, debonair man, with delightful, polished manners, and a very taking way. Quite different from "Farmer George," as they called George III.

He had eight brothers, one of whom, William, eventually succeeded him on the throne. When he came of age, he was given a large income, and Carlton House, where he set up his establishment. He was constantly in debt, Parliament, more than once in his career, having to vote large sums to free him; and this the English people did n't much like. So that George was at once extremely popular and highly unpopular, according to the particular set of whom you asked an opinion.

In 1811, George III lost his mind entirely, being thus forced to abdicate. In 1818, his devoted

queen, Charlotte, died, but he lived two years longer, until he had attained the age of eighty-two. So George IV did not really become King of England until he had been reigning as regent for almost ten years.

As luck would have it, he himself came close to dying from a serious illness, just as the old king expired. He seemed actually at the last gasp, but somehow, in spite of not having taken any sort of care of himself through life, he recovered, and gained the crown.

The days of the regent were crowded with the extravagances of the rich and the privations of the poor. England had already seen difficult days in the changes brought into many of the industries by the advent of machinery. Two excellent books by two famous women give a moving picture of the suffering and the struggles and the riots that filled the last years of George III's reign—Mrs. Dinah Maria Muloch Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley." In the latter book, *Robert Moore* is a fine portrait of the manufacturer of 1807 and thereabouts, seeking to bring in new things, seeing where the new trend was taking the business of the country, and yet understanding the other side too.

Henty also has a book on this same subject, which was of great importance in the development of England. He calls it "Through the Fray," and sets his story in Yorkshire, among the followers of the so-called "King Lud." It is one of his best books, giving real insight into the life of the "croppers." The story runs from 1807 to 1813.

Two books I meant to mention last month were Frederic Harrison's "England Expects," which relates the story of two boys who served, one under Nelson and the other under Collingwood, about 1805, and A. Conan Doyle's delightful "Uncle Bernac," which presents us to Napoleon in camp at Boulogne, showing the emperor in a human way, and telling much of the plans for invading England. Both these books are splendid readings.

Captain Marryatt's sea stories belong hereabouts, telling the great story of England's navy before the coming of steam. There are five of his books, any or all of which are excellent, full of rollicking life, yet giving the sterner and more desperate view of the work, with its hardships and perils, as well as the amusing and picturesque phases. The titles are "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Frank Mildmay," "Jacob Faithful," "Newton Forster," and "Peter Simple."

A book that is not a novel, but which is so good and so exciting that it reads like one, is

John Kincaid's "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade." The book is a straightforward journal of the author's experiences, beginning in 1809, as a soldier in the Peninsular War, and is full of the adventures of a man in the trenches, of the things which escape the historian, but which are truth itself. The journal culminates at the battle of Waterloo. It is a book that makes good reading for both the young and the elders, and ought to be easier to get than it seems to be. But you can find it in many libraries.

A particularly delightful book by A. Quiller-Couch is his "The Adventures of Harry Revell." In it he tells us, in his most fascinating manner, of the wanderings of a boy through England, with many glimpses of English towns and country-side, and the life that went on in both. In time the lad becomes a soldier in this same Peninsular War.

Henty has a book that gives a graphic picture of Waterloo, "One of the 28th." It has a woman for its chief character, an unusual thing with Henty. The battle of Quatre-Bras is also told of.

A story set in the regency and showing the fashionable and extravagant side of English life is H. B. Marriott Watson's "Twisted Eglantine." Here we visit the famous Brighton Pavilion, and meet the beau, or exquisite, Sir Piers Blakeston, and watch the fine ladies and grand gentlemen enjoying themselves at suppers and parties, putting on the most magnificent raiment, and aping the wild regent as much as they could, both in manners and frivolous expenditure. For they kept at this sort of light play while the great men of the country were hard at work fighting in Spain and India and France, holding their own against tremendous odds, losing only to America in the trouble that arose over the way they stopped our ships on the high seas and took our sailors prisoners.

Smugglers flourished in England, what with hard times and stringent taxes. There are several good stories about these hardy folk, who were scarcely thought of as thieves in those days, but regarded rather as daring lads enough, who freely took their lives in their hands, and deserved to be considered heroes.

One of these books is by George Bartram, "The Longshoreman," and relates stirring tales of the smugglers of Sussex. Another, one of the finest books of adventure ever written, is "Romance," by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. This story throbs with life. It begins in Essex, and there are wild doings among the smugglers. Then the story shifts to the West Indies, and takes us into the society of the pirates at Port Royal. Quite a business these

pirates made of it, running their trade in the most shipshape way imaginable. It is amusing as well as exciting, a truly thrilling book. I have not read it in a long while, but I remember very clearly indeed how I enjoyed it, and just writing about it makes me want to get hold of it again.

A story set in Scotland after the days of Waterloo, when that country was crowded with veterans of the wars, is "Gillian the Dreamer," by Neil Munro. It is an interesting story of an orphan boy who is adopted by a man, an old soldier, who wants to make a soldier of *Gillian* too. But *Gillian* is a curious sort of lad, and has ideas and ways that puzzle his adopted father considerably. Incidentally, you get a lot of good pictures of Scotland at this period of time.

Stanley J. Weyman also has a book that touches on these hard times, "Starvecrow Farm." There is an enchanting heroine to this story, and possibly not much history; but we see something of what is going on, dim struggles and sad occurrences,—the price being paid for all the years of fighting.

George IV was drawing toward the end of his life now, and a bad king he had proved himself. He had become so hated in London that the people would hiss as he drove by, and the windows of his coach were broken more than once. When George was only fifteen years old, his tutor, Bishop Hurd, had said of him that he would become either "the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe—possibly both." The latter prophecy proved to be the correct one.

He died in June, 1830, and was succeeded by William, who had been popular as the "sailor prince," and whose bluff, hearty personality continued to make him liked, though, as king, he proved so weak and vacillating that people soon lost all respect for him. His inability to take a definite stand plunged the country into great confusion, Whigs and Tories and (toward the end of William's reign) the Chartist party all being at loggerheads both with each other and with the king.

The fierce contest between the classes and the masses, as represented by the old Tory and the new Whig parties, is admirably presented in Stanley J. Weyman's novel "Chippinge." This fascinating romance has as its background the

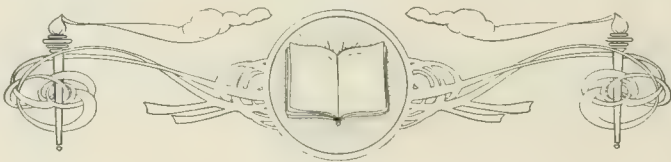
passage of the second Reform Bill, with all the excitement that attended the measure. The atmosphere of the early nineteenth century is very cleverly conveyed. Sir Charles Wetherell, Lord Brougham, with other important men and many charming women of the day, appear in the course of the story, which is a delightful one, quite aside from its historic significance.

R. M. Thomas has written a really wonderful book, "Trewern," that tells the Welsh side of the story of the thirties, and George Eliot's two books "Felix Holt" and "Middlemarch" both belong in this period. "Middlemarch," with its beautiful heroine and strange and moving story, is a book that some of the older readers of *SR. NICHOLAS* know already. If you do not, you could not find a better time to read it than when you are studying this period in the long story of England.

Then there are two of Disraeli's novels which you surely should not miss reading. One is "Coningsby," the other "Sybil." They cover a long period, between 1832 and 1844, and besides telling a fascinating love-story, they put before us, with a mixture of sarcasm and enthusiasm that is extraordinarily interesting, the whole feeling in England at that time. They are reliable as history and enchanting as stories, which is a mighty good combination.

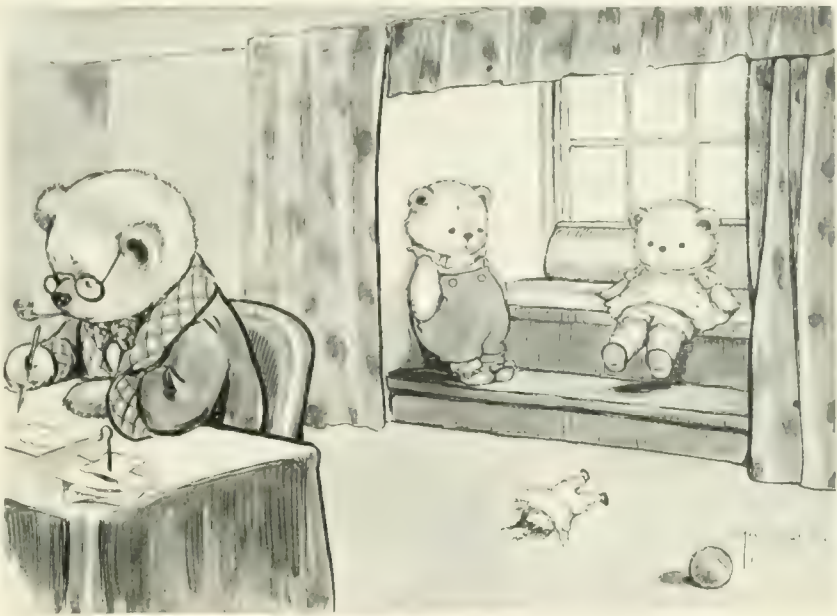
Rider Haggard has written a story called "Swallow" which takes up the tale of England's Colonial expansion, and relates a wonderful adventure on the *Great Trek* across South Africa in the year 1836. For now England was beginning to reach out into other lands, into India and Africa and Australia and New Zealand, to found her colonies and establish her rule. In Victoria's reign, which followed that of her Uncle William's, England spread to her present enormous area, becoming the great empire she is. Her second war with America was over—(I have not spoken of any books particularly related to the War of 1812-14 because they belong rather more to the history of America than England)—and she was happily and safely through the long terror of the French struggle.

Victoria's long reign is a whole world in itself. Next month, I shall have something to say of the many delightful books that tell the story of the first half of this "Victorian Era."



THE BABY BEARS' SIXTH ADVENTURE

BY GRACE G. DRAYTON



THE naughty little bears complained
Because it rained, and rained, and rained!



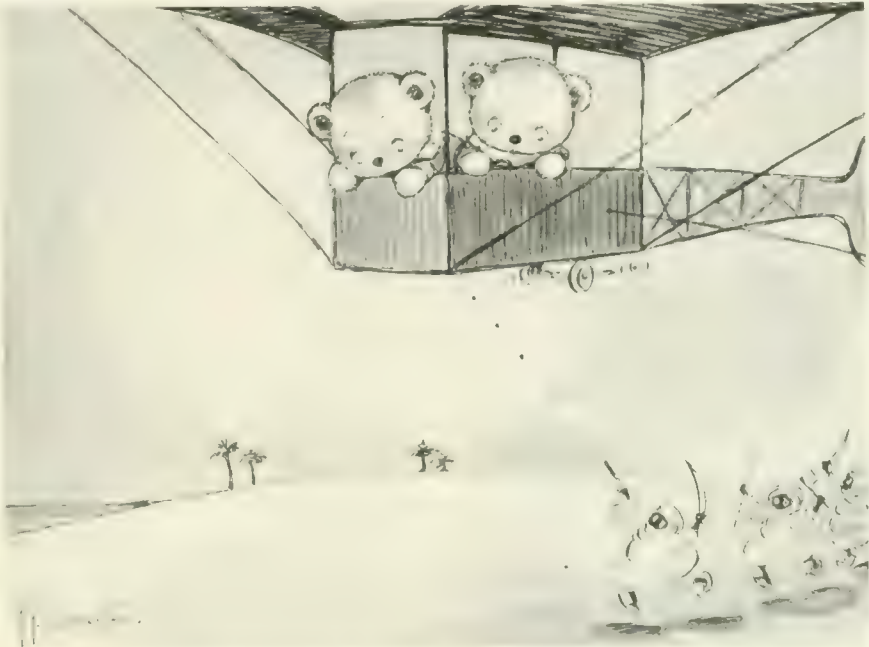
"I wish we were far out at sea,
A-sailing to some far coun-tree—"



They got their wish, and then, what's more,
They *landed* on a foreign shore.



With mud-ball bullets, wooden spears,
The natives greet our little dears.



They wished *hard* for an *aéroplane*
To take them safely home again.



"We must n't mind these April showers,"
Says Mother Bear—"They bring May flowers!"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



BUDS PUSHING UP
THROUGH THE ICE.

through the covering of ice and snow until it finally reaches the surface. Here in the open air, surrounded by a field of ice and snow, it blossoms, a delight to the early bees, while its plant neighbors are still soundly sleeping under their winter blanket.

There are times though when the icy covering is so thick that the buds, try as they may, cannot push a way to the surface, and are forced to give up the desire to reach the open air above, and must be content to open within the little air-bubble that surrounds them. But here it is entirely shut away from the visits of the bees, which is a

AN ALPINE EARLY-RISER

WHEN the sun begins to make his heat felt on the snow on the Alps, and the bees are starting on their rounds, there is a little plant down under the snow that wakes up and starts to grow, pushing its flower-buds up through the icy blanket, and blossoming just above the surface. Yes, strange as it may seem, this little flower, the Alpine Soldanella, actually melts its way through snow and ice, so anxious is it to blossom early.

The thick, round leaves of this plant are really storehouses into which, during the previous summer, heating material is gathered, and when, in the early spring, the surface of the snow begins to melt and the water settles down around the plant, an internal heat is generated from this stored material, which, as the buds begin to grow, melts a way for them in the ice. At first, this melted space is the shape of a dome over the starting bud, but as the flower stem lengthens and the bud is raised farther from the ground, the ice again closes about the stem below the bud, and the melted space takes the form of a miniature balloon, or round air-bubble, in the ice. As the stem grows, the bud, surrounded by its protecting bubble of air, gradually moves upward, and thus our ambitious and daring little early-riser, furnishing its own heat, melts its way up



FLOWERS ABOVE THE
SURFACE OF ICE AND SNOW

great disappointment to the little flower, for its prime object in melting a way to the open air and sunlight is that it may have the assistance of the bees in the setting of its seeds.

GEORGE A. KING.

A FORTUNE IN A TREE

THE most valuable tree in the known world is the famous avocado, or alligator-pear, tree, owned by Mr. Harry A. Woodworth, of Whittier, California.

The tree is just eight years old, and this year made \$5002 for its owner. Mr. Woodworth has recently had a thirty-foot fence erected around his tree to keep out miscreants, and has had the tree insured against fire and wind with Lloyds, of London, for \$30,000. A local nursery-man produced this tree from a seed sent from the Mexican highland. Several more of these seeds were planted at the same time, and have grown into beautiful trees; but none have borne fruit. This tree stands thirty-five feet high, and its trunk is forty-eight inches in circumference. Another peculiar feature about it is that it began bearing when only three years old, as the avocado seldom bears before the age of eight or ten years. The fruit is the shape of a very large pear. It has a very dark green skin and contains one large seed, while the meat is of a creamy

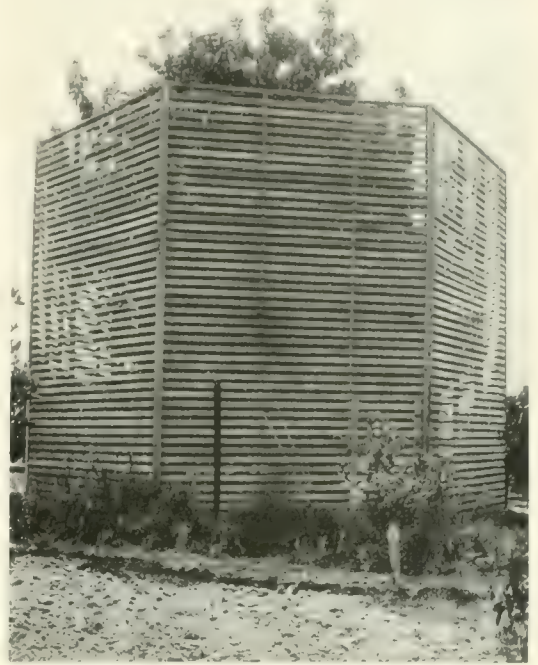


"THE MOST VALUABLE TREE IN THE WORLD"

consistency. The tree bore 3865 pears this year, which sold from six to eight dollars a dozen.

In order to save his tree from ruin in satisfying bud-wood purchasers, the owner has raised

the price of buds from ten to twenty-three cents each. \$2570 of this year's receipts from the tree came from the fruit, and \$2432 from the sale of bud-wood. The raising of the avocado promises



THE TREE PROTECTED AGAINST MISCREANTS

to become one of the leading industries in California. It is being propagated by thousands; and hundreds of acres are being set out with young avocado-trees.

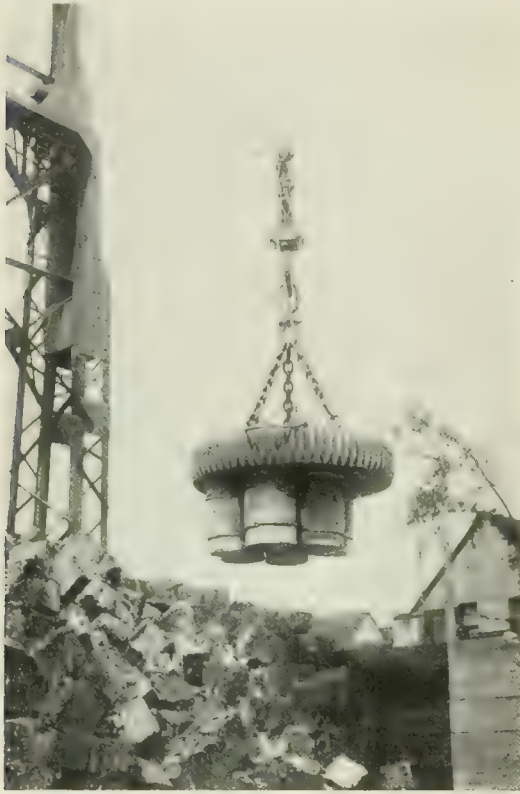
HENRIETTA A. WOODWORTH.

THE MAGNET AS A USEFUL WIZARD

THE principles of the electric magnet have been known since the earliest days of electrical science, and various attempts were made to take advantage of this knowledge for industrial purposes; but it has only been in comparatively recent years that the electro-magnet has entered upon its career as one of the most useful devices for handling raw and finished material in iron- and steel-mills, foundries, railroad- and machine-shops, and a dozen and one different kinds of manufacturing plants.

Most of us are familiar with the antics performed by iron filings, needles, or small particles of metal when a magnet is pushed within their field; and the construction of small toys that can be moved about by a small horseshoe-magnet has

excited our interest, if not our wonder, by their ready response to the invisible power exerted by this little magician. A magician it surely is, judged purely from an optical point of view!



SEVEN KILS FILLED WITH NAILS LIFTED
BY AN ELECTRO-MAGNET.

A visit to any of our large steel-mills or foundries equipped with electro-magnets would still further impress us with the wizardry of this wonderful device, for there we would see invisible fingers picking up mammoth girders, lifting hot steel plates from the fire, separating pieces of iron from scrap of other metals, pulling and hauling with tremendous power, and always releasing them at the proper moment by a touch of the operator's hand. Their operation is as noiseless as it is swift and sure. There is no clanking and tightening of chains and grappling hooks, no slip of the heavy load as it adjusts itself to the pull, no creaking and groaning of the tackle—nothing but swift, sure, and silent lifting and hauling of the weight to its new position.

If we look more carefully, we shall see the electrical magician work further wonders. If it is in a foundry where scrap iron, steel, copper, brass, and other metals are piled together in a

great heap, it will separate the iron and steel from the other metals with a skill surpassing anything else of man's creation. It will sort out and separate these metals from all the others, pulling and hauling at iron and steel pieces lying underneath the brass and copper, and discarding all else with absolute certainty. The foundry, which receives its mixed scrap from all conceivable sources, some of it painted, corroded, and oxidized so that it is difficult to distinguish the different metals without scraping and examining closely, is equipped with a magnetic separator that will do the sorting in a hundredth part of the time required by hand labor.

Although very particular as to what kind of material it will handle, the electric magnet is not at all particular as to how it will manipulate the load. Anything and everything which respond to magnetic attraction that come within its field are picked up. If passed across a scrap-heap, it will gather in its fingers a queer assortment of iron bars, steel shavings, nails, broken pins, and steel rods. It is a queer collection it hauls up—a mass of material that to handle singly would require an immense amount of work. Its load is limited only by its lifting power, and that is something enormous in these days, approximating five to twelve tons.

If we take a peep into the rolling-mill, we shall witness other peculiar feats of the lifting-magnet. An enormous hot steel plate or girder must be lifted from its bed to some other part of the mill. To touch this, or even to approach within a foot or two of it, would prove dangerous to the workmen. Formerly, when these hot plates had to be lifted without magnets, the workmen were often severely injured in adjusting the chains. To-day, the electric magnet swoops down and picks up the hot plate, and can transport it to any part of the mill. Its fingers are invulnerable to the scorching heat, and it is in no way concerned whether it is a hot or cold load it is called upon to handle. The magnets with their loads are raised, lowered, and moved about by cables operating from what are known as cranes.

In another part of the rolling-mill, we may see a steel plate forty or more feet long, eight feet in width, and only one half an inch in thickness. Now to lift and carry that to another part of the mill used to be a pretty difficult matter. When lifted, it would bend and buckle under its own weight, and, in order to avoid this, the most careful adjustment of many chains was necessary. But several magnets, used in combination on a single crane, pick up the long, thin sheet of metal, and calmly haul it away to the desired spot. With the exception of a little sagging of the plate be-

tween the magnets, you would hardly know that it was being deprived of the support of the ground as it swings silently through the air.

A still further perfection of the industrial magnet may be seen in the handling of the "skull-cracker" by the lifting-magnet. A skull-cracker is simply a huge round or pear-shaped ball of iron suspended by a chain and hook. When dropped on big pieces of metal, it breaks and cracks them into small particles for melting purposes. The combination of skull-cracker and magnet works ideally.

Swiftly and surely the huge ball of iron, weighing from twelve thousand to twenty thousand pounds, rises into the air over a scrap-pile and is allowed to fall upon it, smashing the material into convenient sizes. When the contents of the pile have been sufficiently broken up, the pieces are lifted and carried away by the same magnet. Thus a single operator can smash the plates and then pick up the pieces and drop them into the melting-furnace. It is all done so neatly and easily, that it appears more like magic than actuality.

Other uses of the electro-magnet may be seen by visiting a mine where low-grade ores are crushed to obtain the precious metal found in them. When the rocks are crushed and pulverized by the machinery, the magnets are used for picking up the small particles of iron from the ores. By this method of ore-separation, old tailings, that were formerly discarded as worthless, have been made of great value. The iron ore recovered is of sufficient value to build up great industries. Before the big commercial magnets were utilized, all of this low-grade ore was practically wasted.

Next take a peep at a flour mill or a factory where rice chaff is ground into small particles to make cattle food. Enormous attrition machines are used for grinding the chaff, and they consist of two metal disks revolving in opposite directions. These disks are separated by one eighth to three sixteenths of an inch.

The disks are indented to give a grinding surface, and they make from 1500 to 2000 revolutions per minute. Now, if a small particle of iron or steel should be caught between these revolving disks, a hot spark would be generated. Many times hot sparks produced in this way have caused disastrous fires by igniting the light, combustible chaff. In flour-mills, disastrous explosions have been due to the same cause. The fine dust which collects in flour-mills will sometimes explode almost as violently as gunpowder, if a spark is applied to it when suspended in the air.

The use of electric magnets has eliminated the

danger of both fire and explosions in these industries. Strong magnets are placed in the attrition machines so that all the chaff must pass in close proximity to them before it reaches the grinding disks. These magnets are powerful enough to draw out any bits of iron that may be mixed in the chaff. Similar contrivances are used in flour-mills, and they have reduced the danger of explosions and fires from this cause almost to a minimum. Sometimes a collection of nearly a pound of small pieces of iron is

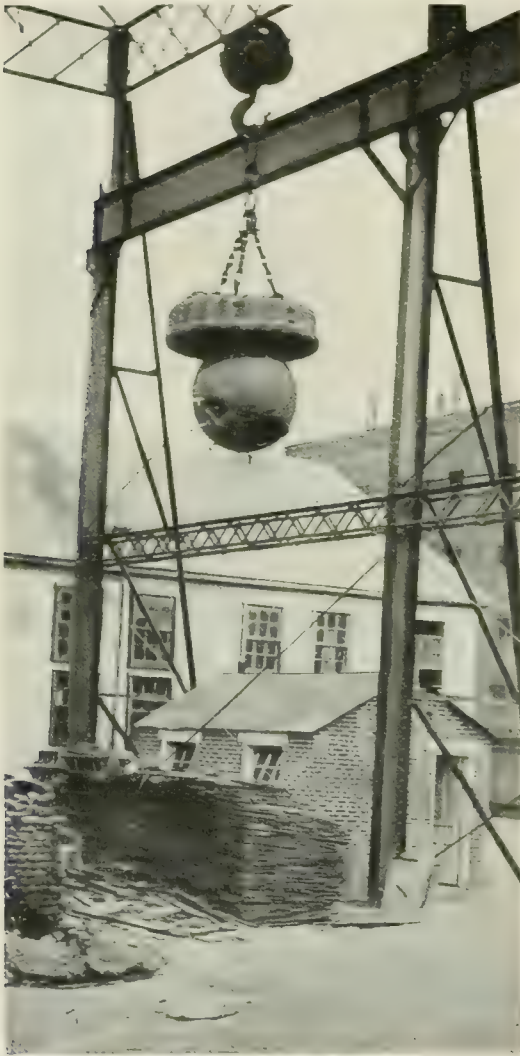


ELECTRO-MAGNET LIFTING A "SKULL-CRACKER"
WEIGHING 15,000 POUNDS

moved from the magnets after a run of a few hours of the machinery.

The ever-increasing field of usefulness that the electro-magnet is operating in to-day furnishes

abundant instances of the remarkable value of the device. For example, a load which had required two men four hours to place in a wagon, was lifted from the same wagon and placed in the storage pile by a magnet in just two and one half



52-INCH MAGNET, LIFTING A SKULL-CRACKER BALL.

minutes. As a rule, one electric lifting-magnet does the work of a gang of from six to twelve workmen, and the mode of operation is so simple that only one man is needed to manipulate two or three magnets. By means of a simple device, the operator can regulate the current and power of the magnet so that he can pick up one, or two, or any number of pieces at once. If a small beam lies alongside of a larger one, and it

is desired to move only the former, the current is proportioned to the lesser weight, and the magnet lifts it without disturbing the heavier one. Thus, in the hands of a skilled operator, the magnet performs the work of sorting and lifting different weights with almost uncanny intelligence. It rejects this piece from a heap, throws another out of the way, and finally picks up the one it has been searching for. In foundries, steel-mills, ship-building yards, and railroad machine-shops, the big electric magnets are continually working, performing jobs of a difficult nature that were formerly done by hand, or by tackle and chain.

When the lifting-magnets were first introduced in our big mills, it was urged against them that there was always the danger of a failing current and the sudden release of the load, when, it was feared, serious injuries would result to the workmen by the fall. But experience has shown that this danger is not to be greatly feared. Indeed, no more accidents or delays have been caused by a failing current than had been due to the slipping of chains and hooks. In handling enormous weights of this character, there is always present the element of danger, and only care and precaution can eliminate it entirely. The rule in most shops and mills is that no workmen shall pass or stand under the heavy loads carried by cranes and magnets.

Electro-magnets in general use in mills and shops differ a good deal in design. The oldest and most popular form was the simple horseshoe. This type has proved inadequate for plate-handling and for many other grades of work. In the effort to secure the most efficient design, the round magnet was developed, which, for handling certain kinds of compact loads, is unsurpassed. But experience showed that, while a round magnet in a straight pull could easily lift five tons, it was incapable of picking up a long, thin plate weighing only half a ton. As a result of this experience, the engineers designed a special plate-handling magnet.

The design and construction of the magnet for lifting heavy weights must be exact and accurate. Such magnets are proof against heat or cold, and there is practically no danger of accidental short-circuiting. The winding of the coils is the most expensive part of the construction of the giant magnets. In the round type of magnet, there may be as high as three thousand turns of wire, weighing approximately 220 pounds.

Small magnets are employed by manufacturing concerns with as great success as the larger ones are used in the mills and shops. For instance, in needle factories small magnets are used at the



STANDARD OIL CO. OF INDIANA. THE MAGNETS ARE USED BY THE EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY.

end of the working day for cleaning up the floors and benches. The magnets are passed swiftly along to gather up all the small particles of steel, broken needles, and iron. All this scrap is of value, and its complete separation from the dust and dirt of the shops greatly simplifies operations. The same is true in saw factories and in shops of a general character where a great amount of metal is being cut and filed. The accumulation of fine particles of metal is considerable. Formerly, this was all wasted by sweeping it out with a broom, but today the magnet gathers up everything, from the finest filings and steel shavings to pieces as large as the fist.

The efficiency of our manufacturing shops and factories is thus greatly promoted by the industrial use of electromagnets, and their application and adaptation to new industries increase every year. Small magnets are also employed in extracting particles of steel and iron from the

eyes, lungs, and body, and some notable instances of saving life are set down to its credit.

The magnet is thus a wonderful magician, capable of lifting loads weighing many tons, or gathering particles of metal too small for the fingers to pick up or even for the eye to detect. It will swing gigantic steel plates and girders through the air as easily as a child handles a toy, or draw from the eye infinitesimal specks of iron dust. It has wonderful fingers, invisible but remarkably efficient, that can separate and sort ores and metal scrap in the shop or foundry, or, when needed, extract as a gentle surgeon the broken points of a dagger or needle from the body.

GEORGE F. THURTELL, WAVERLY.

THE ODD OIL-DERRICKS IN RUMANIA

BECAUSE the oil industry of the world is so largely in the hands of American capitalists, many persons in the United States have gained the impression that the United States is almost the sole source of oil-supply. As a matter of fact, however, there are rich petroleum resources in other quarters of the globe, and nowhere more conspicuously than in Russia, and in the Balkan States, which have recently been the scene of so disastrous a war. It is predicted that, with the increasing use of the automobile, the adoption of oil-fuel on steamships and war-ships, and other recent demands, mankind will ere long be driven to develop these European oil-fields to the fullest



THE OIL-DERRICKS IN RUMANIA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

extent; and, indeed, American business men have already acquired property rights in many foreign



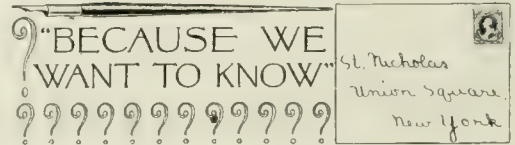
MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS OF THE FRENCH ARMY WITH THEIR FOUR-FOOTED ASSISTANTS

oil-fields. A visitor to the Rumanian oil-fields in the Balkans is at once struck by the marked contrast between the appearance of their oil-derricks and the derricks which dot the average oil-field in the United States. As is the case in America, wood is largely employed in the construction of these Balkan oil-derricks, but whereas there is followed in America what is known as the skeleton-type of construction, these foreign towers are much more solidly built, and, consequently, more massive in appearance.

REAL "DOGS OF WAR"

In all parts of Europe, and notably in such countries as France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, dogs are compelled to take life much more seriously than in the United States. This is due to the fact that in the Old World the natural function of the dog is that of a draught-animal rather than a playfellow for young people. The French people have long been employing them to draw carts and small wagons. Now they have gone a step farther, and have actually put dogs to work in their army. Real "dogs of war" they call the picked animals which have entered upon a military career. These four-footed soldiers have been enrolled in the hospital corps of the French army, and their work will be to assist the doctors and the Red Cross nurses in camp and on the battle-field. It is suspected that the always ingenious French got the idea from the famous dogs of St. Bernard, whose work in carrying succor to storm-bound travelers in the Alps is known to every reader. At any rate, the newly enlisted Red Cross dogs of the French

army are being trained to carry stimulants to the wounded; to search out injured soldiers and lead doctors or nurses to the scene; and perform other services requiring more or less resource, as well as to act as messengers for the surgeons, and to fetch and carry bandages, medicines, etc., in time of emergency, just as a well-trained American dog brings his master's mail or newspaper.



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

WHY HEATED AIR HAS A GLASSY APPEARANCE

OAKPARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why does the air above a fire always have a peculiar glassy appearance?

Your interested reader,

IRENE A. KNIGHT.

The gases ascending from the fire are hot, and also are not of the same composition as the surrounding air, and hence they have a different density, and the light from the things that are looked at through these gases does not go in straight lines, but is distorted, or "refracted," in coming to us. A similar thing happens when one looks through ordinary (not plate) glass which is not perfectly and evenly transparent.—H. L. W.

WHY WE CAN SEE THE CLOUDS

DENVER, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish that you would answer these questions for me: Why can you see the clouds? If you can see the clouds, what makes some white and some black? When they are black in the sky, why are n't they black in the form of mist down here?

Your interested reader, MARTHA STILES (age 9).

"Why can you see the clouds?" If the clouds were backed against a sky of precisely the same tint and color, we would hardly notice them any

they black when in the form of mist down here?" Sometimes a misty day is very dark because the fog, or mist, is very thick, and but little sunlight can shine through it. If a cloud were brought down to the earth's surface, or were formed at the earth's surface, it would be called a mist. A cloud that is formed high above the earth, and floats along horizontally until it envelops a tall mountain, may be spoken of as a mist by the people who are on it or the mountain side, but



IT IS BY REASON OF THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CLOUDS AND THE BACKGROUND THAT WE PERCEIVE THEM.

more than we would in a dark night over the ocean. We must have a background of some other color, or tint, to see the clouds or anything else. It is by reason of the contrast between the clouds and the background that we perceive them.

"If you can see the clouds, what makes some white and some black?" Over the ocean or a broad forest, when there is no light around us to shine upward, we can only see the clouds (except thunder-clouds with lightning) by reason of any light that may shine through them from above, such as the stars, the moon, or the sun; but the middle portion of a cloud is very thick, and it looks dark to us because the sunlight cannot penetrate through it, while it can penetrate through the edges of the cloud, and those look lighter, and even white. The beautiful cirrus, or "feathery," clouds are high above us and thin, so that they look white because the sunlight shines through them. Even the earth itself is very bright when lighted up with the sunshine, and its light reflects upward against the lower sides of the clouds, and helps to make them brighter.

"When clouds are black in the sky, why are n't

will be called a cloud by those higher up on the mountain who look *down* upon it, and also by those far down the mountain when they look *up* at it.—C. A.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

OMAHA, CUBA

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if it is possible to see the southern cross in the eastern part of Cuba, and what time of the year and day it is visible?

Yours very truly,

DOROTHY ELIZABETH CARTER.

The entire southern cross would be above the horizon when on the meridian—the imaginary line in the heavens which the sun crosses at noon—at any point in Cuba. It would be higher up in the eastern part of the island.

In the first part of April, it would be on the meridian at about eleven p.m., and earlier each month by two hours. The entire cross will be above the horizon at any place whose latitude is less than $+34^{\circ}$. The southern cross, however, is a great disappointment, as there are only three bright stars in it, and it takes a cubist artist to see the cross!—E. E. BARNARD.



AGAIN the prose contributions and the photographs lead the van, as they did last month; and again it is difficult to say whether the wielders of the pen or of the camera can claim the palm of victory, because of the very close competition between their contributions, both as to numbers and quality. Among the manuscripts sent us under the title "My Favorite Bit of History," there are several little stories that League members will not soon forget; and they will remember just as long several of the photographic gems bearing the legend "In the Sunshine." Let us be content, therefore, to rejoice with equal pride in the clever touch and the practised eye of our young League comrades who have achieved for us so fine a series of contributions—whether the individual offering be a "mental picture" visualized in words, or an actual bit of nature caught and imprisoned for us by the magic swiftness of the lens.

Though fewer in number than last month, the drawings included quite a number that were very skilfully handled and also very ingenious in design. A fair proportion of them, moreover, displayed that sense of humor, in our young artists, of which the entire League is proud.

And that reminds us of the joke unintentionally perpetrated by ST. NICHOLAS itself on page 380 of the February number, where the statement is made in cold print that the "competition for foreign members will close on February 30th"! The League young folk residing or traveling abroad will testify that we always strive to allow the utmost limit of time for their contributions to cross the ocean. And we must confess that, this once—through a mistake which caught both editor and proof-reader napping—we have even extended the calendar itself in behalf of our far-away Leaguers!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 170

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **John K. Stafford** (age 14), New York; **Eunice Eddy** (age 16), New York. Silver badges, **Douglas C. Abbott** (age 14), Canada; **Elsie Terhune** (age 16), New Jersey; **Elsie Baum** (age 13), New Jersey.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Grace C. Freese** (age 15), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Mary Pangman** (age 13), Canada; **Cora Louise Butterfield** (age 13), Mississippi.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **H. B. Estrada** (age 17), Cuba; **Paulyne F. May** (age 17), New York; **Harlan Hubbard** (age 13), Kentucky.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Patrino M. Colis** (age 16), New York; **Marie L. Sanderson** (age 16), Connecticut. Silver badges, **J. Freeman Lincoln** (age 13), New Jersey; **Sibyl Weymouth** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Whitney N. Seymour** (age 12), Wisconsin; **John Boyd** (age 10), Oregon; **Philys Stringer** (age 14), Minnesota.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Margaret Spaulding** (age 12), Massachusetts. Silver badge, **Helen Morton** (age 15), Massachusetts.



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY J. FREEMAN LINCOLN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY SYBIL WEYMOUTH, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE.)

A TALE OF THE SNOW

A STORY BY

THE WIND howled, and the snow fell fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,
 The stars shone white, and the stars shone fast,

The wind howled, and the snow fell fast,
 Into the storm so drear,
 When, suddenly out from the night he heard,
 "Help, help! help!" loud and clear.
 Quickly he loosened a St. Bernard,
 And the dogs of St. Bernard,
 "For hard will it fare with the traveler,"
 Said he, "I'll save the day!"

The wind chilled the wanderer through and
 through,

And the dogs of St. Bernard,
 Exhausted, he gasped, "Oh, must I die
 In such a lonely place?"

But what is this which comes to aid?

My fate is not so hard,—
 God bless the kind hearts who have sent me help,
 And the dogs of St. Bernard!"



MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY

GOLDIE BAKER, SWITZERLAND, 1886

In the little town of Sempach, northwest of Lucerne, one of the most noble deeds in history took place.

On July 9, 1386, the Swiss peasant folk, desperate because of the treachery and cruelty inflicted on them by Duke Leopold of Austria, banded together at Sempach, and now were bravely but timidly facing the superb Austrian phalanx. Do what they could, the freedom-longing peasants' most frantic efforts to break that serried line of spears were vain. At last, in despair, they fell back.

All Switzerland's bright hope of freedom and justice seemed doomed. But though despairing, the Swiss held their ground and waited,—waited for that something which told them a cause as just as theirs would not,

could not die so easily, nor could liberty longer be denied the longing Swiss.

A simple peasant, Arnold von Winkelried by name, saw liberty's cause was lost to Switzerland unless—

Suddenly he darted forward, his arms extended wide, struck the phalanx with his body, and fell.



way for liberty!" he cried, and, grasping ten spears, plunged them triumphantly deep in his breast, staggered, and fell, in death victorious.

Swiftly, before this breach could be filled, the Swiss, incited to their utmost valor by Winkelried's unselfish devotion, rushed over this hero's expiring body, and, inspired, completely routed the Austrians, who never again gained any control over Switzerland.

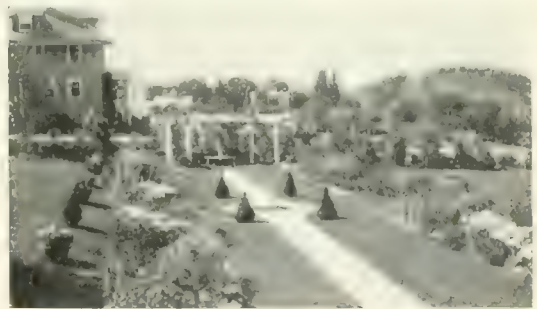
Thus was Winkelried's beloved Switzerland forever freed by his immortal sacrifice.

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY

SARAH BAKER

At the Valley Forge, where the soldiers of the army I think that my favorite bit of history took place.



What a picture of the triumph of patriotism over neglect and want—of principle over physical suffering—and of supreme self-sacrifice that name brings before one's mind!

The encampment at Valley Forge was chosen after much deliberation, but Washington finally determined

to make his camp for the winter there, in order that he might be in a position to protect both the country and his stores.

On December 17, 1777, the troops reached Valley Forge. The next day had been appointed by Congress as a day of Thanksgiving, therefore the troops remained in their quarters, and divine service was held in the different divisions by the chaplains, hymns of praise arising from men who, to all appearances, had nothing to look forward to or be thankful for, except cold, famine, and nakedness.

The next day, work was commenced on the huts, and in a short time, a log city of over a thousand rude dwellings had sprung up. All through that long winter these troops endured untold privations of hunger and cold, often going without food for days at a time, when but for the neglect and indifference of Congress their wants might easily have been relieved; yet through all they remained true to their country and their leader. Thus passed the long, severe winter, but at last spring with its warm days came, and was hailed with delight by the suffering troops, who were further encouraged by the news of Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga.

This bit of history impresses me as being one of the finest examples of true patriotism the world has ever seen.

A SONG OF THE SNOW

BY MARY FANGMAN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

Whispering, murmuring, whispering,
Telling of Christmas joys;
Breathing of stockings filled full to the brim,
For good little girls and boys.

Whispering of parties and dances,
Of skating, and sledding, and glee;
Of great, round, brown, holly-decked puddings,
And Christmas trees wondrous to see.



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY MARY F. FANGMAN, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE—SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1912)

Fluttering, fluttering downward,
Covering the earth with a veil;
Making great ramparts of whiteness,
Though they're so tiny and frail.

Softly the moonlight shines on them,
Turning to silver each one.
Sleep! For with them on the morrow,
You will have frolic and fun.

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY LUNCE EDDY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge—Silver Badge won November, 1912)

ABOUT two hundred and sixty years after Christ, there was born in Patara, Greece, a little blue-eyed baby. His father and mother named him "Nikolaos," and from his babyhood he was greatly beloved by his playmates and friends. He had a loving, generous heart and an unconquerable courage. When he grew to be a man, he

was ordained as a bishop. Having a great deal of money left to him, he decided to give it all away, and not selfishly keep it. So when he heard of a friend who was in trouble, he went by night to his house and threw a bag of gold in at the window. He did this three times before he was discovered. Then, afterward, when poor people found mysterious gifts left at their houses in the night, they said that it was Saint Nicholas who brought them.

And so this kindly man, this Greek saint, called by the Germans "Saint Nikolaus," from which we get our "Santa Claus," is the person whose memory little



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY LUNCE EDDY, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE—GOLD BADGE WON FEB., 1912)

children all over the world honor every Christmas time, and whom they expect to come down the chimney and put good things in their stockings. The Russians, the Lapps, and the rest of the northern people love him as much as the eastern people do.

But now, in these days, a message, as full of good cheer as this kind Greek saint, comes not only at the Christmas time, but every month in the year, to make the children happy, even as this hero did—and this message of fun and jollity is none other than SAINT NICHOLAS.

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY DORRIS ELIZABETH PADGHAM (AGE 15)

THE battle of Gettysburg, in July, 1863, the greatest contest ever fought on American soil, resulted in a victory for the Federal army. Great was the loss of life. Fifty thousand was the number of dead and injured men. There on the ground where they had fought so bravely, the dead were buried.

On November 19 of the same year, a great multitude assembled on that same battle-field and burying-ground, to witness its dedication as a national cemetery.

Many of those who had come to the dedication had loved ones who had fought on that field. All minds were filled with serious thoughts.

Edward Everett, the well-known orator, delivered a long and brilliant oration. Then Abraham Lincoln spoke to the people. He deeply felt the intensity of the moment. As he said, "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract."

When Lincoln spoke, he thought of the brave soldiers



BY ALAN STINGER, AG. 14



BY DONALD G. DILLON, AG. 14



BY MARY



BY ALAN STINGER, AG. 14



BY MARY



BY ALAN STINGER, AG. 14



BY ALAN STINGER, AG. 14



BY MARY



BY ALAN STINGER, AG. 14 (SILVER TARGE)



BY MARY

"IN THE SUNSHINE."

who had marched into the very face of death, the homes that had been wrecked, and of the country still in the throes of war. In a few words he made the people see that he understood and that he sympathized with them.

A noted Englishman recently said that Lincoln's Gettysburg address is the "greatest masterpiece in oratory of the last half century."



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY KENNETH SMITH, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY BLANCHE F. MOORE (AGE 14)

It was on March 6, 1836, that my favorite bit of history occurred. Before daybreak of that day, the Mexicans, who had been in the town of San Antonio since February 23, surrounded the Alamo. The infantry were supplied with crowbars and ladders for scaling the walls. They were followed by the cavalry, who were to shoot any man who tried to turn back. As the sun arose, a bugle blast, the signal for battle, rang out. Then the Mexicans, some five thousand in number, advanced upon the fort.

The little band of one hundred and eighty-two heroes within was well supplied with weapons, but their ammunition was scarce. Their courage, however, was great. When the Mexicans planted their ladders and tried to ascend, they were driven back with a volley of cannon and musket-shots. Again they tried, and again they were driven back. They hesitated before attempt-



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY ELIZABETH, AGE 14

ing a third time, but Santa Anna, their leader, and the cavalry drove them forward. This time they swarmed up the ladders by hundreds. But the Texans slew those who came first, and they fell backward, crushing all beneath them.

So far, not a Texan had been killed; but there was only a handful of them compared with the Mexican

host. Then, too, they were exhausted from the eleven days of constant watchfulness which they had had since the Mexicans had been in the town.

As the Mexicans again scaled the walls, the Texans were overpowered, and one after another of the brave heroes fell. Now Travis—now Bonham—and now Bowie. Every man was slain. But not one gave up. Each fought until he lay lifeless on the bloody floor. "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY ESTHER HUNT, AGE 10

(Silver Badge)

THE bit of history that I love is connected with a small lad who has thoughtful, black eyes and a bunch of ebon hair. We see him walking down a country road. Behind him are the gates of Genoa, his first place of learning, gleaming whitely in the sunlight. Towers of temples and spires rise to the coppery sky. We leave him gathering knowledge of the studies of astronomy and the sea, which he loved.

We next spy him on a small sailing vessel on the way to the Canary Islands. He sits in the cabin exam-



"IN THE SUNSHINE" BY EASTON NOBLE, AGE 8
(HONOR MEMBER)

ining a chart. He is downhearted after his fruitless attempt to obtain vessels for his exploration voyage. He folds up his chart slowly, leans his forehead on his palm, closes his eyes, and thinks—thinks—thinks.

Many years pass. Columbus is not young, but is still courageous. Now something else shines from his eyes. It is joy. He is standing on the shore. Grouped around him are priests, townfolk, and nobles, some still laughing at his idea. Columbus looks his farewell, then is rowed to the ship. The day is sultry, and, as they leave the city of Palos, they can see red, yellow, and sparkling beams on the shore now fading.

It is midnight. A storm is rolling from the west. The lightning reveals three ships on the ocean. The cries of the frightened and angry sailors mingle with the growling thunder like spirits from the deep. On one of the ships stands Columbus. He kneels upon the deck and prays silently:

"Help me! Oh, save me to live my dream!"

Several days later, he steps upon the shore with his crew, a thankful, happy man.

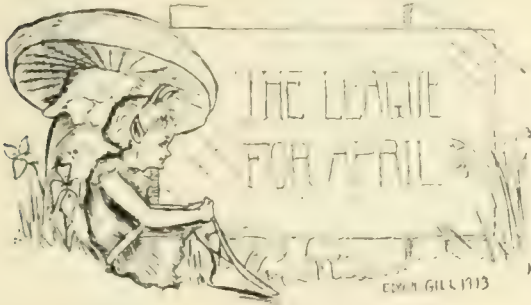
Another scene shows to us prosperous America, and I sit here writing amid the luxuries of our great nation.

A SONG OF THE SNOW

BY LUCILLE H. QUARRY (AGE 16)

Over the country and over the town,
Lazily, gently, the snow falls down;
All through the day and into the night,
Making the landscape pure and white.

Under its weight the trees bow low,
Sway in the soft breeze to and fro;
Then, when the snow-storm-clouds are past,
The moon shines out in the sky at last.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL" BY EDWIN GILL, AGE 11

Bright are the gleams that touch the earth,
Waking the snowflakes into mirth,
Tenderly giving them each a kiss.
And the song that the snowflakes sing is this:

"Out of the sky that is soft and gray,
Out of the clouds have we come to-day;
Winter is hard for the flowers and grass,
We'll keep them safe, and the cold will pass.

Pureness and brightness to earth we bring,
As we cover the trees and everything;
All is whiteness, where'er we go,
For we are the starry flakes of snow."

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY LESLIE BAUM (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

As I sit with an open "History of France" in my lap,
In fancy I live over again the story of Joan of Arc.

Before me arises a room in the home of a peasant of Domremy. Around the oaken table sit men, prominent personages in the little community.

Bitterly they talk of the sufferings of the people at the hands of the English, who are now the masters of France; of the beautiful country, once blooming, fertile and well cultivated, now barren, deserted, and given over to the hands of the English plunderers. Furiously they rage against the weakling king, who, oblivious of the miseries of his people, forgets the shame of the retreat in pleasure and feasting.

But they regard as insane the tall, dark-eyed girl who declares that God has instructed her to deliver France.

But her gentle tact and firmness succeed, not only in convincing them, but even King Charles, who gives her an army.

With a heaven-inspired courage and strength, she sweeps the enemy before her till she reaches Orleans.

There, after a long battle, she delivers Orleans.

Then triumphantly crowning the dauphin, she leads her army forth to victorious battle in the Compiègne, and delivers France.

But, alas! she herself is captured by treachery and sold to the English.

Now the scene changes. I see her before the merciless tribunal, who, after a brutal trial, failing to find any real guilt, fix a pretended charge on her, and condemn her to be burned alive.

Bravely she hears her sentence, for she still has faith in her Maker. Uncomplaining she goes to the stake, unmindful of the jeers of the people.

As the fire creeps up around her girlish form, her lips move in prayer. Nearer and nearer come the flames, and, still trusting in God, she dies.

I look up, my eyes wet with tears. Once more I am in the twentieth century.

But oh, Joan of Arc, your name shall be a bright light in history until courage, loyalty, and piety shall cease to be respected.

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

(The Gettysburg Speech)

BY OSCAR BLATTER (AGE 13)

ABOUT four months after the battle of Gettysburg, a party of men left Washington. Among them was a tall, thin figure, fully six feet in height. Abraham Lincoln, for it was he, was on his way to the battle-field of Gettysburg, to take part in the ceremonies dedicating that spot.

As the train moved swiftly along, Lincoln was thinking of the speech he was to make the following day. Now and then, he would write a few words, and then again would fall into deep thought.

As he gazed about the car, his glance fell on the distinguished orator, Mr. Edward Everett. Lincoln felt quite discouraged when he thought of the stirring sentences of this man compared with his own, so he put his paper and pencil into his pocket.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL" BY MARY NEELA C. DONNA, AGE 10 (Golden Badge)

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, he was seated on a great platform before a multitude of people. Soon Mr. Everett began his part of the ceremonies. He spoke of the terrible war they were engaged in, and of his hopes for the future. As Lincoln listened, he felt more disappointed than ever.

When Mr. Everett had ended, there was a deafening

applause. When the tumult had subsided, Lincoln rose and came forward.

As he began to speak, the crowd hung breathless on his words. They did not want to miss a word.

But soon it was ended. Not a shout was given or a hand lifted to applaud. Lincoln returned to his seat thinking his speech was a failure, and it nearly broke his heart. But as we know, and he found out afterward, he had made one of the greatest speeches recorded in history.



"HELPING." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 16.

MY FAVORITE BIT OF HISTORY

BY SALLY THOMPSON (AGE 13)

I THINK that one of the most interesting battles in the world's history is the battle of Thermopylae, where Leonidas, with his brave three hundred Spartans and seven hundred allies, defended so gallantly the pass against Xerxes, the Persian king, who had many thousands of soldiers.

The Greeks' religious scruples prevented them from postponing the Olympian games which were held every fourth year in honor of Zeus; but no scruples prevented them from leaving Leonidas with only a few men to guard the pass and keep back the Persians, whose coming might mean slavery for Greece. All Greece was endangered by Persia, and if the pass were captured, the country would be open to the invaders.



"HELPING." BY H. B. ESTRADA, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

Every one knows how the Persians were kept back for two days, and how Ephialtes, "the Judas of Greece," revealed to Xerxes the way across the mountain to the rear of Leonidas, and so prevented him from holding the pass; and how the little army of three hundred with seven hundred of the allies would not betray their trust, preferring death; and how they were every one slain by the Persians' spears.

Not far from the place where these brave men fell, there stands a statue with the inscription:

Stranger, the tidings to the Spartans tell,
That here, obeying their commands, we fell.

This battle proves Spartan valor and faithfulness; and Leonidas, with his brave three hundred, has won for Sparta a name in history never to be forgotten.

A SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES

BY CORA LOUISE BUTTERFIELD (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

How can I sing of the snowflakes
Falling on spruce and pines,
While I sit here in Mississippi,
Where the summer sun still shines?

How can I sing of the heavens
Banked with clouds of gray,
When they're smiling softly upon me,
As blue as they are in May?

How can I sing of winter
With the sun "gone out of sight,"
When it's shining down upon me
So lovely, and warm, and bright?

Ah, no! a song of the snowflakes
Can never be sung by me;
For down here in Mississippi,
'T is always summer, you see.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY PAULYNE F. MAY, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elizabeth B. Loring
Lucy O. Lewton
Elizabeth N. Dale
Griffith M. Harsh
D. B. Newkirk
Ruth Schmidt
Edith Sise
Robert Henry Reid, Jr.
Walter B. Lister
Adrian Spencer
Mary Hallock
Daniel B. Benscoter
Josephine Fellows
C. Rosalind Holmes
Carrol T. Mitchell
William vom Cleff
Eileen Creelman
Lavinia Janes
Elizabeth Talley
Beulah Zimmerman
Raymond Ray
Agnes Nolan
Mead Treadwell
Dorothy Woolcott
Charlotte Waller
Ruth Hooper
Julian L. Ross
Elizabeth Helmer
Martha Eiseman
Dorothy V. Fuller
Alfred S. Valentine
Mab N. Barber
Eleanor Bowman

Dorothy M. Robathan
Dorothy Levy
Eliza A. Peterson
Mary Q. Richmond
Elmaza Fletcher
John T. Opie
Esther R. Hayes
Mildred Kadow
Winifred Birkett
Esther J. Lowell
Hettie J. Pritchard
Kathryn French
Marion Ellet
Lois Hopkins
Dorothy M. Robathan
Cornelius A. Shell
Rebecca Offner
Mabelle Teller
Gladys Dingleline
Francis P. Squibb
Justin Andrews
Edith Culver
Helen Beeman
Susan Appel
Cyota Rigdon
Mayme E. Reed
Laura Morris
Robert S. Jennings
Mary K. Jacobs

PROSE, 2

Annetta B. Stainton
Neil Hiscox
Reba Goldstine
Florence Temple
Alma Rosenzi
Elsie Daubert
Cornelia Felix
Mary Landrus
Florence Fram
Mira Bowles
Helen Bull
William P. Whitney
Patrick T. L. Putnam
Mary Wright Aher, Jr.
Huston Murdock
Constance Dreyfus
Lindsay Thompson
Bessie Rosenman

VERSE, 1

Eleanor Johnson
Frances Riker
Francesca W. Moffat
Dorothy P. Petgen
Jessie M. Thompson
Neil Adams
Thelma Stillson
Florence W. Towle
Elsie L. Lustig
Constance C. Ling
Isabel Scott
Mary B. Closson
Catherine Rapp
Peggy Norris
Madeline Buzzell
Linda Van Norden
Ruth M. Paine

Sarah F. Borok
Catherine F. Cook
Hildegard Halliday
Lucy Swallow
Margaret C. Bland
Elizabeth R. A.
Marion McMillan

Beth Lyden
Dorothy Kennedy
F. H. Chapin
Robert Mare
Margaret Ellis
Margaret K. K.
Edward S. Watson
James A. G.
C. G. G. G.

Elizabeth F. Cornell
Myra Fraser
Anita Marburg
Muriel W. Curtis
Marion Barnett
Gayer L. W.
Edward S. Watson
James A. G.
C. G. G. G.

Margaret Anderson
John C. G.
Fred Floyd, Jr.

Katherine Bull
Margaret George
Selma Moskowitz
Helen T. Stevenson
Gayer L. W.
Anita Fenton
Evelyn Brady
Dorothy A. Smith
B. H. Bronson

Carrie Cypress
Emily Pendleton
Eloise Rigby
J. Roy Elliott
Philip R. Nichols
Katherine Clark
Alice L. Cushing
Grace E. Lustig
Ruth M. Cole

VERSE, 1

Helen Schoening
Arthur D. Lionberger
Lazare Chertoff
Ella S. Martin
Lillian Rhodes
Pauline Lyles
Lucile Kapp
Virginia Palmer
Austin W. West
Elizabeth Carter
Mildred Aaron
Margaret Thomas
Theresa Rosenstein
Ethelyn B. Russell
Edith S. Hoffman
Winifred Fletcher
Marie L. Muriedas
Bessie Radlitsky
Isidore Helfand
Julia Fox
Carol Klink
Sydney R. McLean
Theresa Wosner
Elizabeth Futing
Rose Weller
Hannah Forthall

DRAWINGS, 1

Lida Raymond
Frances M. J. Patten
Welthea B. Thoday
Henrietta H. Henning
S. Dorothy Bell
Louise S. May
Helen Hitchcock
Sam Kirkland
Ralph Schubert
Kenneth C. Davis
Loena King
Helen C. Jaeger

Morris Ress
Eleanor L. Topliff
Jennie E. Everden

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Margaret A. Biddle
Margaret H. Pooley
Marjorie R. Hunt
Helen M. Folwell

Pearl I. Henderson
Leopold A.
Camacho, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Charles C. McCrea
Elsa Oppenheimer
Dorothy Frees
Eleanor B. Phillips
Margaret Mc A.
Lanway
Mercedes Jones
Jessica Raymond
Halsey T. Tichenor, Jr.
Edward S. Port
Elizabeth Merz
Eleanor Stevenson
Jessie L. Metcalf
Mariana Blood
Helen Crawford
Wilhelmina Reichard
L. Armstrong Kern
Margaret K. Hinds
Anne B. Townsend
Dorothea H. Nau
Beatrice N. Penny
James L. Witkowsky
Thomas Redwood
Marjorie A. Calvert
Pauline Coburn
Edith Carruthers
P. Ernest Ishill
Joseph S. Sylvester, Jr.
Eugene S. Underwood
Louise E. de Gaugue
Mildred Bolles
Mary C. Dwyer
Lee Whittlesey
Ethel Cox
Frances Raymond
Edith B. Gardner
Helen F. Mann
Dorothy Gladding
Helen W. Smith
Marie Curtis
William Biddle

PUZZLES, 1

Ruth K. Gaylord
Marguerite T. Arnold
Kenneth H. Zabriskie
Ruth Lee
Robert S. Holt
Angela M. Smith

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 174

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 174 will close **April 24** (for foreign members **April 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Echo."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Story of the Garden."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Race."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Messenger," or a Heading for **August**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a label and stamped on the back of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

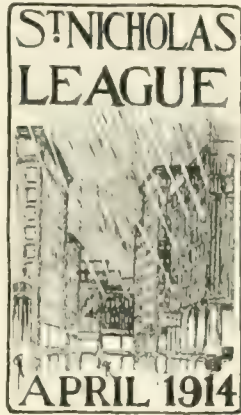
RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be present at the time of indorsing—and must write on indorsing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST" BY
ANITA FENTON, AGE 12



"HELING" BY HELEN C. JAEGER,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 2

Elizabeth Norton
Jack Jervis
Beatrice B. Sawyer
Dorothy Benson
Mildred Rappleyea
Ruth B. Miller
Virginia L. Hyams
Marie Thérèse Bouniol
Jack Field
Mary D. K. Field
Arthur Pollak
Gladys Holiday

Ilse Buchhoff
Dorothy Steffan
Cornelia A. Rogers
Addie Thomas
Christina C. McMorris
Josephine Keech
Irving A. Leonard
Jessica B. Noble
Clara Fredericks
Margaret M. Benney
Delphine Burr
Phebe Poole
Emilie J. Daggett
Alethea Carpenter

THE LETTER-BOX

EDITORIAL NOTE

By an oversight, which is much regretted, the article entitled "At the Children's Matinée," in our February number, was signed "Clara Meadowcroft," instead of with the full name of the author, which is Clara Platt Meadowcroft. We cheerfully make this correction, and are sorry that the proper signature did not appear in the decorative heading printed with the article itself.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Years ago, when I was a little fellow and a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS, you published diagrams and directions for some very clever paper-folding. I remember with what enthusiasm I solved for myself the mysteries connected with the construction of a "Nantasket Sink" and other wonders, into some of which I have initiated a good many boys and girls since then.

I was reminded of those times and of ST. NICHOLAS when I lately saw a Japanese student, surrounded by an eager group of boys and girls, and folding for them from square pieces of paper what they all agreed were "real Easter lilies." I learned from him how it was done, and have written it all out with the diagrams and directions which used to be so dear to my own heart. I have even tried them on some young friends of mine, so I know they can be understood and used.

Yours sincerely,

HORACE J. RICE.

HOW TO FOLD AN EASTER LILY

TAKE a square piece of paper, as in Figure 1. Bring the corner A over upon the corner C, and crease firmly along the diagonal DB, producing Figure 2.

Bring the corner B over upon the corner D, and crease along the line EC, producing Figure 3.

Now lift the corner B again until the line BE is perpendicular, and spreading apart the two edges that run from B to C, press the corner B down upon the corner C. The crease EB will thus fall upon the crease EC, forming Figure 4.

Turn the whole figure over, and proceed in similar manner to raise the corner D until the line DE is perpendicular, and then, spreading apart the two edges that run from D to C, press the corner at D down upon the corner at C. The result is Figure 5.

You will see that the center of the original square of paper is now at E, and all the original corners at C, while four new corners have been formed, two at H and two at F, thus making four exactly similar double-thickness triangles. Hereafter, whatever fold is made on one of these four similar parts of the figure, will be repeated on each of the other three.

Lift one of the corners at H until it is directly above the line EC, and, spreading apart the two edges that run from the corner at H to C, press the corner at H down firmly upon the line EC. The result will be Figure 6.

Bring the corner at J over upon the corner at I. Now lift one of the corners at F until it is above the line CE, and press it down upon that line, spreading apart

the edges that ran from this corner at F to C, and giving once more Figure 6.

Now turn the whole figure over, and repeat the fold with the other corner at H and the other corner at F, giving Figure 7.

Raise somewhat the edge IJ, and taking a single edge of the line IC and its continuation IK, and a single edge of the line JC and its continuation JK, make each to lie along the line EC. This will form a little angle at K, which will be forced upward and then backward upon the line EC, producing Figure 8.

Turn the whole figure over, and proceed as before. Now take one of the corners at J and bring it over upon the corner at I. Turn the whole figure over, and again bring one of the corners at J over upon the corner at I. This brings us back, apparently, to Figure 7 again. Proceed as before, turn the whole figure over, and repeat yet once more. The result will be Figure 9 (except for the dotted lines).

Lift the corner at K and bring it forward along the line EC as far as it will go, to L. Do the same with each of the other three similar angles.

Take one of the edges ME and bring it over upon the line NE. Turn the whole figure over and repeat, forming Figure 10.

Take one of the edges ME and one of the edges NE, and bring them over upon the line EC, creasing thoroughly, thus forming Figure 11; turn over and repeat.

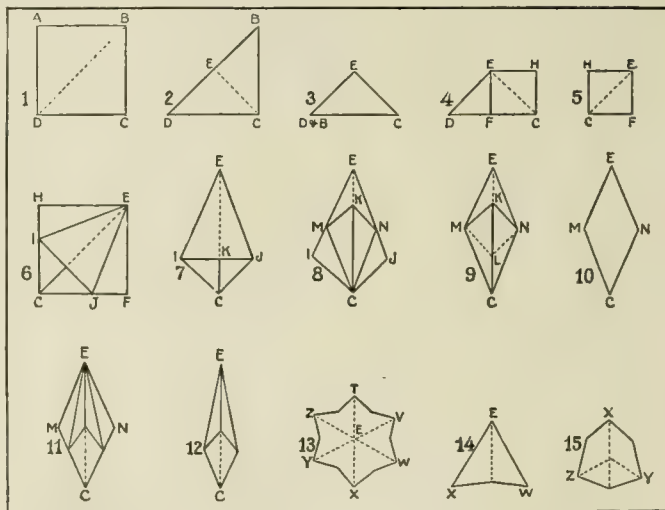


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE FOLDINGS TO FORM THE EASTER LILIES.

Then take one of the edges ME and bring it over upon the line NE, and fold in ME and NE to EC as before; turn over and repeat. The result will be Figure 12.

Now with a pencil curl back a single thickness of the angle at C upon the line CE as far as it will go. Do the same with the other three angles at C, and you will have a full-blown Easter lily.

A skilful folder can produce all sorts of interesting and elaborate variations of this lily, as follows:

Cut a somewhat star-shaped figure, with as many points as you wish your lily to have petals. For the best results, each of these points should be a right

angle, or somewhat less. Use thin, tough paper. Crease strongly from the tip of each point to the center, in Figure 13, for instance, crease ET, EV, EW, EX, EY, and EZ. Now bring together the creases ET, EV, and EW



THE FOLDING AND UNFOLDING OF THE LILY.

so that they lie one upon another; and, on the other side, bring together the creases EX, EY, and EZ so that they lie one upon another, and press down, giving Figure 14.

This corresponds to Figure 5 in the description of the four-petaled lily; and as Figure 5 was composed of four similar parts, each a double-thickness triangle, so this figure is composed of as many similar parts as it originally had points, each being a double-thickness triangle. Treat each of these parts as you treated each part of Figure 5 before, and each point in your figure will become a petal in your flower.

Some interesting effects can be produced by making every other petal short and broad, and every other one long and slim; or by using a piece of paper shaped as in Figure 15, but treating it as though it had but three points, X, Y, and Z.

BRYAN, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl thirteen years of age, and have lived in India with my mother and father for ten years. My mother, brother, sister, and myself came to America, and we were passengers on the *Titanic*. My father stayed in India for another year. I am going to tell you about our journey home, and about the *Titanic* disaster.

We started from India March 7, on the steamer *City of Benares*. We had a very nice voyage to Port Said. The sea was very calm. While in the Suez Canal we saw camels and many other interesting objects. When we left Port Said, it began getting cooler, and the sea was getting a little rougher. We went between the two islands Corsica and Sardinia to Marseilles. There, nearly everybody got off to go shopping. When we left Marseilles, we got into the Gulf of Lyons, and it was very rough there. The waves just dashed over the highest deck. When we went through the Strait of Gibraltar, we did not see the rock, because it was night.

It was rough when we were in the Bay of Biscay, too, but those were the only places. We got to London on the fifth of April, Good Friday. We never were so glad to get off anything, I think, as that boat; we had been on it twenty-nine days, almost a month. We stayed in London five days, so as to make connection with the steamship *Titanic*, which was sailing the tenth of April from Southampton. During those five days, we went to the places of interest, like St. Paul's Cathedral, Zoological Gardens, and Westminster Abbey. We also saw the largest clock in the world, which is called "Big Ben."

On the tenth, we left London for Southampton on the train. We got on the *Titanic* about ten o'clock, and sailed at twelve. We were thinking of getting to New York in about six or seven days, but when we got on the *Titanic*, we heard people saying that we were going to get there in about four or five days, that Captain Smith was going to make his maiden voyage a record one.

We were just dazzled when we got on this lovely big boat. Our cabin was just like a hotel room, it was so big. The dining-room was beautiful, with the new

linen and silver. There was an elevator, so we did not have to walk up or down. We had been on the *Titanic* for three or four days, when we found it was beginning to get bitterly cold. On Sunday, we all crowded to the inner decks especially made for winter.

On Sunday night, my mother had just gone to bed, it seemed, when she was awakened by the engines stopping; then she heard a pounding noise above our cabin. She got up and asked a steward what the matter was, but he said, "Nothing," and that she should go back to bed. She came back into the cabin; but then our own cabin steward came, and she asked him, and he said to tie on her life-belt and come, that the ship was sinking; so she awakened me, and we all put on our shoes and stockings and our coats over our night-clothes, and went to the upper deck. We heard them sending off rockets for help, and the band was playing. Soon an officer came and told us to all come and get into the life-boats. We went. My mother, brother, and sister got into one life-boat, and then they said it was all for this boat, so my mother told me to get into the next one. I got into another boat, and when they were lowering it, another one nearly came on top of us. We finally did get to the surface of the water, with much difficulty. The *Titanic* was sinking lower and lower. We could see the port lights go under one by one until there was an awful explosion of the boilers bursting, and then the ship seemed to break right in the middle, and, after a bit, go down. When it did go down, we heard terrible screams and cries from the people that were going down with the boat. We rowed for quite a while, then the oarsmen on our boat began singing songs to cheer us up. Sometimes we would think we saw a light, but it would only be a star in the horizon. It was bitterly cold, and we did not have anything on except our coats over our night-clothes. None of our family had any life-belts on at all. Suddenly, in the early morning, we saw a faint green light; it came nearer and nearer. It proved to be

the light on the rescue ship *Carpathia*, which was sending off rockets to notify us that it had come to save us. We rowed as fast as we could to it, and were one of the first boats to get there. I was the first to be taken off, and a steward came and took me to the first-class dining-saloon, and gave me brandy and hot coffee; but I could not drink anything, I was so worried about my mother. After a while, though, I found her in the second-class dining-saloon, trying to find me, with my sister and brother. My, but I was glad to see her! The women were hunting for their husbands, and when they could not find them, they knew they had gone down with the *Titanic*. It was an awful sight!

Then, before we sailed for New York, they sent four life-boats afloat so that they could get any one that was drowning.

We had fog all the way to New York, and got there in the pouring rain. We went right to a hotel, and the next day we went on to Michigan.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for a year now, and like it very much. I can hardly wait until the time for the next one to come.

Your most interested reader,
RUTH E. BECKER.

HAVANA, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, although I have taken you for four years. We live on a big farm. I have three sisters and one brother.

We have on our farm grape-fruit, oranges, mangos, lemons, and guavas. May is the mango season here, and then we just feast on them. We live twelve miles from the city, and less than a quarter of a mile from the nearest town.

We had two cocoanut-palms in our yard, but one got sick and died.

The best story I have ever read is "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl." Another exciting story is "The Land of Mystery."

Your interested reader,
NATALIE E. HARVEY (age 11).

SANTA CLARA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that the ST. NICHOLAS family may be interested to hear about the place where I spent my vacation. It was in the Big Basin of California, where the largest redwood-trees in the world grow.

These trees, although not so large as those in the Yosemite, are large enough to interest most people, and possess a characteristic which the Mariposa trees do not. If a tree is burned or cut down, or in any way injured, it does not die, but, sending up new shoots, lives on. Thus it is practically impossible to kill them. One tree is burned out completely, and as its heart is gone, looks much like a chimney; but, in spite of this, it is growing and apparently enjoying life as much as its neighbors.

The highest tree is 350 feet high, and the largest is sixty-seven feet in circumference at the base. Automobiles are backed into this tree, and then a picture is taken.

Early one morning, we took a beautiful walk, and in one place saw Woodwardia ferns that were eight feet high. Huckleberry bushes lined the creek banks and covered the hillside, and the blueberries were a pleasing contrast to the bright green. The water babbled below us, and the wind sighing above us seemed to be an echo of the rushing water. Once or twice a blue-jay

cawed, and the discordant sound seemed to belong to the place in some way, although everything else was harmonious.

I have only taken ST. NICHOLAS for a year, but I watch for its coming every month, and my only regret is that I did not become a subscriber sooner.

Your true friend,
GERTRUDE GROTOPHORST (age 16).

THE DREAM OF A FAIRY

Rock opal point, a point of land
Just like the greater Guiding Hand
That leads to the wonderful silver sea
By the golden river, a dream to me.

Birch-trees cover its mossy banks,
And shells of rare kinds are on its planks
That cross over the river so wide
That leads to the sea with its roaring tide.

The little pebbles along its shore
Are washed by the sea with its awful roar;
It washes over the soggy sands,
Covering abalone, snails, and clams.

The sun rises over the water so deep,
And wakens the robins from their sleep,
As they begin their morning song,
Just as the church-bells go ding-dong.
JAMES JEROME HILL, 2d (age 8).

SHRUBOAK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our home for a great, great many years; we are all anxious to get the mail when it is time for you to come.

I have one sister and three brothers. My oldest brother is twenty-one years old, the next twelve, and the last seven. My sister is fifteen. We are all much interested in you, and read all your stories. I have joined the League and so have my sister and brother. We have four volumes bound, which we are fond of.

We have a horse, a cat with two kittens (the mother and children are all tiger-kittens), and quite a good many chickens.

The mother kitten never catches chickens, but she catches mice. She seems to like chickens, and there is one chicken she rubs against every morning when it comes in, and the little kittens play with it.

Your interested reader,
EMILY MINOR MARTENS (age 10).

LONDON, ENGLAND

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year, and think you are the nicest book I have had; I am particularly interested in "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood," and often wish I could see Denewood.

I am an Australian, and have lived most of my life in Sydney.

I came over from Australia in July, 1912, on a German boat called the *Scharnhorst*. It was very nice, and we sometimes had as many as three ice-creams a day in the hot weather. The captain let me and a little boy called Ted see the wireless room, which we liked very much.

Yours very faithfully,
JOAN ANTILL (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

CONNECTING PYRAMIDS. 1. Tubes. 2. Used. 3. Bee. 4. Ed. 5. S. H. 6. Seraz. 7. Chin. 8. Rag. 9. An. 10. G. 11. H. 12. Shrug. 13. Hies. 14. Red. 15. U. S. 16. G. IV. 17. Grown. 18. Rode. 19. Ode. 20. We. 21. N. V. 22. Grain. 23. Rain. 24. Air. 25. In. 26. N. VI. 27. Grain. 28. Room. 29. Out. 30. Am. 31. N. VII. 32. Niece. 33. Idea. 34. Eel. 35. C. A. 36. E. VIII. 37. Niche. 38. Into. 39. Cts. 40. Ho. 41. E. IX. 42. Noise. 43. Oint. 44. Ink. 45. St. 46. E. X. 47. Noble. 48. Ohio. 49. Big. 50. I. 51. E.

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Kansas. Cross-words: 1. Aken. 2. Spain. 3. Congo. 4. Essex. 5. Draxe. 6. Weser.

SOME SITES OF INTEREST. 1. Dolphin. 2. Chesapeake. 3. Phoebe. 4. Boxer. 5. Little Belt. 6. Peacock. 7. Hornet. 8. Cherub. 9. Wasp. 10. Essex. 11. Reindeer.

CONNECTING WORDS. 1. Chair. 2. Arid. 3. Idle. 4. Lear. 5. Arch. 6. Chap. 7. Apes. 8. Espy. 9. Pyre. 10. Rely.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Macbeth.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Arnold Guyot Cameron, R. Kenneth Faversham, Clure A. Heppner, Florence S. Carter, Evelyn Hillman, Elizabeth L. Young, Eleanor Manning, Janet Brase, Isabel Shaw, William B. Spurrer, R. P. Barnard, Courtenay Halsey, Sophie Rosenheim, Helen A. Moul, Ethel M. Ray, "Terrapin", "Chums", "Midwood", "And and Ad".

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Sidney Washburn, 8—Theodore H. Ames, 8—Eloise M. Peckham, 8—Richard Sears, 7—Ruth Champion, 7—Mary L. Ingles, 7—Sarah S. Cummings, 7—Caryl Dunham, 7—Alan D. Bush, 7—Kathleen Thompson, 7—L.throp Bartlett, 7—Elizabeth G. Jones, 6—Lucy M. Burgin, 5—Janet P. Fine, 5—Edith Thomas Betts, 4—Margaret Abraham, 4—Lazare Chern H., 3—E. Smith, 2—Evelyn Heymann, 2—S. Livermore, 2—E. Rogow, 1—J. L. Stevens, 1—L. Glorieux, 1—M. Bigger, 1—M. Gardner, 1—D. F. Hape, 1—M. E., and C., 1—J. E. Walker, 1.

NOVEL ZIGZAG

*	28	9	25	10
34	*	2	17	14
*	29	23	12	30
26	*	7	20	6
*	16	21	3	22
8	*	15	21	17
*	32	19	33	11
26	*	4	24	13
*	1	18	27	12
31	*	5	25	3

CROSS WORDS: 1. A nasal sound of the voice. 2. Indian corn. 3. New. 4. Beneath. 5. To hook. 6. A dance. 7. Pertaining to a city. 8. One who introduces. 9. To efface. 10. A French coin.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the zigzag (indicated by stars)

will spell the name of an opera; the letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 13 spell the name of the composer of the opera; while the letters from 14 to 22, 23 to 27, and 28 to 34, each spell the name of a character in this opera.

GUSTAV BECHMANN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

FALSE COMPARATIVES

EXAMPLE: Positive, a relish; comparative, a shallow dish. Answer, sauce, saucer.

1. Positive, a unit of weight; comparative, the science of language. 2. Positive, the Orient; comparative, a church festival. 3. Positive, a lyric poem; comparative, scent. 4. Positive, to scour; comparative, an eraser. 5. Positive, to brighten; comparative, a Dutch coin. 6. Positive, former ages; comparative, a senior. 7. Positive, to cause to sound; comparative, something useful in a laundry. 8. Positive, a tree; comparative, a pigment. 9. Positive, walk; comparative, a covering for the ankle. 10. Positive, a sheep; comparative, a pitcher. 11. Positive, to split; comparative, to restore. 12. Posi-

NOVEL NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Mine, rifle, powder, torpedo, cannon, field-gun, artillery, bullet, sword, bayonet, fort, redoubt. Cross-words: 1. Range. 2. Lense. 3. Lull. 4. Odly. 5. Olean. 6. Rainy. 7. Robin. 8. Wince. 9. Meter. 10. Utter. 11. Lower. 12. Fruit. 13. Doubt. 14. Ladle. 15. Fluff. 16. Pops.

DOUBT A KNOT. Primals, "Aile was I see I saw Ebla", finals, Napoleon's palindrome. Cross-words: 1. Lasp. 2. Broma. 3. Label. 4. Fama. 5. Waken. 6. Amoral. 7. Saxe. 8. Idaho. 9. Ipson. 10. Rhine. 11. Ellen. 12. India. 13. Saxe. 14. Abaco. 15. Wh. el. 16. Eagle. 17. Lumber. 18. Pasm. 19. Atlas.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself."

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND QUADRUPLE CURTAILINGS. Michelangelo. 1. Funda-men-tals. 2. Munif-ice-ntly. 3. Alter-cat-ions. 4. Decip-her-able. 5. Immod-er-a-tely. 6. Mytho-log-ical. 7. Unman-age-able. 8. Govern-ment-ships. 9. Unma-gin-able. 10. Independ-ence. 11. Overf-low-ings. 12. Forelode-ment.

tive, to slide; comparative, a low shoe. 13. Positive, an animal; comparative, to crouch. 14. Positive, a boy; comparative, a frame forming steps. 15. Positive, to sum up; comparative, a serpent. 16. Positive, coarse; comparative, malice. 17. Positive, the principal timber of a ship; comparative, a small, shallow tub.

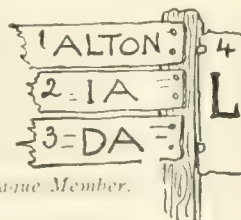
The initials of the positives and of the comparatives both spell the same name,—the name of an American general in the wars against the Indians.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 14), *Honor Member*.

A PUZZLING SIGN-POST

FOUR small places in Illinois are represented in this little picture. They are located in the following counties: Vermilion, Marion, Madison, and Iroquois. Which are they?

JOE LARNEST (age 13), *League Member*.



DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of an American poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A couch. 2. Purchased. 3. Court-tesying. 4. A masculine name. 5. Very plain. 6. A gardener's tool for digging, resembling a similar tool used by masons.

JOHN IRWIN (age 8), *League Member*.



ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a very famous woman.

A PUZZLING SMOKER

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1911)

MR. JONES, on being asked how much he smoked a day, replied:

"I smoke one half as many pipes in the morning as I do cigars and cigarettes combined. In the afternoon, I smoke just five times as many pipes and cigarettes as I do cigars; while in the evening, the number of cigars and cigarettes I smoke amount to three times the number of pipes. Yet during the day I smoke the same number of each,—pipes, cigars, and cigarettes."

How many pipes did Mr. Jones smoke in a day?

MARGARET SPAULDING (age 12).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in pudding, also in pie;
My second in wheat, also in rye;
My third is in trail, also in trace;
My fourth is in write, as well as erase;
My fifth is in rifle, as well as report;
My sixth is in play, also in sport;
My seventh in war, and also in fray;
My eighth is in no, and also in nay;
My whole is the name of a famous play.

MARGARET ANDERSON (age 14), *League Member*.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

WHEN the following words (of equal length) have been rightly beheaded and written one below the other, the initials of the remaining words, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous American general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Doubly behead to deprive of courage, and leave intrepidity. 2. Doubly behead a small, sparkling object, and leave a corner. 3. Doubly behead to disavow, and leave a region. 4. Doubly behead to dwell in, and leave established custom. 5. Doubly behead a bowl, and leave a feminine name. 6. Doubly behead to make noble, and leave a peer. 7. Doubly behead a prickly shrub, and leave to pace. 8. Doubly behead a church dignitary, and leave exultant. 9. Doubly behead a pair of scales, and leave a spear. 10.

Doubly behead to debase, and leave an incline. 11. Doubly behead to put in order, and leave a stove. 12. Doubly behead a preliminary, and leave to avoid by stratagem. 13. Doubly behead to bring to light, and leave the world. 14. Doubly behead signified, and leave famous. 15. Doubly behead to foretell, and leave a decree.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 17), *Honor Member*.

THREE ANAGRAMS

THE letters in each of the three following groups of words may be rearranged so as to form a single word. What are the three long words?

1. A MOMENT'S CURE.
2. COD IS NICE.
3. IT LURES A CAT.

BENJAMIN M. SHURE (age 14), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

MY primals and finals each name a well-known explorer.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To omit. 2. A priest's cloak. 3. Gumbo. 4. An excursion. 5. An ancient city.

THEODORE H. AMES (age 16), *Honor Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

•	*	14	20	•	37	CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cave.
•	*	•	44	8	1	2. Fruit of a certain kind.
•	*	43	•	24	2	3. To originate. 4. A covering for the hand. 5. To hint. 6. To enter with hostile intentions. 7. Fixedness. 8. To attack. 9. A companion. 10. Expiated. 11. Happened. 12. A kind of mortar. 13. Sufficient. 14. A cord. 15. Hurl.
•	*	23	•	7	9	
22	*	38	•	•	•	
32	*	3	•	•	13	
42	*	31	18	35	16	
•	*	12	•	•	4	
28	*	25	29	39	•	
•	*	46	14	30	•	
21	*	17	26	•	45	
•	*	•	•	33	6	
11	*	36	•	34	•	
10	*	•	•	40	41	
15	*	•	27	47	5	

famous date; the letters indicated by numbers from 1 to 20 spell the year in which the date was made famous; from 21 to 37, the famous event; and from 38 to 47, the surname of an author who wrote a famous poem about it.

HELEN MORTON (age 15).

